

VISION OF PERU

KINGS, CONQUERORS, SAINTS

By
VIOLET CLIFTON

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FOR MY CHILDREN

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VISION OF PERU
KINGS, CONQUERORS, SAINTS

By the same author

PILGRIMS TO THE ISLES OF PENANCE (*out of print*)

THE ISLANDS OF QUEEN WILHELMINA (*out of print*)

THE BOOK OF TALBOT (*Faber and Faber*)

SANCTITY (*Sheed and Ward*)

CHARISTER (*Dent*)

*I greatly thank Richard Kehoe for his charity towards this work.
He rid the book of some of its first errors when he read it aloud to me
at Kildalton in the Island of Islay.*

The very generous George Milsted has given me, at various stages of preparation, a publisher's encouragement and help; I am thankful to him.

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BOOK I

THE KINGS

The Legend of the Four Quarters of Tahuantin-Suyo-Cápac

The Period of the Father

In our hearts engraved the Tetrad
Symbol immense
The source of Nature.

Four pillars are the sign of the sacred tetrad of the ancient covenants. Further, the mystic name of four letters which was affixed to those alone to whom the adytum was accessible is called *Yave* which is interpreted: 'Who is and shall be.' The name of God, too, among the Greeks contains four letters.

CLEMENS OF ALEXANDRIA, *The Miscellanies*.

Θεός; Deus; Alla; Zeus; Yave.

The root, the natural, the cardinal, virtues are four.

There is also another power of the number four most wonderful to speak of and to contemplate. For it was this number that first displayed the nature of the solid cube.

PHILO.

The cube; sacred to the sun-god, Apollo.

Among the properties peculiar to the centre¹ I have always been struck by the phenomenon of four-foldness. This is not simply a question of four! . . . If we survey the question as a whole we come to the inevitable conclusion—at least in my opinion—that a psychic element is present that expresses itself through the tetrad.

CARL YUNG, M.D., *The Integration of the Personality*.

¹ Medical Centre.

FOREWORD

CHAPTER I OF THE FOREWORD OF PRE-INCA LEGEND

The Tiahuanacan Age—Age of the Great Stones. Of Illa-Tici-Vira Cocha; of the Four Ages, and of the hero Ayar Pirhua-Manco. Sarmiento, navigator, cosmo-grapher, author of the great *Historia Indica*, informed by the Quipocamayo's, the Readers of the Knots, assigns 3,519 years to the pre-Inca age. The Chimú-Nasca Coastal culture is thought by some to be the earliest Peruvian culture, and that later came the so-called Tiahuanacan culture which decayed in the Aymaran-Titicacan country and spread into the Quichuan Highlands.

WITH many Voices has been told the story of the past, and with many variations, yet throughout runs a burden that is common to all the traditions.

Some tell the haunting memory of a great destruction by water, and of the seven men saved by harbouring in the cave of *Paucar-Tambo*; *Tambo* means a lodging. Here, *Paucar* the Dawn, the Engendering, the Beginning had dwelt and here she had died giving birth to *Punchau*, the Day. Again and again recurrent in the ancient memory are the Caves, and these always are beneficent; the wombs of birth and of re-birth.

Some Indians told of Four Ages before the time of the Incas of Peru. The first age was called by the name of Vari-Vira-cocha, that is the age of the god Vira-Cocha (he was also called Pir-hua). The children of that age were born of white men, and of Indian women; two by two, the babes were born, a boy and a girl together, and these children were as gods. This generation was named the Men that Engender, or the *Paucar-Runa*, for *Runa* is man, or people, and *Paucar*, as has been said is the Engendering, the Beginning and the Dawn. To the men of this age belonged the title *Cápac*. The first Inca, Manco, hero of the rebirth to be, will wear the title *Cápac*.

Since the First Age was called after the God Vira-Cocha some of the glory evoked by the four-fold name shall be

told. The Voices sang his fourfold name with differing words and with meanings different. To some Western, learned men it means: The Thunder-Lightning-Vase; to others, The Lightning; the Glory.

And then comes: The Foundation.

And the third word some interpret as the throw-up of water the foam, the whiteness, a lightness; or the throw-up of the inward earth-fire, the silz lava; or again, for that same word the plenished place, the store-house; and for one it means—the wind, the air.

The fourth word, *Cocha*, is ocean, sea, lake, abyss.

For the words are—

(1) *Illa-Tici*, Lightning-thunder-Vase, or else, *Illa* Lightning.

and

(2) *Tijsi*, Foundation.

(3) *Vira or Huira-* or Pir-hua, foam, or wind, or plenished place.

and

(4) *Cocha*—the sea, the abyss.

It was said that, after the destruction by flood, *Vira-Cocha* rose out of the Lake of Titicaca, from which Lake sprang the moon. His skin was white, the colour of foam; or like pale gold. He was a bearded man, such another never was in the land. He wore a robe down to his feet, and a mantle.

He was a being of great love and anger. He understood the languages of all men, and to him all mortals were sons and daughters. When he preached he sometimes shed tears.

On a hill was an idol shaped like a woman, to which was offered human sacrifice. *Vira-Cocha* threw down the idol and he destroyed the hill.

At a wedding *Vira-Cocha* spoke words of love to the guests but they, hard-hearted, mocked and the happy words became curses to them, so that when after the feast they fell to dancing these dancers were turned into great stones. From another part another legend is that out of stones the god drew men.

There was a chief called Apo Tampo Chieftain Tampo, he

lived at Paucar Tambo and Vira Cocha, coming from the south to that place, enlightened him and gave him seven commandments which were scored on a stick. Apo Tampo was faithful to Vira-Cocha, but the people did not listen, or when they listened they were adverse. At last, after having taught husbandry, and given good laws, Vira-Cocha went away to the sea. The staff with the laws scored upon it was left with the Chieftain and it became a Sceptre of Gold; it was called the Splendid Sceptre.

Then came the Second Age, and the people of that age were called the *Vira Cocha-Runa*. This people knew almost nothing; they dressed in leaves and in straw, and lived in caves and rocks. They adored only one god and cried to it with loud voices:

‘How long shall we call you
before you give us an answer?’

They began to plough and to wander and they killed the jaguar, the puma, and the ocelot.

This people did not know their origin, nor did they adore the Sun, nor the Moon, nor idols, but they knelt with their faces to the sky and with loud cries they asked for health:

‘*May pim canqui*
may pim canqui ya ya’

Perhaps it was in this age when, according to the legend, from The House of Birth, from The Lodging of the Dawn, from the Eastern caves of Paucar-Tambo, came out the four *Ayar* brothers, the sons of the Chieftain Apo Tampo, and these were the first heroes acknowledging Vira-Cocha, the first *Ayars*, the first kings of the Pir-huan dynasty.

Ayar Pir-hua-Manco and his three younger brothers from the deep cave set out towards the light: Pir-hua-Manco was in the midst of rainbows, of very many rainbows. And he, first of the Pir-huan dynasty, sang The Song of *Chamay-Huarisca-Chamani*:

‘I am satisfied:
I am rejoiced.

Then this man ascended to the summit of a high place called *Huana-Cauri*, a hill above Cuzco, the city that will be. Taking

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the fillet from his head he used it for a sling, and he cast a stone into each one of the Four Quarters, so that the Ayars became Kings—Cápac—of the Four Quarters of the earth; the rulers were called—*Tahu-Antin-Suyo-Cápac*.

This first Ayar taught the people. They began to build houses that were like the ovens where bread is baked, and these were not roofed over. Afterwards the sons of that age began to make water captive and to direct its flow.

They adored saying:

'O Lord wheresoever you be
in Heaven or on earth,
or at the end of the world,
or in the infernal parts,
wheresoever you be,
Maker of the world of men,
listen to me.'

* * * * *

In the land by Lake Titicaca a people at some time built mightily with stone. Without flowing curves or rounded points they cut on to great stones the thoughts of their rulers. At Tiahuanaco they made a square-faced, puma-like God, hemmed in with the graven figures of worshippers. The figures are winged, and many of them, besides the wings, have also the heads of condors. It may be that they all are the figures of men masked and habited for a ritual dance: the figures tend towards the central God. But the thought behind the images is lost.

From India come ancient Voices saying that for the portrayal of gods, and for the portrayal of kings, the face must be four-cornered, not rounded as an egg; the oval form is suitable for lesser men.

The temple of the mighty squares of stone lies in ruin on the southern tableland of Colla Suyu near to Lake Titicaca, the homeland now of the Aymaran tribe. Here, to-day, is rock and ravine, and the wild cattle, the llama and the vicuña pasture on the coarse grass. Three kinds of hardy trees grow but maize cannot grow, instead is but a small grain and meagre roots that would scarcely feed a man. Close by, Lake Titicaca has fish and fowl; the three-toed long-toothed mammal

the viscacha cuts the grass for her feeding. She mothers her young in chambers under the earth, six or seven families together, their various chambers united by long galleries.

Throughout time, slowly, the mountains round about have grown higher. As they increased in stature, the Andes stole the wetness from the winds, and raped the winds of moisture, so that deserts are now where forests used to be. The Indians have a dim knowledge of this and tell it in their tales of the god *Con*. They say that the creator of the world fought against *Con* and overcame him. Then *Con*, with his four servants that are the four winds, sped away to the North and they took the rain with them. The winds, those invisible, untouchable, speeding spirits that serve *Con*, have taken away the rain. And in the deserts the many bones of great creatures image the same story; Mastodon could not have fed on sand.

* * * * *

Tiahuanaco place of wonder! place of cyclopic stones. The amazing Temple, the gigantic Beth-El, dizzies the mind. Ancient tales of giants on the coast and in the mountains have a chorus of Voices. Voices of early Castilians that tell of huge bones of men seen in Peru, Voice of Israel, Voice of Plato, Ancestral Voices taking up the undying legend of Atlanteans; of mighty men; of giants; of sons of God.

* * * * *

There are tales of two succeeding ages. To these far ago times is attributed the coming into being of clans, of the *Ayllus*;

The Fourth age was the Age of Warriors. Every month these warriors purged themselves with three grains of a herb, and washed their bowels with a syringe.

CHAPTER II OF THE FOREWORD OF GEOGRAPHY

The present three divisions of the land of Peru

To us to-day, the natural conformation of the Land of the Four Quarters falls into three. These are:

The Western Coastland; and the Sierra—the Saw double-toothed; and the Montana, which is both slopes of the far eastern Andes.

The Coastland lies between the Pacific Ocean and the Sierra. On the Coastland the Yunca people built the Temple of Pachacamac with squares of earth. The coastal Chimus and the men of Nassa immortalised in pottery, and weaving, and by metal-work, their divinities, and their sicknesses, even their vice was imaged.

On the coast the ancient people adored the sea, *Mama Cocha*, Mama Sea, because from her paps flowed the fish that fed them, and this people adored the whale for its mightiness.

The second division, the Sierra, is a great mass of mountain, of flatland, and of deep valleys. The Sierra embraces the Western Chain, the Cordillera Occidental, and the Eastern Chain the Cordillera Oriental. The Puna, the Bleak, the Unpopulated, is a part of this second division. Yellow-grey it stretches out, and low shrubs and roots grow on the Puna.

The cattle of Peru, the llama, the alpaca, the huanacu, and the vicuña: the tarush-deer, the roe, and the cougar: the gyr-falcon, the woodpecker and snipe are all children of the vast Sierra, and little green parrots that know how to live in rocky heights, and the great condor.

The third division is the Montana and this is the far eastern range of the Andes. On the Amazon side are great forests; here the coati howls and is busied digging and scraping at the roots of trees, in search of food with its forefeet, whilst its insensate eyes look with a rounded, distant gaze, aloof from the searching feet. The blood-sucking bat is here. The leopard hunts the roe-deer; the twilight sees the small hairy tapir leaving its hiding-place. Here the wandering ant, called legion, moves sometimes

from its cone-shaped dwelling which so much resembles the hut of the Indian on the flats; the weak and the neuter ants go in the centre of the long, threatening line, and on the flanks move the strong. Nothing shall stop them in their hungry march: the snake must begone quickly, and the armadillo does not trust to his coat-of-mail.

In the Montana still to-day are the wild people called Casibos, eaters of human flesh, but not of woman-flesh, for that they hold to be poison: and at the foot of the mountains is another wild people, shooting poisoned arrows. Adoring the great wild cats, the Andean say:

‘These are the inheritors of the land,
their place is here from all time
whereas we are but strangers newly come.’

They adore the smooth boas, thick as the thigh of a warrior and many times the length of a man, creatures without poison, by magic and enchantment having been made thus far gentle to man. These Andean adore also the coca bush, white-blossomed, red-berried, its precious leaves bright green.

Thus are the three present divisions of the Land once called The Four Quarters.

CHAPTER III OF THE FOREWORD

OF TRADITION

The veneration of the Sun. Of the coming of the giants. The Chimu and Nasca culture. The Temple of Pachacamac.

ACCORDING to a tradition, the hero Pir-hua Manco after he left the high place, founded the fortress city of Cuzco which word means navel; the holy city was the centre of all.

In this city he raised up a temple to the Sun because the people needed a visible god: 'The Sun is the chief servant of Vira Cocha. Worship it,' he said. The spirit of worship was strong in the people, the streams evoked it, and the trees, and the especial strength of the creatures. Because of the strong stoop of the falcon onto her prey and because of the keen sight of the eagle, the people knelt to the falcon and to the eagle; the swiftness of the wild beast seemed so wonderful that they adore the puma and the hart. It was said that Indians, stupefied by wonder, would fall on their knees to wild beasts and be killed so entranced.

In a later reign a sacrifice of llamas was made in Cuzco, and in the entrails of the creatures horrible signs appeared. The seers had not ceased gazing before ill-tidings were bruited by runners: 'On the coast is a fleet of canoes, of rafts—men in number uncountable streaming down from the north—the invaders are giants,' they cried.

The next king—according to this legend, his name was Ayartarco Cupo—sent spies from the highlands to watch the ways of the giants, and later returning, these spies told the Aya that the newcomers were enslaving the children of the coast 'They misuse the bodies of men so that all men flee before them'; and again: 'They delight in the misuse and cause the potters to record it; their vileness is imaged in the clay. They are giants, therefore they cannot consort with the women of the coast.'

The strangers had brought instruments of iron, which metal the highland people did not know; they settled on the Coast land, near the sea, amongst the ancient people, the Chimu.

'Because of the number of the giants, and because of their great height and the ugliness of their faces, I will not fight against them,' said the king, 'but they must never be allowed to come inland as far as Cuzco.'

To prevent the giants from reaching Cuzco, a strong fortress was built, the ruin of which is called to-day Lima Tambo.

On the coast the Yuncas had built a temple with bricks of earth, edifice known as Pachacamac, for it was given to God. And Pacha means earth, but also it means time and Camac is ruler, creator, ordainer. But to the people, to the simple, Pachacamac was a fish god, and they imagined him so, because the fishes were their living and their good. In the highlands, the llama and the wild cattle were the chief sustainers, but here, the fish and the fry. In later time, in a valley, near Pachacamac where no rain, nor spring, nor river is, the people will make narrow beds and will plant seeds of maize wrapped about with fish so that the matter of the fish will feed the growing plants until the strong searching roots pierce down low enough to be sustained by the earth: trees and crops will spring up from little fishes.

But perhaps the people, the simple, did experience and adore the world-wide mystery of the fish-symbol.

CHAPTER IV OF THE FOREWORD

THE GREAT DARKNESS

Of the Pre-Inca Yupanqui and of other Ayars

THE Wise Men and the poets, by whose wisdom was preserved what is known of the ancient days, did not gather many legends of the reign of the succeeding king.

There was record of confusion, and constant battles between the highlanders and the people of the coast, and the Wise Men recorded that now the vices of the people wearied and darkened the Sun.

They said that there was no dawn for twenty hours. The beasts and the birds, foresensing dismalness, were bewildered before the people had become uneasy; the dogs shrank away and would not eat; the birds did not sing; the prophetic bowels of the llamas were loosened by fear. 'How strange and cowed, how foolish are the creatures,' men said to one another before the blackness fell. But during the dark live sacrifices were made; boys and girls, and the young of the llama being offered because those were precious gifts.

'Shout aloud, weep noisily, O you the women and children,' the priest commanded. 'For the tears of the guiltless, the moans of the innocent do move the Sun.'

'Warriors blow on trumpets, men beat on drums, throw arrows and stones toward the Moon to cause her to regard us.'

Another commanded:

'Beat the dogs to make them howl more loudly, for the Moon favours dogs and their cries will sustain her whilst she trembles at the glooming of the Sun.'

The people in whispers comforted one another, remembering that, long ago, comets formed like lions and serpents had been seen menacing to devour the Sun and the Moon, but the threatening comets had not prevailed: had they then triumphed the instruments of the men would have been

transformed into lions, and the spindles of the women into serpents. Of that former darkness, caused as they thought by the death of a prince, they now spoke:

'We buried boys alive,
we gave their deaths as the price of a life,
the life of that great prince who had died,
we hoped that he might come back to life,
paid for by the death of the boys.'

In this new obscurity they sacrificed on altars, and at last the Sun shone again; then was a great thanksgiving.

* * * * *

In amendment to the Sun, the Ayar had new provision made for the warriors, for they had been neglected and their food and clothing forgotten, so that the enemy had become daring against them.

The king disciplined the warriors to fight with bows and arrows, with spears and bludgeons and lances, and with broad-swords made of palm, but sharp as steel. He defended the breasts and the shoulders of the fighters with plates of copper and the captains had plates of silver, and the lords had plates of gold. The warriors had cloaks of cotton wrapped round their bodies and they carried shields of palm. The king built great fortresses, the stones packed so close together that the blade of a knife could not go between them. Even the names of the fortresses were terrible and foretold the death of the enemy. There is, close to Cuzco the stronghold, Sacsahuaman, and the meaning that the words conjure is:

'Gorge thyself tiercel
Glut thyself hawk.'

CHAPTER V OF THE FOREWORD

OF THREE AYARS

Of The rulers Túpac Pachacúte, Sinchi Apusqui, and Cápac Raymi Amauta, who reformed the Calendar and built Shadow clocks.

THE subjects of the Pir-huan chiefs were strong in battle, prosperous and victorious. They triumphed over the barbarians, yet the barbarians steadily corrupted the pure worship and the rites taught by the first Ayar, so that idols were worshipped in the Four Quarters. Easy perhaps in desert places or in treeless plains to remember One Supreme, but here the trees insisted:

'Are we not gods with our gifts of fruit?'

The precious emeralds declared themselves divine, and who could doubt that the rivers were powerful deities; who, looking on the condor, did not bow to his ascension? If the Sun was god, then too there was *Con*, the god of fire, and *Supai*, the god of shadows, whose kingdom is in the centre of the earth and whose subjects are the souls not destined for the fellowship of the Sun. *Supai* must be placated, for his kingdom is great. Túpac, now king, even he was an idolater, but he gave good laws. Thieves, murderers and adulterers were to be punished with death. The lazy could not be borne with for great works were being done, roads being made, and the *tambos*, the inns, where the *Chasquis*, the messengers rested, those runners who brought news to the rulers, and fine goods to the palaces. It was a heavy task to pave a way, even though that way be narrow, up the mountain sides and along the Sierras; ravines and rivers had to be bridged with swinging bridges of willow; therefore to burn a bridge or to remove a landmark was punished by death.

After Túpac had gone to the Sun, two wise kings followed. According to legend the first of them was named Sinchi Apusqui. Sinchi saw that not only had the worship of the Vira-Cocha been forgotten, but also the knowledge of the

counting of time. The people now reckoned only by the moon with her seven phases: crescent, and then half-moon and afterwards—her horns shed—she is swollen, is gibbous, and at last is full. And after the full the perfect orb, the Moon declines; is gibbous, is crooked. Then, become half-moon, she wears her horns again until, decrecent, she fades back into night.

So the Wise Men sat in council at Cuzco and marked the Sun, the Stars and the Moon, and at last they decreed that time should be thus spaced:

‘Thirty days shall be a month,
ten days shall be a week,
and the leap years must be observed
and small months proclaimed.’

Over and above these divisions they made divisions of ten: ten decades was a Sun, and five hundred years a *Pacha-Cuti*, a turning over of the times.

The great tasks of the reformation of worship, and the reformation of the count of time being accomplished, Sinchi died.

Another king of this tradition was called Cápac Raymi the learned. This was a haughty and gloomy king, and none, during the twenty-five years of his reign, heard him laugh or saw him smile.

Raymi summoned to Cuzco the astrologers and the Wise Men, and he commanded the building of the Shadow-Clocks.

The Shadow-Clocks were various in form and purpose; some builded to determine the solstice, others to record the equinox. Here four walls on a hill marked the passage of light in the four points; elsewhere was a Gnomon, a column standing on a circle in the court of a temple. A priest, charged with this care, would watch the shadows falling upon the line drawn from east to west across the column; no doubt it seemed to the priest that he assisted the passage of the light. But on the day when the column, wholly resplendent, became the throne of the Sun, the priest declared the Equinox and the column was wreathed with flowers and enriched by offerings.

The Sun-year was recorded by the—

Inti—Sun

Huatana—Halter, or Place of tethering.

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These Sun-tethers were dials of rock chiselled to a smooth flatness, with a pointer of stone left in the centre to mark, with shadow, the passage of the Sun-God and to record the Sun-year.

This was a time of prosperity for all. On the slope of the mountains terraces were cut, and these, in peace, were sown and tilled, whilst in warfare they formed a defence for the arms stored on the summit.

The lesser people laboured, and the higher people ruled them and thought for them.

The Voice of tradition tells that before Inca days the Wise Men, called *Amauta*, had a great attainment, which was the knowledge of letters. The Wise Men traced thoughts on dried leaves, and made records of their laws and of their time; those leaves, or parchments, were called *Quilcas*.

CHAPTER VI OF THE FOREWORD

OF CATASTROPHE

Wars, earthquakes, eclipse. Loss of letters. Man-eaters. The dark age of Tambo Toco.

CRY aloud, ye puerile. Weep noisily, ye virgins, for the Sun is angry. Your innocence, your sorrow may prevail; then he will shine again.'

So in the eclipse of the Sun. Anger shown in the sky by darkness, anger shown below by earthquake. The people cried, 'Pachamama—Pachamama!'—Earth-mother, for they had the word *mama* and the earth was Pachamama, and the ocean was Mama Cocha.

Pachacútec, so-called because the times were overturned, was dismayed by the eclipse, by the earthquake, by portents in the sky, and by presage of evil in all the sacrifices that he made. Drove of the Cattle of the Sun, the llamas and vicuñas, were brought to the Temple of the Sun, and from amongst the many-coloured beasts, the spotted and the patched, the brown, the grey and the russet, was chosen the whitest lamb or else a lamb all black. This people held that black is pleasing to the Sun. The white were hard to come by, for most of them had some spot of colour even if only on the nostril.

The lamb chosen, they stood it facing the east, whence, from the House of Dawn, had come the four Ayar brothers. The lamb was not bound; instead, four men held it fast till the priest cast it down and ripped open its left side, and with his hand drew out the organs of the body; from the throat to the base of the bowels he tore, he did not cut them out. But however dexterous was the priest in these days, he could by no means draw out the vessels whilst yet they throbbed auspiciously; instead, the lungs, the heart lay dull unquivering. In former happy sacrifices the vessels had come out vibrating, unbruised and united in the same order that in the body they had held. Men gazed with stupor on the now broken entrails, on the bruised hearts.

Worst portent of all was when a beast, emptied of its organs,

yet struggled up on to its feet, and that in spite of the men aghast that held the creature. Seeing the llama so upon its feet (even although but for a terrible instant) the people set up a clamour.

Month after month was no mitigation of evil. Lungs, heart and guts all spoke the same message whilst, in fact, the warring elements grew stronger:

‘They come from the north
and they come upon the coasts.
They are destroying the temples.’

So from the messengers. Then the king, listening to the seers, allowed a great wrong, and brought about the loss as great as any caused by the enemy.

The king summoned the men set apart to soothsay by means of guinea-pigs, creatures full of portent. The magicians opened the animals with their finger-nails and read the entrails. This reading now was of ill omen.

Then came the readers of the big hairy spiders. The magicians chased the spiders about with small sticks until some of their feet broke off, and, by looking at the feet that remained on the spider, the magicians feigned to foretell. These men of nonsense now made pronouncement:

‘We see that the evil of the times has been brought about by the use of letters.

The land shall not be saved unless the letters be destroyed.

The Wise Men must forget letters,
the leaves of the *Quilcas* must be burned.’

According to the decree of the ruler, the letters were destroyed with all the lore of the times, the history of the kings, and the computation of the heavenly movements. Instead was made the *Quipu*, a register that records by knots of coloured thread or wool which thing by its complexity demanded a class of men set apart—the Readers of the Knots. But as compared to the Letters it was but a trifling way of conserving thought.

It is said that afterwards, during the era of darkness when the race hid in Tambo Toco, a Wise Man rose up reasoning thus:

‘These knots, this computation with colours on threads, this red-for-war and yellow-for-gold, suffices for the tally of the cattle or to reckon the armed men, but for recording

the laws of the Kings, the songs of the Poets, or the movements of the planets, we must write, we must read and the leaves of the trees must carry our language, I have remembered our signs, our letters; I will restore them to the Wise Men that in this time of darkness the ancient learning be conserved. If the *Quilcas* be reputed as ill-fated I will make new signs and new letters.'

The king who in that day guided the people, fugitive now because of the man-eaters from the North, this Chief did not dare to restore the Letters and, led by the magicians, the people took the Wise Man and tied him to a tree and slowly burned him to death.

And, in China, the Voice, six hundred years before Christ, of Lao Tzu that says: 'Were I a ruler I would constrain my people to renounce writing and to return to the use of knotted cords.'

But now at the beginning of the era of darkness, Pachacútec said: 'Fight strongly, do not despair.'

The enemy came against the King on the cone-shaped top of a mountain, he was carried amongst the warriors on a golden litter and he emboldened his men. An arrow struck and he died: of whom it has been reckoned that he was the a hundred and first king of the Pir-huan dynasty. The bearers cried shrilly and the cry was taken up, echoed from man to man.

Then the defenders fought no more, their blood was thinned by terror, their muscles softened.

The enemy feasted and would not allow the Pir-huans to bury the bodies of the warriors. The dead stank and soon those that, on either side, had outlived the battle fell sick of poison from the decaying dead. Some Pir-huans fled to the Andes and some few nobles took the body of the king and hid it in the mysterious country of Tambo Toco—the Dwelling with the Window—ancient Voices say that nearby was the mountain cave of *Paucar*, the Dwelling of the Dawn, from whence had come the four Ayar brothers.

Here only was the air free of stench, and here the nobles and the people in hiding were not plagued by earthquake or battle.

Now for some two hundred years, or more, the barbarians flourished and this was the Era of Darkness. There was impurity, and man-eating: and black men were triumphant. The women suckled their infants with nipples dipped in blood that the suckling grow fierce.

Crying out to Rome: 'Return and save us!' men of Bretayne, ornamented with knowledge and riches, their women with spindles and fine textures, had hidden in caves from the Saxon, the Angle and the Jute (Christ hiding from Thor and Odin), so now, in caves of Peru, like four-footed beasts, the noble and the learned, and the people that had builded and planted, sought shelter from the invading barbarian.

But throughout the long disorder some rites were remembered, some tradition survived. Paucar-Tambo, the cradle of the Day, did not become a tomb, it was instead an ark in the flood.

But the Letters, the *Quilcas* were lost forever to the Four Quarters of the Earth.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER I OF THE FOREWORD

The reader will see Paucar-Tambo on the map; the author has adopted the location of this place from the map by Robert Levillier in his book, *Los Incas del Peru*.

The sixteenth-century Indian, Poma de Ayala, tells of children of the First Age born of white men and of Indian women; in his book, *The Islands of Titicaca and Koati*, Bandelier wrote that an Indian, thought to be a wizard, had told him a tale of how, when the world was young, white men caused women of Titicaca to be fruitful. Of this intercourse arose the rulers of the land, so said that Indian.

After the conquest some Christian Indians held that this legendary teacher, Vira-Cocha, called sometimes Tonapa, or the Teacher Pir-hua, was the Apostle St. Thomas. The Indian

writer Santa Cruz Pachacuti-Yamqui Salcamaygua says that Vira-Cocha carried a cross on his shoulders and afterwards erected it on a height, and that he preached, and wept, and sprinkled water on the head of a Princess.

The Song of the Ayar sang is called the *Huarisca Chamani*, or *Chamay Huarisca*.

In the Inca-Empire period the four divisions of the Empire will be named Antin or Antisuyo—Colla Suyu—Chincha Suyu—Cunti Suyu.

Several distinct ages are reckoned in the pre-historic Age of the Great Stones. This *Tiahuanacan* Age of the Aymaran people, [settled then, and now again resettled, by Lake Titacaca, but during the empire of the Incas largely displaced,] is subdivided in Tia I: Tia II etc.

RELATIVE TO WORDS IN CHAPTER I OF THE FOREWORD

Viscacha: this is an animal about the size of a hare related to the chinchilla, heavily built with strong legs, short ears and a bushy tail.

Ayllu: This important word names the sum of the early social system and corresponds roughly to *clan* or *tribe*. It is an Aymaran and not a Quichuan word.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER IV OF THE FOREWORD

A foundation for the myth is given by the records of Opolzer Theodor von Titter *vanen der Finsternisse* Vienna, who records eclipses in Peru in A.D. 218-23 and a total eclipse in A.D. 347. All of these were recorded by legend.

I heard of the *Quilcas* when I lived in Peru. I do not know of any writer that mentions them excepting Montesinos who was in Peru with the Conquerors.

OF THE TIME OF THE INCAS

CHAPTER I

THE REBIRTH

Of the hero, Manco Cápac, who founded the Inca dynasty, date about A.D. 1000, or, according to Sarmiento, earlier.

THERE is confusion of legend about the coming of the Manco Cápac. The memory of some, aided by only the knots, held him to have been born of the god Vira Cocha, but these later bards had forgotten the tradition of the long line of the Pirhuan dynasty. They regarded the coming of Manco as though it were the first day of order and of government, whereas it was the rebirth of enlightenment. When from near the cave Paucar Tambo, Lodging of Birth, or of the Dawn, East of Cuzco, came forth the young hero wearing the ancient name of Manco.

Indians have told that from three windows, three openings of stone in the hill, came this new Manco Cápac and the Ten Stocks that followed him. Late in life the King put walls of masonry to show where the opening had been and he planted two trees beside them as symbols of his father and his mother.

One of the windows was called by a royal name which three kings had borne in the days before the dark years passed in Tambo Toco. This name was *Maras*, and out of the opening called Maras came five stocks, *Ayllus* or Clans. These tribes will stand high in honour. Such of their stock as shall inhabit Cuzco will be called *Hanan*, which means—higher.

One of the stocks had made sacrifices during the hiding in darkness, had celebrated Vira Cocha and remembered the worship of the Sun. Henceforth the priests of the Sun will be of this stock. Another stock had saved the sacred music, and now its people came forth singing.

From the further window, called *Sutic*—or Named—came the five Stocks that will be destined to the Queen; they will be *Hurin* the lower, but only in so far as a younger brother is lower than the elder. Until the Bearded come, *Hanan* and *Hurin*

will be two great divisions in the sacred city of Cuzco, the higher ward and the lower.

Of the five Stocks, from the window *Sutic*, the first is destined for happiness. To this people will be given the valley where are the stones of the foretime age where the River Apurimac flows between ravines. The men will wear the golden amaryllis for ornament and will weave the sacred phlox into garlands. Drives of wild cattle pasturing on the highlands will enrich the stock of Tampu.

The second Stock, called *Masca*, had its name from the word '*Mascani*'—I search—for this class had the inspection of the signs foreshowing good or bad fortune and these were traced in the small offerings of the people.

The window that was in between the other two was named *Cápac*, word of most ancient import, one of the four titles of the rulers of the Four Quarters of the Earth, a title that had possibly been borne over twenty times by kings of the former, the Pir-huan, dynasty. The meaning of *Cápac* is great, is rich, is King.

Out of this window no man emerges excepting the hero Manco. The hero assumes the great title *Cápac* borne by the Men that Engendered, the men of the first mythic age. But the title Ayar is left behind; the past has consumed Ayar. With Manco is his wife, who is also his sister, whose name is *Mama Oollo, Coya*.

Oollo is to warm in the bosom and *Coya* is the word for queen.

It has been said that Manco Cápac held a wedge of gold, but perhaps he held the ancient sceptre of Vira Cocha. Wherever it would fit and wedge itself in the earth, in that place the man and woman should remain; like a divining rod this weapon of gold. To the people gold was sacred because it was thought to be the tears of the Sun.

With their banners the Ten Stocks followed the man and the woman. The banners of Manco Cápac, woven or of feather-work, showed his arms and there were two such banners. On one was shown in quarterings the Sun, and the Moon, and the planet Chasca—the Long-Haired Star (which heavenly body is a brother to Manco Cápac) and also the idol called *Huana-Cauri* was quartered. This idol was the chief Sacred or *Huaco* of the Incas; it was throned on and was called after the high

rock that stood above Cuzco, that rock from which Pir-hua Manco had thrown the stones into the Four Quarters whilst he sang the Song of Joy. Some have said that this image was the transformed body of one of those four Ayar brothers of whom three had suffered a heavy destiny.

And the other banner had also four devices. The dexter showed the hawk that we call *carancho*. The breast of this hawk is spotted and barred with black; when angered it shows the colour of the sun in the flesh of its head grown suddenly yellow. In after reigns the *carancho* were caught alive, feathers were taken from them, then they were released. These feathers the reigning Inca wore in his head-dress and none but he might wear the aigrette. The great Inca when dead and embalmed, would still have his royal insignia and for the next ruler another *carancho* must be caught.

The next quarter showed the animal *Otorongo*—the ocelot, and also the tree *Chunta*.

Below was quartered the fringe of the royal head-dress.

The sinister base showed the sacred snakes, the *amaro*, the constrictors, with tassels in their mouths. These serpents have many meanings, they are powerful over lightning, and the lightning rules the rain, so the serpents rule both fire and water. The *amaro* are symbolised in the head-dress of the high priest by the fine red cords on either side of his temples. And the Incas, sons of the Sun, were of the Stock of the Serpent.

But when they came to where the second Cuzco will be, the wedge settled into the earth, and Manco Cápac sang:

'There shall be war, and warriors. But go forth now to the labouring of the earth. Cheerful the good of corn; the good of flocks. Let all be as one people and not as beasts of prey. Teach the barbarian to shelter from the sun and from the rain. Let him be taught to build the house and to plait the flat straw-roof. Let men be weaned from savagery and live in hierarchy and order.'

Mama Ocllo sang:

'I will teach the women to weave and to spin. Bring in the barbarians that I instruct them. Let them no longer make

answer saying, 'We do not weave because we will not dress. We do not dress because we will not weave.'

As above, so below. The prophets saw earthly things as reflections of the higher, saw in the marriages of the Hebrews the presentiment of the union between Elohim and the Chosen People. And if a woman of Israel committed adultery the sin was less in the fleshly act than as being the ugly figure of idolatry. The mirror below had defaced the reflection of the truth above.

As above, so below, therefore contemplating the Sun and the Moon, which were to him divine, Manco Cápac sang:

'The Kings of the people shall be as the Sun, the Queens as the Moon, wardens of the day and of the night, high above all and perfect in the heavens. My sister is my spouse: there is no other worthy to bring forth Inca Cápac, only the Moon is worthy of the Sun.'

But Poma de Ayala says that it was the mother of the hero Manco who became his wife, and that his father was not known.

Great were the labours of Manco Cápac and according to some traditions Manco was a warrior. The barbarians round about Cuzco were uneasy neighbours. Every few miles showed a different foulness. In one place the people boasted a form of marriage, but the father of the woman to be given would demand his right to prove the girl's virginity and would take her before her husband. There was an upland where a woman was regarded but inasmuch as she was every man's. In that place a man would say:

'Give me one busy in the practice of creatures, I will not have a woman that is a sluggard in pleasure.'

Elsewhere, as casual as cock with pullet, a man would cast himself on whoever might go by; mother or sister or stranger.

These disorders Manco Cápac amended. For the labourer, one woman would be decreed because the support of more than one woman would be too heavy a charge upon the peasant.

The neighbouring people must be taken out of chaos, named and assembled. 'Claim now your origins,' the hero ordered, for

during the dark times these had been half forgotten, but now was re-formed the Pacaranim, the lineage or birth-spring.

One man would say: 'I and my brothers came from a spring.' Another would claim a river for the womb of his birth. A third would say the hill had travailed, and many others claimed to be descended from beast or bird. Thus in groups of origin the mass was compacted.

Manco Cápac decreed that each village should differ from all others in the head-dress of its people. Some should wear their hair this way and others that way; each variety shown in the dressing of the head.

To the Stocks of the *Hanan* and of the *Hurin*, Manco Cápac gave marks of honour; some might wear a straw in the lobe of the ear, and these men were thankful because it likened them to the hero-king in whose ears were heavy studs of gold, so that the lobes were extended towards the shoulders. The ten stocks had also their oracles or daemons called *guarquis*. The *guarqui* of Manco Cápac was the bird *Inti*—was it perhaps the carancho as quartered on the banner? This hawk was kept in a small basket of straw. It was cherished. The people said:

'The *Inti* is enchanted. It is the cause of the Lordship of Manco Cápac. Because of *Inti* the people follow Manco Cápac.'

According to the knotted record, this bird went from ruler to ruler. It remained with the Incas until the reign of Yupanqui, the tenth Inca. *Inti*—Sun—was its name for there is kinship between the Sun and these birds that soar upward and hang high in the heavens.

And the Voices, the Voices of Egypt tell of the temple of Pylon where the semblance of the hawk figures the word meaning God. The Voices sing of the hawk as image also of the Sun, full of fire and of destruction. They aver that from the sun come pestilence and sickness. 'High and burning is the hawk and by its likeness,' so say the chorus, 'is shown the parched line of the equinox.'

Manco Cápac divided the lives of his subjects into twelve parts, spanning them from age to age and allotting duties to six successive periods.

The Knots show a name for a child from one to three months old when he lies strapped to his hard cradle; at his fourth month until the eighth month he is called by yet another name, which is changed to Crawler when he crawls, and when his first year is completed he is called Able-to-Stand, and from his second to his fourth year by yet another descriptive title; from four to six years of age, in spite of his having to make a tribute of vermin gathered into tubes, the name on the tally will be Boy that Plays, or as others say Bread Receiver; from his eighth to his twelfth year he is *Huarma* or boy. From twelve to sixteen years of age, the knots record him as One Who Does Light Work, and from sixteen to twenty another shows the word *Huayna*—the Youth or Gallant, if he be noble, or Coca-picker, if he be humble. From twenty-five years of age to sixty he will be designated as Tribute-payer, then as Half-old and when he is over eighty years of age as Old Sleepy Head.

The six ages of a man's work have also been otherwise computed. Thus:

At five years of age a child must thread bugs on to hairs, that he be not idle. From ten to twenty years of age he shall snare and hunt birds. Their feathers will be used for the Incas. From twenty to twenty-five years of age, still a youth, he shall work on the roads. From twenty-five to thirty years of age he will labour on public works—and now he will marry and pay tribute. From his thirtieth to his fiftieth year he will serve as a warrior. When he is past fifty years of age, leisurely he will labour the earth.

These periods in the life-round of the Indians surely fluctuated according to the ruling Inca; to the districts, each with varying needs, and must even have been, in some sort, adjusted to the individual; the certain truth is that from birth to death men and women had an ordered, a laborious round. The humbler people moved precise as planets, in an appointed and a foreseen course. The man of the Four Quarters was no less quotidian than those green parrots that, every morning, leave the upper parts of an Andean forest, flying from the roosting to the feeding places, and that return each evening at the same hour throughout the year.

At two years of age the Suckling took suck no more, and the

Feast of the Naming was celebrated; at a certain age the Youth was breeched, at another defined age he was married.

The mind goes back to the Grecian, to the Pythagorean ages, to the spring, summer, autumn and winter, by which was figured the ages of a man's life. The age of Boyhood up to twenty years; the Young Manhood up to forty years; Middle Age from forty up to sixty years; and beyond that the Age of the Old Man.

Before he died, Manco Cápac made a sacred place in Cuzco called Cori-Cancha, golden, and this was the Temple of Vira Cocha, the Teacher of the World; he ordered a flat plate of gold, to be made oblong in shape. A Voice of the country says it was not to show the Sun, but that it signified the Foundation, the Abyss. Oblong and circle are the same sign because the circle and oblong demand the same room in space. The space taken by these shapes is the least space. Throughout the earth there is no life that comes from any shape but this, which shape is that of the cell.

Manco Cápac died at the age of a hundred and forty-four, so Indian Voices told Sarmiento the Recorder. The hero said to his sons:

'Have increase; Sun-like be prolific; beget upon concubines. Wed deeds to words; keep the laws that you make for others: from my dwelling in the Sun I will have care of you.'

Then he blessed the vassals, the Stocks: 'For you followed me out of the Windows, you are the sons of adoption.'

So died the first Inca.

Voices of the Land of the Four Quarters repeat the tetrad in all the tales of the kings, the stones too speak of that number which shows creation as within the four elements, within the four cardinal points, the number of harmony for natural things, the number consecrated to Hermes. For Cuzco is a square magnificent, and all the cities and the palaces of the Land were built like Cuzco, square, with doors opening to the four points. The causeways run to the same figure, the tombs have angles pointing so. The figure four, the tetrad was the harmony of the land.

CHAPTER II

THE AMOROUS KING

The second Inca, Sinchi Roca. Computed to have lived A.D. 1062—or thereabouts. But according to Sarmiento, the rule of the Incas from Manco Cápac up to Huascar twelfth Inca in A.D. 1525 stretched to nine hundred and sixty-eight years. According to the records of the Knots, some of the Incas reached a great age. Some say that Sinchi Roca was the son of Manco Cápac; others that he was a descendant, and others that he was of magic birth. He is sometimes called the first historical Inca.

VERY various are the memories of this Inca. I have chosen from here and there what to tell of Sinchi Roca. The name Roca was a name remembered from before the Era of Darkness and Sinchi means Valiant, for although the valour of this ruler was not much tested in battle, he was foremost in wrestling and vaulting.

It may be that several Chieftains successively followed Manco Cápac, but however that may have been it is certain that the Era of Darkness had corrupted men and that evil customs survived the hero.

And now the women groaned:

‘We are no man’s tillage; those that should husband, sowing and reaping from our bodies, turn instead to one another, with unfruitful yearning.’

A royal Lady called *The Increasing Ring*, hearing the plaint of the women and meditating on the Sun and on the hero Manco Cápac, of whose blood she was, determined that her royal son, Roca Sinchi should reign; should end this sodomy and should appear so illustrious that none would dare to gain-say his regency.

Young Sinchi Roca was endowed with wisdom, but this sunken people would not, so surmised the Coya, follow him for his enlightenment. Instead she must prove for Roca a carnal kinship to the Sun. She would pretend that the orb had quickened her and that the youth was the half-heavenly offspring.

The Lady went to the hill beyond Cuzco, and looked long at the fortress on the Eastern, on the vulnerable side of the hill. She saw the parallel walls, and each stone, at the salients, was twice as high as the tallest warrior. She marvelled at the advancing and at the retiring angles of the wall, over twenty points, each one adapted for a strong defence; she wondered at the polish of the stones.

She mused on the name of the fortress, 'Gorge thyself, tiercel, glut thyself, hawk.' Here had been the strength of the Ayar kings. And nearby from the Cave Chingana should arise strength renewed.

The people often spoke of the wife of the Inca Manco Cápac, with her great ear-rings of gold, who had lived, they said, for two hundred years; by whom had been established the law of Supaï, to whom devils spoke, and stones; from whose bowels are the kings. All the town of Cuzco had venerated her for the wonders that she did; beautiful, and learned, and benevolent to the poor.

The Lady knew that a man governs by means of weapons, or else by means of his high will, or of his thought. The governance by woman is founded upon her womb. 'Our right is of our reins,' she decided.

So she dressed her son in plates of gold and decorated him with precious stones, after that she sent word to the people.

From Chingana the youth flashed out on the expectant multitude, hid himself then for four days in the Cave; the people made sacrifices praying that he would again appear.

When he showed himself for the second time he was crowned with a woven wreath of crimson and habited with a covering with woven pattern of beasts and of birds.

The Lady called out to Roca:

'Tell the people of that which you received from the Sun.'

And Roca Sinchi sang:

'My voice uttering ancient laws, re-establishing glory of the Sun. By bestiality the Sun darkened: forgotten now the sling and arrow.'

Then, having gained the ear of the listeners, he said: 'I am engendered by the Sun. I shall not parch you. The Moon will shine, the Sun will be benevolent if, according to the ancient

wisdom, I rule you. I shall instruct you to battle and we shall possess the Four Quarters of the Earth.'

The people ran forward and kissed the hands of the Inca and some he embraced. For eight days the air shook with acclamation, so that the blossoms fell from the trees, and by night the stars fell from the sky. There were sacrifices.

Afterwards Roca married Mama Cora Chimpö. She was thin and dark and beautiful. She dressed in many colours; she seemed a flower in the leaf. She carried a nosegay in her hand and she governed with a smiling face. She gave many gifts. To Roca she gave sons and she was his idol. When she died it was found that she had willed the most part of her wealth to the Sun and to the Moon.

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As was Solomon, so Roca was an amorous king. He approved fornication, he wished to make natural lust a custom of the people. It may be that this ruler fostered lechery to arrest the sterile vice.

It has been said that in his reign young men and women were tormented by desire.

Found by wizards after the fall of a thunderbolt and sold at great price were the *huananqui* or stones. The perfectly round small stones had another especial designation and these will be used by lovers till after the fall of the Incas. The desirous one will secrete them into the bed or into the clothing of the one that is desired.

Women will treasure these stones in small baskets with clean cloths, decked with the precious feathers of such birds as are hard to find. The finch-like yet gorgeous tanagra has come from far to winter in the Four Quarters, it has flown strongly on scarlet unbarred wings. Its feathers will shine in the baskets along with those, less precious, of the humming-bird. Every new moon offerings will be renewed and fresh maize will be given to these idolized stones and then the women will fast. Other stones were like the covered part of man; and curving shells and stones also were found like the secret part of woman. For such forms Roca had search made and many were found and they were given as gifts to the nobles, because the essential

parts of manhood and of womanhood was now accounted worthy of worship.

A woman or a man, desirous, enthralled the one desired by taking from that one a hair, or a garment drenched with sweat, or saliva gathered; then after midnight, the lusting one would give to that other coca and cinnamon of the Andes, or love philtre in variety. 'No will or wish of the enthralled can avail against enthrallment.' So all agreed.

There was a word *Huananqui*—'You will mourn.' 'You will mourn for your cruelties' was intended, and this word might have stood as title for kings, as did the words: *Cápac*—kingly-rich, and *Yupanqui*—full of virtues. But instead the word was set aside to designate lovers that cause distress. The wizards that prepared the philtres also bartered the bewitching stones.

Roca had a virgin set apart, but he delayed to ravish her as a hunter may delay to ride down an especial quarry: 'Her eyebrows like rainbows, her breasts like buds with snow of the Andes upon them.'

Then a boy in rags, a herd, a *llama-michi*, dared to enter the palace as one treading the path of the Sun. He took the virgin and afterwards she followed him.

Every wrong was accounted to be a wrong done to the ruler, and therefore death was the punishment for many wrongs, but this crime called out for a hundred deaths.

Manco Cápac had commanded that certain punishments be visited upon any man who dared to violate a virgin set apart either for the service of the Sun or else destined for the Supreme Inca's pleasure. The kindred of the transgressor, his servants, and the neighbours in his town, must all be burned: the trees about his dwelling must be felled, his place be made desert that no memory of it remain. The bodies of his ancestors must be torn from their shelter in the rocks or in the sand and were to be burned. The offender also would be burnt or else be buried alive.

The hiding-place of these lovers was now found, and they confessed under torture. The god of shadows had favoured the night of guilt, but he, in the morning, had deserted the lovers.

They were punished with the Fourth Justice, the pain allotted to unlawful joys.

They were tied by the hair to a rock, or to the Rock of Blood, or to the Rock of Copper, and here they suffered till they died. Their deaths were grievous and slow. Withering under her lover's eyes, a frightful form and undesirable, the girl sang the *Arani*, the sad song, calling on the condor as a father, 'Take me,' calling on the falcon as a brother, 'Liberate me, bring tidings to my mother. Say: "Five days she has hungered." Say: "Five days she has thirsted." Messenger take from me my little mouth, my small heart. To my father bring tidings to announce my death.'

Had the *llama-michi* used force against the virgin, according to the law he only would have been left on the rock the whole long time until death; or had the woman used force against the man, she only would have died. But these two freely had enjoyed each other, so this was the manner of the death exacted.

After the death-song, apparitions shameless on a hill, excited lust; to still the disorder sacrifices were offered.

But during the reign of the amorous Inca on hills and in valleys at night, in measured thirds, was much speaking by the flute. Messages so piped could not be misunderstood, for no two songs were ever set to the same tune; instead, each melody was wedded to its own unalterable words.

One man, with his four reeds bound together, pipes them from the dark distance; another such, with pipe of four reeds, answers in a tone a fifth above the former melody. Now, in sequence, other two men pick up the sound and descend in the scale. Each will be in tune always with the initial melody. These pipes have, as it were, the four natural voices of men and women; the high voice and again the deep voice that women have, and too, the tenor and the bass of men.

A child, waking, may blow the one note his little reed holds. Alluring the Serenade, magical the piping that men blew in the nights of Sinchi Roca: 'Now shalt thou sleep to my song; in heart of night I shall come.'

Or one, unhappy, may shrill upon the night this complaint:

'For the off'ring
of my blossoms,
of my heart-tears

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of my heart's blood
you have given
thorny cactus,
eye-shed sullage;
heart dried-up
like llama-meat.

* * *

'Shod with hatred
I shall travel
to the sunset;
to the monster
mother ocean
mama-cocha.
And forgotten—
I shall die
for very hate.'

CHAPTER III

THREE INCAS

The reigns of Lloque Yupanqui, Mayta Cápac and Cápac Yupanqui. Of how Lloque Yupanqui, according to the writings, in Spanish, by the Indian Santa Cruz Pachacuti Salcamayhua, ordered cranial deformation so as to promote submission; of the bird *Inti* and other matters.

Now came three kings building up the kingdom. The first was called Lloque or Left-handed. He did no battle in the fields; instead, he fostered their verdure, and loved to see the earth abundant. He remained single until he was old, and then by Mama Cora he had a son. He punished fornication and adultery, and he forbade strong drink.

For although succeeding Incas did not much change the laws and the customs of the Four Quarters, yet each King added something and strengthened the rules that he more especially favoured.

Throughout the reigns, harlots, public women were compelled to live in huts in the fields. Field-whores was their name because of their likeness to a common-land: *pamparuna*—open-country person. But for a married woman, so much as to say the word *pamparuna* was cause enough for her to be divorced, to be exiled also to the huts and, like the public women, to be shorn. This Lloque straightened also the law for the women in the Houses of the Set-Apart (houses called *Accla-Huasi*).

Lloque would not have men hairy, but smooth as seals; the tweezers were enforced by law.

It is said that from Sodom came the custom of shaving, and Lloque wished men, in this, to seem as women. No oath is to the honourable beard, no invocation for mercy to the bearded, the strong, the male; instead, the beard is forbidden to the people of the Four Quarters, a people by nature smooth of face.

According to one tradition, this Supreme Inca had a hooked nose and big eyes, his mouth was small, his body dark and ugly, and his heart to match, so that his subjects fled when they saw him.

The Queen or Coya of Lloque was a miser; possessions of woven clothing and of food were locked in a storehouse and they rotted. She was of a bitter temper and she had no pleasure in the service of her vassals or of her servants; the Lords disdained her and disobeyed her. She had no pleasure in food, nor with her husband; her black bile ran into the veins of her son, Mayta Cápac.

Lloque said: 'Let us have the people stupid and obedient,' and he invented, or, more probably, he extended the custom of misshaping the heads of infants. It was perhaps only the form of deformation called *wanka* that was especially favoured by this Inca. A lengthened head sloping away from a low forehead resulted from the pressure of tablets bound and gradually tightened on the infant boys. Round-headed men, it was thought, are stubborn and hard to rule. That is all that shall be told of Lloque Yupanqui.

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Again is contradiction and conflict of tradition about the Inca Mayta Cápac, who reigned after his father. The Readers of the Knots told that Mayta Cápac was of great bodily strength. Mayta Cápac, according to the Knots, armed his people, and he was the first so to arm them. He fought in the west and won battles, but in the time of these earlier Incas one and another tribe was subjugated, only to rise up anew, so that the Readers of the Knots told again and again of victory over some particular province. The ninth Inca, the great Pachacuti, conquered and maintained his conquest and only in the last four reigns was an empire solidly founded and vigorously held.

Mayta Cápac was so named because, being yet a child, he often said, seeking God: '*Maíta Cápac?*' or: 'Where art thou, O Rich-in-Mind?'

Some Voices say of him that all his thought was set on the Creator, and that even at the great Feast of the Sun, in the summer solstice, he seemed but little to regard the Sun and the Moon. He was bent on worshipping the Foundation of all.

This Inca had special drums made for the nine-day festival, before which festival there was a fast. In the evenings of the Feast, when the rejoicing was over, this thin, this melancholy

man, the colour of whose clothes was blue, would sigh: 'As night after day, so death after life, and the Feast finished. . . . All men die not as do the beasts; happy those who, possessing reason, attain to the Festival of Eternity.'

Mayta would fast for a month at a time, eating daily but one row of grain from a cob of corn. The fasts of the Four Quarters consisted always of abstinence from salt, from pepper and from women.

Mayta rebuilt the Temple of Manco Cápac and renewed the golden oblong plate. The Incas that came after him set up in the temples plates with rays out-jutting to show the sun, but Manco King and now Mayta King honoured the sign of the circle. However, since the minds of this childish people turned towards the appearances of Nature rather than towards the Foundation, the Abyss, this symbol of the circle, in later times seems to have been confused with the worship of the Sun.

The Voices say of Mayta that he was learned, and that he foresaw and foretold, also that he knew the herbs and their healing. In this knowledge of the healing power of plants he was like the Andean sparrow-hawk that feeds on serpents and picks them up in its talons; seizing even those which are venomous. The bird, if then it be bitten, flies fast to a certain trailing plant of which it devours the leaves. Long after the time of this Inca, men, watching the sparrow-hawk, learned from the bird the healing that was in the creeper called *vejeco*.

The chief cults numbered four in the Four Quarters. The cult of the Coastlands, of the places in the north-west that will accrue to the later Incas, are reckoned in this sum. Honour was given to the invisible gods, to Con, a spirit without flesh or bones, the god of fire; to Illa-Tici-Vira Cocha, to whom offerings were not made since the Plenished Place needed nothing; to Pachacamac—creator—god at first of the people of the valley of Junca, and of the people named Chimu, his cult in later days spread to the Four Quarters, whose name means: Pacha, earth and time, Camac—to make. This one should be adored in thought alone, with kisses blown on the air, with gestures of bowing and bending, with eyes uplifted. Yet in his Temple was an ugly image; divinations were made, and there was blood and dirt.

Amongst the invisible rulers was also Supai the god of shadows, the fiend and his legions that dwell in the centre of the earth, to whom go the souls that do not belong to the Sun. Supai has worship and propitiation throughout the length and breadth of the land. The evil that is in Supai is not the evil of sin, for to this people sin seemed an offence against their rulers, rather than a harm done to their gods; the evil of Supai is the evil of misery—of glooms. This evil is shown in storms and by devastations, by mischief worked against man, by sickness and accident. To be misfortuned is to be sinful and of the joyless company of Supai.

The body of a man is like a land exposed to its foes. Fortresses and walls are raised up for the defence of the land, and for the body there are the defences of magic. The orifices of the body are vulnerable—the open mouth, the nostrils. Here enter the ghastly foes. The ears, the nose, will be protected with ornaments and other parts of the body by painting and tattooing. The things which gave protection were various, but were formal and especial, each variety, to the different tribes. By the magical effects of these things, Supai and his legions were guarded against.

There are also the great visible gods: the Sun, and Thunder and Lightning, the planet Chasca, or as we say, Venus; and the rainbow, and the Moon.

The Sun and the Moon show the male and female and they make their increase in the earth in the crops. The Incas are of the Sun's begetting, and the Sun and the Moon are prototypes of the Inca and his wife; the Moon, with her periodic life, shows women: shows the flesh.

The High Priest is always the uncle or brother of the ruling Inca, he fasts often and never eats meat, he drinks only water and lives in contemplation, he is a Wise Man. He waits upon the Sun in the Temple at Cuzco. On Feast days he wears a white woollen dress bordered with precious stones. And to his chin is clasped a silver crescent moon, and his diadem is a golden sun; he wears birds' feathers. Many priests wait upon him. And the Wives of the Sun are dedicated to the service of the special Feasts of the Sun, to the *Cápac-Inti-Raymi*, and to the *Inti-Raymi*. The *Cápac Cocha*, the great

sacrifice—the human sacrifice, will, in later reigns, be offered to the sun.

In this worship of the Sun is enfolded a further adoration, that of the essence of the Sun and the Moon, the Grandfather Spirits, which spiritual entities are also in all things, in mountains and in moors, in things animate and in things inanimate.

Sometimes the images made by the smiths in gold and in silver, or shown by the potters, represented a double; a subtle, a shadowy llama, or a ghostly cob of corn would accompany the likeness of the ordinary creature. The Indians, not strong in reason, but with senses acute as the senses of animals, may have seen spectral duplications emanating from living animals and plants.

Then after comes the third worship that of the *Huacas*, the Sacred. The *Huacas* are in their thousands, for they are all things such as awake the wonder of this simple, sensitive and timorous people. Stones stirred their veneration. In them they saw, as it were, the bones of their parents, the fundamental, the elementary things. And not only were the stones the base of life, but also they were born of the sky, for earth itself, a blazing sky-stone, had been hurled by the planets into where it hangs in space. The earth-stones were sacred, and more holy still the rare precious aeroliths. The Bezoar-stone, drawn from the llamas and its kind, had twofold power, that of the elementary stone, as well as power derived from its animal affinity. But of the stones the most adorable was that which will disappear, will be lost, or hidden when the Bearded come, the great *Uminna*, the Mother of all Emeralds. Her glory of green was as of unending pastures, of spring unending; of plenitude; the earth's own colour, the colour of harmony; *Uminna! Uminna!* In the city of Cuzco more than three hundred things were *Huaca*. Things curiously shaped, or rare, rock, stone or flower; things potent, swift or beneficent, the tiger, the bird, the water, the idols and the dead. A priesthood less exalted than the priesthood of the Sun offers gifts to the *Huacas*, and magicians serve them. Each Stock has its especial *Huaca*, and *Huana-Cauri* the idol in the rock above Cuzco was a chief sacred of the Inca sovereigns and still more sacred was *Punchau* the

golden god of Vilcabamba. And last are the *Canopas*, the godlings of the family, the lares and penates of the home. These also received tribute.

With such a mountainous cult towering up fourfold, no one, lordling or labourer, might be idle; nor the child of five nor the aged. Hardly is there mouthful or sip unshared by *Huaca* or *Canopa*; the land of the Four Quarters is apportioned to support the fourfold monster worship.

But to return to Mayta King.

Sarmiento tells us that this Inca chose for his companion the oraculous bird *Inti*—Sun—which Manco Cápac had brought out of the mountain cave. None, since that hero returned to the Sun, had dared to open the cage, but Mayta Cápac, all daring, opened the wicker square, saw *Inti* and spoke with *Inti*. The bird gave oracles, and the wisdom of Mayta was largely wisdom that *Inti* had imparted, and prophecies. Was it perhaps a chanting hawk—one of the *asturina*?

Mayta knew all his kingdom, for, as his father had done, he too travelled through his dominion; each Supreme Inca will follow this custom; and the empire will be spread by the force of the later Incas.

This King saw the Great Stones, but their meaning and their upbuilding were behind the memory of his race, and the Wise Men could not explain them.

The wife of Mayta was *Mama Coca*, an ugly woman, but gifted with a strangeness that stirred imagination. She was graceful in her movement; music pleased her, and conversation with the great ladies with whom she wove at the loom. She had a loving regard for the old and the poor; the saying of the time was that she stole the cattle of the Inca that old men and women and the poor should profit by the creatures, for although she found recreation with princesses yet it was to the humble that her heart inclined.

Mayta Cápac died, and left most of his riches to the idol *Huana Cauri*.

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Cápac Yupanqui, fifth Inca, now reigned. It has been said by some that he invented the toast to the Sun, and before battle

would raise his cup and drink to the Sun. Later on wine will be put in a vessel in the Court of the Temple, the Sun's rays will drink and by evening time the wine will not be found in the vessel.

The bane of this king will be his wife, who has a sickness. The people said it was a devil in her heart that caused her to call out, and wildly to pull her hair and to scratch her face; there was even a frightful tale that she ate one of her children.

'She cannot govern the earth; she is ugly with sickness,' whispered the Voices of the people, and the King turned to the Sun, his Father, and from him had command to marry another woman. The mad Queen died in poverty. Some say she was the sister of Yupanqui and that his new Queen was their younger sister.

This Yupanqui ordered men to labour in the earth for gold and silver and for cinnabar, an ore of mercury. But not more than a little cinnabar was taken from the earth because only the ladies of the blood-royal might use this vermilion, and they must put on the precious dust only when arrayed for a Feast, and not unless they were in the very bloom of youth. The pulses of the young nobles beat perhaps faster when, once and again, they saw the powdered scarlet crystal in a line, thin as straw, and drawn from the outward corners of the eyes up to the royal temples.

Along with cinnabar, the workers could also have obtained mercury and by its fiery means have foundered the silver and gold that was now so hard to free from the surrounding dross. The great Incas knew and marvelled at quicksilver, the white, water-like metal, which yet did not wet their inquisitive fingers, knew perhaps of the blue-violet light that it emits, and that by cold it is frozen motionless. The beautiful, evasive stuff, heavy but untenacious, was not ever named by the people, so that in the common usage there was, in Incaic times, no word for mercury. Voices of Greece, of Rome, of Egypt speak down the ages; they say that quicksilver is holy. They say that it is the spirit, the mind of the stone, a thing with movement in the staidness of the stone, a thing of light in the darkness of the stone. To the nobles it might seem a very pattern of the Ayar—

the hero, of the Inca; the only thought-enlivened part of this dense inert mass of the people.

When the Strangers came to the Four Quarters no son of the country will show them the places of cinnabar, and for some time the strangers will not understand the virtue of mercury in freeing silver from dross, they will fear it as a poison and as a cause of palsy.

Before the physicians of the old world dared to test the medical power of mercury some shepherds of Europe hazarded its use: 'Our sheep are sickened by worms; we will gamble on the poison curing them,' and the sheep were cured by the quicksilver. All the enstoring glands of the animal body are in league to cast out mercury; the active udders of the sheep work along with the rest of the body to eject the drug.

At night some hills of the Land of the Four Quarters shine twinkling like the starry skies. The Bearded, when they come, will wonder at the show. Those hills are covered by hundreds of vessels in which gold and silver is freed from the imprisoning stone. These vessels are alight, and into holes the wind blows bellow-fashion, therefore the hills shine by night, as the gold and the silver is foundered.

CHAPTER IV

ROCA AND OTORONGO

Of Inca Roca, sixth Inca, builder of schools and temporary conqueror of some Western tribesmen. Of yearning towards the Incomprehensible. Of the eastern forests. The Readers of the Knots, or the Quipuca-Mayor or Quipocamayos, attributed these victories to various Incas.

HERE is Inca Roca; his name came down to him from the forgotten Pirhuan days; Roca emerges this side of the morning haze, of the myth which clouds the earlier rulers. His queen is Mama Micay, the daughter of a rich vassal who ruled over a fertile valley in the neighbourhood of Cuzco.

The Coya is white, she is beautiful, her body is firm, is regal; her mantle is green; the tribe she comes of is named Huaylla, which name means: 'How green, how fresh she is!' She holds a posy and her look is merry; a lover of songs, of music and of festival. The lords honour her, her governance is merciful. Yet for all her mercy, perhaps she is glad that, because of her, warriors have been embattled. Another than Roca had desired her; a great chief who, at being denied her, sated his anger by warring against her father's tribe.

She is the mother of four princes, and her son, Jahuar Huacac, will be crowned with the diadem, the fringe and the feathers. Coya Micay has great wealth, and by her testament it is divided into three parts. The first part of her fortune she destines to the Sun, the second to the Moon (the worship of the Sun and the Moon will be enriched). The third portion is for her male children. The Coya weaves clothing, and from her loom is a garment of green wool woven, long famed for its design.

Roca is often with his son Guaman, born of a concubine; He does not let this child out of his hand,' but favours him beyond all the rest of his children, preferring him to Jahuar, the prince that should succeed him to the throne. The royal bastard has a black tunic centred with two stripes of woven *locapa*. In a picture by Poma de Ayala the Supreme Inca wears

a cloak of clear green, the top of his tunic is deep blue; he is belted with three stripes of *tocapa*; below these his garment is yellow and blue. He has four bindings to his sandals. Inca Roca, a great talker, is a tall man and broad.

This ruler has built the schools of the nobles, for youths of the blood-royal whether mothered by queen or by concubine; these, if they pass the tests for knighthood, will be called Inca, but the ruler is the Inca Cápac.

Roca has said: 'Princes and nobles shall be instructed by the Wise Men: the children of the people must not be instructed. Knowledge would render them proud and disobedient, they would abhor the labour of the earth. Unless the high offices of the State are held by the exalted they will become despised.'

And now I hear Voices of the Four Quarters expounding the times and they seem to say:

THE CHORUS:

'We sing of knighthood, of the ordeal. The Wise Men have instructed the Youths and now these Sparks of the Sun must be proved to be swift, to be daring. Men shall not be Captains, nor chief amongst the poets, nor masters of the Knots, nor arch-designers of roads, nor of bridges, nor have highest office in the Four Quarters unless they be proved at the Trial.

'Six days fasting, each day but a handful of uncooked corn, a cup of water. If a youth cry out for more the aged will reject him from the Trial of Manhood. The young lords sleep on the ground unshod, clothed in tatters. Those that fail in the Trial lower the name of their kindred.'

'Afterwards the race across the plain to the hill of the idol *Huana Cauri*. Maidens await them with wine singing: "Haste, haste youths—we await you." Later will be the test of wrestling, of javelin, bow and arrow, of the stone flung from a sling. Trial by threatened blow and by menacing hand that must not cause eyelid to quiver. Twelve sleepless nights of watching; the highest princes tried more harshly than any. And at last, since a man should suffice to his own needs, the nobles must fashion their weapons and their sandals, binding them with wood twisted up on a stick.'

Then comes the honouring, when the valorous become the *Big-Eared*. Inca Cápac gives strong drink to the victorious youths. Then he bores their ears with golden bodkins: and the bodkins are at first left in the wounds to widen them until the time of the wearing of the wheel-like ornament, the great *hananrin*, the symbol. Their loins are girded, their heads wreathed with a frail flower that shows them clement, and with ever-green leaves to show their virtue enduring.

VOICES OF THE WISE MEN, THE *AMAUTA*:

'We, the Wise Men, are of the blood of the Sun: we counsel the Inca, we instruct the nobles. Always we have conserved the ancient histories. This we did in the days of the Pirhuan dynasty and throughout the Dark Era of Tambo Toco. Also we observe the movements of the Sun and of the Stars, we measure time by their progression. Now that the Letters are destroyed, we must school men in the reading of the Knots.'

CHORUS OF THE READERS OF THE KNOTS, THE *QUIPO CAMAYO*:

'We bind coloured strings on to ropes, and we make a tally with knots. With white strings we tally silver and with yellow threads we tally gold. With threads of scarlet we recall battles, and we remember the hosts. We have knots to account for the cattle on the plains, and knots for the people, and for the twelve ages of their lives: for the bridegrooms also that await the yearly wedding-day. That day when the Supreme Inca joins the hands of some few noble couples, whilst in the same hour, throughout the Four Quarters, the Headman of each division does likewise for the humble.

'The Knots carry the count of the people, of the harvest and of the reservation of corn.'

VOICES OF THE POETS, THE *HARAVECS*:

'Clothed in white garments, in the colour of the dawn, our name is the Makers, the Inventors. We are the mouths that sing at the Feasts. We tell the Triumph of warriors. Our songs are in measure, with long lilt and with short. Sometimes we garnish with a rhyme. The pipers pipe to our intoning. We make comedy. We show animal-simplicity in the farce called llama-llama; in it are the husbandmen and the life of the fields.

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We speak tragedy and the elegy. We make songs of wooing and songs of hunting, and roundelays for the dance.'

ROCA SINGHI:

'The Poets guard the language, the tongue called *Runa-Simi*, the speech of Cuzco, which the conquered barbarians shall receive. Unless a man speak Runa Simi he shall not attain honour. We that are of the lineage of the Sun impose this—the high tongue—on the Four Quarters of the earth. There are also words from before the Dark Era, words known only to the highest of the Children of the Sun, and this is the Tongue Royal, the *Inca Simi*.'

VILLAC UMU, THE HIGH PRIEST:

'I am Villac Umu—Villac, to speak and Umu, to foretell. The secret voices in the temples speak to me. I am the interpreter of dreams. I offer the lesser sacrifices of blood, and too, the Great Sacrifice. The Sun is in my veins, and the snake; I am of the Royal House.'

THE CHORUS:

'He is the High Priest. Every year he renews the fire of the Temple catching the rays on his bracelet of gold. Those that near the Temple put the sandals off their feet.

'And when praying Inca Cápac takes the royal wreath off his head.'

Roca fought against Western tribes, amongst them were the Chancas and the Villcas. The land of the several tribes lay to the West of Cuzco amongst the heights of the mountains with here and there, on a flat place, a village. The hearts of the Chancas answered to the magnificence of their high lands, to the magnificence of the river, the Apurimac, the name of which being translated is 'the great oracle, the mighty speaker.' A bridge of willow or of aloe hung from mountain to mountain, spanned the dizzy space above the tumultuous river.

Some of the Chancas adored the great beast of their mountains, saying: 'We are descended from the puma'; and at feasts or in battle the only garment of such as these was the skin of the puma, the cougar. The War-messengers of Roca said to the Chancas: 'Will you yield to dominion? The Sun has

commanded the Inca to govern you,' and many of the people said: 'Since we shall be conquered by the Inca, none can withstand him, let us yield without giving battle.' But the sons of the cougar said otherwise: 'Defeat would be better than a spineless yielding.' So the Chancas fought, but for a time they were defeated yet freed themselves again more than once during the next hundred years.

Now after that battle is the Triumph; Inca Cápac goes escorted towards Cuzco; the common people walk first and all cry together: 'May so excellent a King live long! Long life to so excellent a King!' Now and again the exclamers take breath, then trumpets and the drums are sounded. Now come two thousand soldiers as in battle rank, the Captains are plumed; they wear breastplates of gold.

In the centre of the procession walk six drummers, the drums drone to the intoning of: *Hailla, Hailla, Haicha, Haicha.*

Their drums are swung on poles. These drums are the skins of the captains of the enemy artfully stripped from off the living frame and dried with sand. Very lively they appear as they swing and dance to the blows that by their own bones are beaten on their bellies.

Last of this gathering comes a drum that is carried apart, for it is the skin of a Lord of the Western People.

More warriors follow, and drummers, and captives naked with their hands bound behind them, and again triumphant warriors, their faces painted to aghast the enemy. Here and there a captive wears the pelt of a wild beast.

Then high, on a bare palanquin exposed to the multitude, his hands tied behind him, comes a living Lord of the Chancas.

Close to the captive sounds the dole of six drums; of drums that had been the bodies of his kin.

Now come singers singing of how Inca Cápac treats those that will not yield.

Then some thousands of Ring-Eared singing: *Hailla! Hailla!* The ornaments of some are as big as oranges fixed in the gristle of the ear, for the greater the lord the bigger the ornament. But only the Supreme Lord Cápac-Inca has so large a wheel of gold in each ear that the lobes are stretched to his shoulders.

Now, lovely, come five hundred virgins garlanded with

branches; they are the daughters of Incas. They sing and dance in measure; on their ankles are bells.

Young Incas follow, scattering flowers and picking up stones and twigs to smooth the way of eight nobles who bear the golden palanquin, with its pedestal of graven gold; the pedestal has golden feet. It is often changed from shoulder to shoulder; three hundred barons meet the task. They tread carefully, for if one stumbles he must die. Two Incas carry the parasols made with feathers and heavy with gold and with emeralds. The Incas who carry them are often relieved.

Close to the golden litter is the Chief Captain, he is one of the sons of Roca. The Captain is a ruthless man who takes as trophy from each of his chief enemies an eye extracted with the pincers. This Captain is fated to be killed in battle.

The Supreme Inca in his right hand holds a spear-thrower, and in his left hand a spear; he boasts: 'The Sun gave us the Spear.'

The hills and the plains are flowery with those that watch the Triumph.

To himself, swaying in the palanquin of gold, thus Roca: 'I offered peaceful subjection: they chose battle; my triumph, their defeat.' Then looking on a captive habited as once Hercules:

'How should the race begotten of the cougar rise up against those whose birthspring is the Sun? Pumas are whelped; after the milk is the meat; the hunt and the dying; but for the Sun time is not; the measure of five hundred years is, as we say, a Sun—and against that the short passage of the animal.'

Hailla! Hailla! Haicha! Haicha!

The thread of thought is frayed by the cries; silence again, and:

'Resistance wasteful; in the Four Quarters is no room for waste; resistance vain since the Quarters need to be extended: warm valleys, fruit to eke out the meagre living on the heights; these must be attained, and coastlands too, and that abyss—the sea.'

Heavier than the Cæsar and the golden palanquin held high on the shoulders of nobles heavier is the weight of the structure that this land upholds.

The structure of the worship of the Sun, of the Temple, the High Priest and of the lesser priests; the support of the Virgins of the Sun and for these a first share of the total wealth is given.

Next there is the weight of the maintenance of Inca Cápac, of his exuberant reproduction. Hundreds of wombs made fecund, scores of children of his issue and the stock accounted royal for ever. The death of Inca Cápac is a heavy matter demanding the renewal of palaces and gardens, of all possessions for the deific ruler that shall follow. All this weight is laid upon a second partition of the land: *Hailla! Hailla! Hailla! Hailla!*

A third portion of the wealth of the land is set aside for the *Hatun Runa*—the great people—great in number: each man has a portion lent to him for his sustenance, and the weight of each man's child is met by so much land allotted, for the boys a larger, for the girls a lesser lot, the whole constantly increased or decreased according to necessity. The people and the crops, counted over and over, checked and counter-checked, and the number of the people restrained by the late marriage of the workers, the dangerously late marriage, and restrained by the Rock of Blood, and the Rock of Copper, by the death of young lovers hanging by the hair. Every palm of land is used to meet the threefold burden—of the Sun, of the Ruler and of the People; the very mountains are cut into walled terraces of culture. There is also the weight of the Sacredrs—the *Huacas*, to which outflows continuous stream of offerings.

Hailla! Hailla! Hailla! Hailla!

Roca thinks: 'Surely the tamed, the serviceable people has the reward of its bondage. No starvation as is amongst the barbarous, as amongst the wild beasts, provision made against war, against the bad seasons; the store-houses full always; the belly never pinched beyond its habitual abstinence. All things provided for, fixed and foreseen, every ten men shepherded by a Headman; a people of unending, busied childhood; the jollity of three fairs, three festal days to every moon—my thralls allowed often to be drunk.'

Hailla! Hailla!—Hailla! Hailla!

'A people here of ceaseless occupation, the blind shredding the seeds off the corn-cobs; the old ones, "the sleepy bones,"

able still to chew the seeds for the maize wine; dwarfs and the misshapen mated to one another, serving as jokers for the Incas, serving as weavers; the children even. . . .

But Cuzco comes into sight, the whole square city, the four great entrances, the schools and the Temple.

For the count of a few pulses the thought of Roca gropes outward from the palanquin of gold, tentatively, shyly, towards the ever-evading, ever-untallied mystery—the Incomprehensible.

And as the eyes of the King fall, unheeding, on the contorted head of a boy whose skull has been fashioned cone-like to honour the volcano *kola'wata*, Roca gropes in thought: 'Art thou male; art thou female; is thy place above, or in the depths—or is it indeed surrounding all? My desire is to meditate: I cannot meditate for I have no knowledge of thee: long seeking, I begin to tire.'

Hailla! Hailla! Haicha!

Under the arches of feathers, into the square carpeted with palms, past the plumes and the blossoms.

The Triumph goes about the city; the Triumph arrives at the square of the Temple. Out of the living captives, hearts are torn, then burned, and the ashes thrown on the wind.

In the Temple Roca prays to the Sun, and the feast and the sacrifices go on from day to day.

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Heartened by victory, Roca talking much and feasting, turned in thought towards the East. Here, beyond the grassy flats, and beyond the snows of the Andes, are wooded ridges, and on the far eastern slope the great forests.

A Voice says that the Inca sent one of his many sons to reduce the tribes, among which were the Antis, eaters of human flesh, a people armed with poisoned arrows. Their skins are the colour of rust; their shining black hair, long and stiff, is dyed blue.

The warrior son of Roca, the Great Captain went into the forests; he ate fruits strange to him, familiar to the native black bear. And he saw the Amaro, giant serpent, innocent of poison, that kills with an embrace; that in the groves, in the domes of

the forest, over some narrow creek of water, hangs, wound about a tree or circling a branch. Of such the adoring people said: 'Behold! The mother of the waters. Behold! *Yaca Mama*—Mother of the river,' and from the forest people the Captain may have learned of a strange capacity these great boas have, the capacity for faithful service to men and of devotion to their little children, whose guardian the great boa may be. A whistle or call will then summon it out of its green seclusion, or from its watery bed.

In this country the Captain fought, aureoled with arrows, and clothed in feathers. Clothed with the feathers of birds unknown to the harsher heights of Cuzco. For his apparel the crow was raped of her blue ornament, and some other bird of feathers green and yellow. The finch-like yet gorgeous tanagra was stripped of her as-on-fire plumage. The Captain, whose after-name will derive from the manner of his death, saw the people that oil their skin, and the people that dye their hair vermilion, and the powerful women, light-skinned, and girt about the loins. Such are warrior-women.

In the highland dances the warrior-women take no part, but in their stead men, clothed with a loin-cloth, represent them by dancing hand-in-hand with men cloaked in clothing of feather than which none is lovelier. Olympian and shining they appear, and each feather is tied on to a network of fibre most delicately contrived. The musicians blow on flutes, and blow on pipes made of the bones of the enemy, for warriors dance most gladly to such a piping. One musician beats a drum; the feathery men are outlined with arrows, as though with the halo of battle. In the land of the women warriors, the dancers sing over and over: 'Thou warrior of the Andes, thou woman warrior, *Chihuan Huai*, *Huarma Auca*, thou woman-warrior of the Andes, *Chihuan Huai*.'

Each tribesman answers according to his tongue, for the tongues are very many.

There was another song that moved the night air in those Andes, monotonously through the drunken hours: 'The teeth of the foe, the teeth, are the jewels that we wear. The bones of the foe, the bones, are the pipes—are the flutes. The drum we beat, the drum, was skin of the foe. We are garnished, we pipe:

we blow on the flute. We beat on drum. We dance, we drink from the skull, skull of the foe. We dance, we drink, we are garnished, we play on the flute. We beat on the skin, we drink from the skull of the foe.'

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To conquer such a people the Captain must become other than man, and so this son of Inca Roca threw off his crown and his feather-dress and became *Otorongo*—so does this Andean people call the ocelot. How must *Otorongo* then have enjoyed his cat's eyes, the new power of vision given when the rounded apple of his eye of a sudden became an upright pupil and that because of his change from man to animal. How must he have delighted to open wide the new slit and to shut it close. By daylight to draw it fine against the brilliant sun, by night-time to widen the vertical pupil and so receive the gentle rays of night. What wonder, what delight in the gloom of the moon-lorn forest to find his eyes were not darkened. How well were his new eyes fitted to the climbing of a tree, the length of them proper to seeing up and down. Now eyes and teeth, claws and pelt fitter for the life brutal than is all the equipment of a warrior. As Ocelot, his red-gold fur patterned chain-wise, he conquered, but was killed. The young he had sired reigned in the Andes; by name (and it was said, in form also) they all were *Otorongo*.

Of this but passing victory over the Antis, over the eastern division, the greatest spoil to the Inca was that of the green brilliant leaves of the white-flowering, the red-berried plant, the Coca brought back to Roca from the Andes. Roca had a plantation of the coca made on the River Beni. The woven purse to hold the dried leaves of coca became a part of the royal dress.

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According to legend, Æsculapius, Most Loving of Men, dreamt he was shown a plant that would heal all ills; physicians have said that such a plant is coca. Laid on flesh hurt by the mountain cold, the powdered leaf warms the suffering flesh, relieves the cramp and rheum of the highlands; its healing will spread down far as the aching bones: the powder will cure wounds. Taken into the mouth, it allays the sickness engendered

by mountain-height; it strengthens and sustains. This people of the Four Quarters shall at last turn to coca as to the only essential of life, more precious far than gold. The great Incaic stores of food being laid waste, the old order fallen into ruin, the children of Peru will subsist by means of coca; it will uphold the tired heart, the flagging muscle. With a handful of corn and with coca to chew at certain times resolved upon each day, the men shall run for hundreds of miles in their mountains, or shall slave in the mines, or herd cattle in the bare heights. The juice will lessen the sensibility of the stomach to the feeling of hunger. From the lords and from the subjects of the earlier kings the royal coca is withheld; but afterwards it will be granted to the heroes, will prop them in battle, and they will enjoy from the leaf an excited sensibility of the mind. It will not lull them with phantasma, instead will spur their thought. But to the greedy and uncontrolled the coming Nemesis shall be a loss of the mind's vigour, a final apathy. After the heroes and the nobles, the people will gradually obtain the leaf, and in the last Incaic reigns coca shall become an abuse, a perpetual intoxication.

The bark of the coca-bush is grey, the twigs are of a jade-like green most bright towards the tips. The leaves will be worn as garlands; those that make suit must adorn themselves with coca-leaves strung into lover's necklace. But until a man has known women he may not chew the coca. After that carnal experience he shall chew in honour and in memory of Mama Coca, the divinity who, because of some evil in her body, had been cut in two, from which scission the magic tree resulted.

The red earth of the Andes suits the fibrous root that sends hair-like threads into the soil which, for the plant's growth, must be rich in mineral but free of limestone.

The leaves, shaped like a lance-head growing two by two along the twig, are nervous and involved. The upper skin of the emerald leaf is a network of veins, below the net are cells, many and various. Here are the breathing cells, and cells that are nipple-like, and some, formed like palisades, enstore the colouring grains. Other cells hold crystals of lime; deep down the tissue of the leaf is spongy. The leaf, the flower and the fruit flourish all at one time together.

VISION OF PERU

The flower is built upon the number of five; it is of the form called *perfect*, because it is both male and female. In it are style, stigma and ovary to receive, from the male stamens ten in number, the fertilizing pollen of the anthers. The stamens stand in lovely symmetry; five shorter ones are opposite the sepals, five longer ones are opposite the petals, as pattern of a dance.

The flower, endowed with a faint wholesome odour, is the colour of cream.

The fleshy small fruit is faithful to the calyx of its flowerhood, to which as scarlet berry, it adheres, faithful also to the styles, which three remain at its fruity tip.

The Incas will allow women to work squatted in front of the sacred bushes, stripping the leaves deftly so as not to bruise the tender twigs. In the dried, the decomposed leaves is the virtue of the fateful cocaine. But in the further north, the people to be called Colomban will not allow woman to strip and dry the coca-leaves, for they dread her periods as, likewise in some old-world vineyards, these are dreaded.

Powerful sustainer, allayer of pain, burdened with good and evil, so is the coca-plant found in Antis for the Inca Roca.

CHAPTER V

THE POOR-SPIRITED INCA AND THE EXILED PRINCE

Of Jahuar Huacac, He Who Weeps Blood, seventh Inca. And of his son Hatun Túpac, afterwards called Huira Cocha Inca. Jahuar Huacac is supposed by some to have lived in about A.D. 1249 to A.D. 1320, or, according to others, earlier.

AGAIN is tattle and confused tradition and the writer has made her choice amongst the Voices.

Short and strong, inclining to fat, clothed by preference in black and red, learned and peaceable, big-eyed, a friend of music and the poor, indifferent to the rich and noble, so was the Inca that succeeded Roca. He was named Jahuar Huacac or He that Weeps Blood, unhappy appellation, for in that land the eye was regarded as being full of augury. The winking of the lower eyelid foreshadowed misfortune: if the winking was of the lower lid of the left eye the misery would be extreme, if of the right eye, a lesser mourning was foreshown. The winking of the left upper lid was good, of the right upper lid it was better, but the princely babe had wept blood, so this name was put upon him, and the name undid that Cæsar. Ill-augured, fearing defeat, he never dared to fight, he dared not travel in his kingdom, but sent others in his place.

Jahuar, ever-changeable, haunted by the melancholy of his name, decided, lest he be detected as craven, to send a host of two thousand warriors, commanded by generals of royal blood, to conquer lands south and west of Cuzco. His chief Captain, Inca Maytac, put trust in his own especial idol and he is pictured showing the idol to the enemy to appal them; but the King loved the idol of The Day, the golden image called Punchau, and he gave it a shrine in a mountain city.

Afterwards Jahuar swayed to and fro, encouraged by the victory in the south-west but dejected by the bad omen seen in sacrifices. The Inca wished to conquer the people of the coast, a people still free, and valiant. But former Incas had

said: 'This is a nation to be won over, not to be conquered.'

At this time there were pestilences, and He that Weeps Blood fasted and taught the court to do penance; the subjects went in processions and confessed their negligence of the Sacred, and burning brands were thrown into the town to drive the sickness away.

The Coya of this king, Mama Chicla, the daughter of a tribal chief, must have lightened his eyes with her ways of loving, and of giving. Her bent was towards the poor, and towards men, and away from women, but better even than the company of men she liked the congress of her pet birds, and of monkeys tamed. Into the far forests, where lived the wild enemy people, skilful fowlers went for the shining cuckoo, rose-pink, and for doves of a voice so mournful that this dole of doves was voiced forth by those women who publicly made clamour for the dead. In the Vale of Cuzco, in sorrow for one of the four Ayars, long ago, this dove-like mourning first was sounded by a great sorrowing company, whilst for some time they feasted, and for some time, dove-throated, they lamented. Mama Chicla liked the cooroo of the wild pigeon, the trill of small birds, and the jargon of the parrots. Of the little clever parrots, the *Uritu*, that flew high in noisy flocks from the Andes down into the sown places, and destroyed the crops: 'You are wrong to call human babblers *Uritu*, for the birds talk good sense, and their exclamations fit.' She would sit, ugly long-nosed woman that she was, thin and unshapely, and gaze at the speechless greater parrots, at the grace of their long tail feathers, at their startling colours.

From the great flats of the Puna the seed-snipe was brought to the Coya. It looked plain in this company of gaudy birds. It was white-breasted with stripes of black and brown, grey-necked, of starling size. At the term of each hour of darkness it gave a cry, monotonous, expected, and yet accounted by the Indians to be awful: the seed-snipe was as constant to its night-shriek as the people to their quotidian ways.

After this lady has died it will be known that she willed her sustenance to be divided between the Sun, and herself. Food and wine and clothing needed in the tomb; poets to be maintained to rehearse the tale of her deeds. The half of her fortune

will not be over-much to uphold, and to renew, the dignity of the Queen.

But the Inca Cápac was troubled because of the royal prince, Hatun Túpac, a fierce high-handed youth, cruel and ambitious.

The Prince had been breeched and accorded the other insignia of manhood: he wore the yellow wreath of his princehood; but his defiance increased with his growth. Jahuar chid and punished the Prince, and at last the king determined, aided by his counsellors, to abandon the custom of the Incas, by which custom the elder son was the destined ruler.

So Hatun Túpac was banished, taken east to the high grassy land called Chita, not far distant from the valley of Vilcamaya.

For three years the Prince lived on the treeless flat, shadowed only by boulders of rock, companioned only by herdsmen, by the *llama-michi*, and by the llamas, the Cattle of the Sun.

Having long contemplated this Prince, she who writes hears his Voice.

As being from Manco Cápac descended, this banished Prince could claim indeed to be Child of the Sun: then how dare the great Inca spurn the Prince and level him with the shepherds?

Hatun Túpac knew that his infancy must have been the hard infancy of all born in the Four Quarters of the Earth, be the suckling humble or princely.

His mother just before his birth, according to custom, had certainly made sacrifices to the Sacreds and confessed her past neglect of them. She and her husband must have abstained from certain foods. Alone and unaided surely she brought her son into the world, and afterwards had washed herself and him.

She would give him suck only at dawn, at mid-day and by evening, and she, or a serving-woman, would bathe him in the morning out-of-doors, with cold water. Tender to him, his mother had perhaps first held the water in her mouth that it be not too frigid. Afterwards in the rude cradle he would be tied to a covered board by a strip of knitted wool. One of the four legs of the cradle, shorter than the other three, allowed a jogging of this wooden cot. If the child fell ill he would be given to suck a few inches of his own navel cord dried and put

aside for his use. For three months his arms would be swaddled tight; his mother would not pick him up to nurse him, for the children of the Four Quarters must not be fondled or indulged. Instead, she would stoop over him tending to his lips first the one breast, then the other.

Grown older he would be put into a pit up to his breast, a toy on the brink and some stuffs to soften the pit. At crawling age he must have crept on all fours to his mother, who would lower her breast to his mouth. When, kneeling at her side, he had drained one breast he would move round to drink from the other teat, feeding so from the ground, as fed the young of the llamas. No food at all but this maternal milk would be given to him till he was weaned and named, some two years after birth.

In the third year of his life the training of the young creature was already attained. He had been made strong to bear hardships. Hardship would be his frequent lot, for all, from high to low, lay hard and were sharp-set as a hawk. The gold and the silver, the woven stuffs of the great were rather for dignity and for beauty than for ease of body.

The banished Prince wondered if his present fate had been brought about by his mother's weakness. For if, whilst yet she gave him suck, she had been unable to resist her husband's bed her milk would curdle by her lack of restraint. This curdled milk would be cause of a changeling in the cot.

Or if he were not indeed a changeling, had he been, perhaps, *Ayusca*—a baby that pines for lack of nourishment, one renounced, and therefore fed at the breast of a nurse. That harsh word *Ayusca*—renounced—would seem to fit him but too well. Word of affront, one of the five unendurable words because of which a married man of Cuzcò would cry out to a Headman for vengeance on the insulter. The word might lawfully be used in derision of a youth whose mistress showed preference for another, but said to a married man could but convey the taunt that wifely favour had been shown elsewhere, and that the husband must pine for the lack.

Was he, this royal shepherd, changeling then, or was he *Ayusca*?

After the hard infancy was the hard boyhood up to the time of the Trial of Manhood. Hatun Túpac remembered of that

boyhood-time only one gentle thing, and that was the care of him by the nurse-maid chosen by his mother.

She had tended him, had ministered to him, and as approved by custom had eased the ache of his growth, had taught him the answer to the clamour of his blood:

'Had I not been banished I should have retained her by me,' and Hatun Túpac reviewed in his memory those elder women who initiated the youths, childless widows who tenderly reared the orphaned lords and became their concubines. Yet sometimes a young man grudged his foster-mother even a share in his pleasures and would away with another woman. But in that event the officer who had the care of such cases decided whether or no the man had completed payment of his debt.

'Shall I, because he hates me, be cut out of the heritage of my father's concubines; will they fall to the lot of my brother?' wondered the Prince. For by law these women would come to be his inheritance, but the law insisted that he must not carnally know his own mother.

For a man was reckoned to be of less import than a family, a person was less considered than was a group: the women belonged to a group and were passed on from one protector to another. To the *deep-mind* of the Incas there was nothing amiss in such a provision.

So thinking back to his intimacy with a nurse-maid, Hatun Túpac idly brought back to memory this woman and that Princess and then, since the hours were long, he recalled, almost word for word, the tale which he had heard over and over again from the young nurse-maid, a tale known both to the wise and to the uninstructed. Being himself now but a herdsman, a *llama-michi*, this story had a new poignancy for him. He passed it through his mind clothed in the words that the nurse-maid had used. She spoke in Runa-Simi, in the vassal's speech, a speech which, unlike the Inca-Simi, had no words for any general ideas: there was no male or female, but only men-llamas or women-llamas, no one word for colour, but a word for each particular colour, for herd no name but only llamas-many or llamas-few. The maid said that there was once in the valley of Jucay a herdsman who herded snow-coloured llamas.

Everyone knows that each herdsman fosters only men-llamas; alike in their wool, the cloud-coloured all go together; and so do the spotted; and the black have their own neatherd. If a young is born into a flock with wool of differing colour the *llama-michi* must take him to where by his looks he belongs. These snow-coloured llamas fed on a flat near the which stood a house. Two of the daughters of the reigning Inca lived there, as also daughters of lesser lords; matrons took care of the maidens.

The herdsman knew nothing of women, he had no desire, but he sometimes suffered a sadness and to ease it he blew on his flute, and once when he did so, lying on his back in the grass, a voice spoke to him: 'Tell us about the snow-white llamas,' said the loveliest of the two princesses whose name was Shadow-of-a-Lance, for she was straight and clean as a lance but fine, like a lance in a dream, or in a shadow. The *llama-michi* thought that he saw two of four spirits that inhabit the Sacred Fountains which play in the garden of the Women-Set-Apart. The fame of the Fountains was in the mouths of the vassals round about, although none went into the enclosure of the women. Shadow-of-a-Lance told the worshipping herdsman that she and her sister were daughters of the Supreme Lord of the Four Quarters. All this time the young man was upon his knees and now he threw kisses in the air in sign of his devotion. Shadow-of-a-Lance saw on the forehead of the *llama-michi* a silver disc with two figures clearly graved upon it, which two—a man and a woman—were eating a heart. 'What is the name of your ornament?' she asked, and the herdsman answered: 'It is called Sonko—a heart.'

The sisters left the shepherd and returned to the House of the Chosen. At the entrance to the enclosure was the eunuch that kept the gate. The badge designating his office was the split in his nose and his split ears, and because of the deprivation of manhood his hands were so unnaturally small that the women shuddered at their touch. He searched the princesses, for the order given to him was that he should search all the women passing through the gates because there were plants and little stones which the chosen tried sometimes to bring in; things forbidden to these selected virgins. Some of the

virgins will be sent to Cuzco, to the Great House of the Sun, and some will serve as concubines for the Inca and for his underlords, but each maiden must be watched over and must work at weaving fine coverings of wool; and none must find plaything with love philtres or with stones which show the man-thing and the woman-thing.

The second meal of the day, the evening meal, was being prepared whilst yet there was light, but Shadow-of-a-Lance said: 'Let me sleep instead of eating, for the air of the flat-land has made me sleepy.' So the Mama, the matron consenting, the princess lay down on the skins and the woven wools which were spread on the floor of her sleeping-place. She sighed to herself: 'I know that I must give myself to the herdsman and nothing can hold me. As in their season nothing prevents the condors from coming together. Yet that will bring upon him and perhaps upon me death on the Rock of Blood. We shall die as died the *llama-michi* and the Virgin-Set-Apart for the Inca Roca.

'*Muani: Muani:* I love: I want—*Muani.*'

From that, Shadow-of-a-Lance turned over and over in her memory the two figures on the silver ornament that were eating a heart; eating it as though it were bread. In the night the girl dreamed that the Checollo, the night-singing bird, sang that she must not sorrow, that all would be well. Shadow-of-a-Lance said: 'But I am beset with love and if I come by that which I shall seek the Sun will destroy me.' The bird in the dream sang: 'Rise early and sit between the Four Fountains and sing to them of the love you feel in your belly. If the Four Fountains repeat the song all will be well.'

Early, and before the other virgins had left their rest, Shadow-of-a-Lance went to the Fountains. Each Fountain stood for one of the Four Quarters, North and South, East and West. The maidens bathed each one in the waters of the Fountain named after the Quarter of her birthplace.

Shadow-of-a-Lance sang that in her eyes and in her belly she was troubled by the shapes cut into the ornament, those of a man and of a woman who were eating a broken heart. The waters took up her verse: 'Feast of a heart: the morning food; and the food of the evening.'

And on the night before the *llama-michi* also had felt excessive

grief and had played sorrowfully on his flute without hope of joy and without hope of healing for his pain. Then he slept. His mother in a house in Laris knew by incantation of his grief and she felt her son to be near death. So immediately she went into the dark of night and walked until the daylight, and then she had reached the hovel in Jucay where the herdsman was asleep.

The *llama-michi* woke and saw his mother and told her of his dreadful yearning for the princess, although he knew that a vassal may not touch a daughter of the Sun. He told his mother that the hands of the Princess were like cobs of corn just about to ripen.

The mother said: 'Have no fear, I will find a remedy'; and she covered her son with a covering that she had brought and said: 'Sleep a little longer.' Then she went to gather herbs for his healing, for there are herbs which cure grief, and this kind grow on rocks. As she was boiling the herbs over a fire of dung outside the house, Shadow-of-a-Lance and her sister came to where she was crouching before the cauldrom. 'Give us food, we are hungry,' said Shadow-of-a-Lance. On her knees the woman said that in the pot nothing was being cooked excepting herbs. But as Shadow-of-a-Lance had not eaten since the morning before she delighted to eat some of the hot herbs. Afterwards she went into the hut hoping to see the *llama-michi* and the ornament on his forehead. On the floor the princess saw the covering which the woman had put over her son, but she did not see the shepherd. 'How pretty,' she said, taking up the cloak. The mother of the *llama-michi* said, 'It belonged to Vira Cocha, and he gave it to a woman he loved. It has come down from hand to hand from her unto myself.' The daughter of the overlord said: 'I need this covering,' and she put it upon her shoulders. Then the sisters went back to the House of the Chosen.

The eunuch at the entrance searched the princesses, but he let pass the covering. Then the princesses worked at their frames. They knelt on the ground below the looms. The Matron of the House, the *Mama*, walked to and fro amongst them and in their work instructed them. The virgins were clumped like flowers about the looms.

Shadow-of-a-Lance thought: 'I go to the shepherd and I may grow heavy by him. I will sometimes lie in the rays of the Sun having first asked that favour of *Mama*. Then I shall say: "The Sun has pierced me." ' For Shadow-of-a-Lance knew that sometimes motherhood as by the Sun was winked at in the Houses of the Chosen.

After the evening meal Shadow-of-a-Lance threw the godly covering over her as she lay on the skins and blankets of her cell. But in the night she suddenly awoke. The cloak no longer covered her from chin to toe; instead, she was covered by the *llama-michi*. She put her finely woven stuffs over him and throughout the night they loved one another. In the morning the young man seemed again to be the cloak. Shadow-of-a-Lance bathed in the waters of the Fountain to which she belonged and went out to a ravine in the mountains. As she reached the ravine, the cloak of Vira-Cocha rebecame the herdsman. One of the guards had followed the princess because he thought it strange that she should walk alone. Now he gave the alarm. The lovers fled into a height above the town of Chalca. Shadow-of-a-Lance lost one of her sandals on the way. It can still be seen turned to stone. 'We are safe here,' said the *llama-michi*. 'Let me pass the day looking at your hair.' All day he dared to look at those thick combed plaits which had been for the first time plaited at the ceremony of the declaration of the girl's puberty; when the Lord had danced vested in purple robes. Shadow-of-a-Lance said: 'Now the figures of the graven heart have become flesh and blood; we of one heart were famished, and now we have feasted.' They slept on the height above Chalca, but a noise awakened them: and they became stone. The two peaks that rise above Chalca are those two lovers.

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Now Hatun Túpac took up his flute and played.

CHAPTER VI

HERDS AND MOON AND A POEM

Of the Huanaco, Vicuña, alpaca and llamas. Of the Spring Solstice; of the Moon festival the Situa—Voices speak of the moon; of songs.

SCORNFULLY, Hatun Túpac considered that his father Jahuar was as the snails of the fresh water in the valley below. They would near each other to accomplish their coit, to pair upon the water, but a zephyr might part them; creatures at the chance of the wind and of the weather; prevented by a puff, by a ripple, from attainment of their end.

Hatun Túpac, looking upon the day, surely remembered tales of the Cave of Pacari Tambo; where the Dawn had died giving light to the Day; thought surely of the mysterious openings whence his race again had risen. Looking on the rainbows, he would seek in his memory for what the Wise Men had taught him of the rainbow banner of the long-ago Manco Cápac, he that had known the teaching of the god, Vira Cocha, the Teacher of the Universe.

The mind of the Prince, unimpeded, ran and raced, made naked by this wilderness of Chita. Stretched itself and forgot the interruptions of the Valley; learned in this high simplicity to scan and to brave the ultimate Unknown. Over the wilderness the high heaven shewed supremely blue; night decorated that heaven with sharp clean stars, the day adorned it with storm and scudding cloud. A man could understand in this vast silent place the anger of Vira Cocha against the idols, against the silly sacreds, and might know why the god had changed to stone the gross idolators.

But now the Prince must shepherd the llamas. From higher ground the wild huanaco and vicuña came down to join the llamas and the alpacas, and they would feed for a while with the tame creatures. Were a herdsman to be seen the vicuña and the huanaco leaped away frightened, but the other beasts fed on untroubled.

Hatun Túpac learned the appearance of the wild creatures and their ways; he watched them, himself overshadowed by a boulder. He was aware of them by smell as well as by sight, in the gloom of night he could so tell one shepherd from another; his senses all sharpened by deprivation.

The huanaco, broader than the vicuña, were easy to know by their long necks; they were shod by nature with small clogs of horn, narrow and pointed.

A herd of from six to fifteen female huanaco would draw near; Hatun liked to see their bright eyes under long lashes, and the mobile cloven upper lip; young males were of the herd, led by an older male. Whilst they grazed, the stag-huanaco watched. At the slightest disturbance, at the warning cry of a bird, the stag gave an especial bleat, almost a whistle, and ran, crying sometimes as it ran. At the warning the huanaco raised their heads, went a few steps towards the danger, then spun round in flight, going quicker and quicker, their long necks stretched forward.

That the Prince might laugh, a herdsman showed him how full of curiosity the huanaco is. The man left Hatun Túpac by the boulder, and, going forward a little, lay down and raised his arm. So he awaited a distant herd of huanaco. As the creatures neared the *llama-michi*, they seemed to be unafraid, unsuspecting of danger, inquisitive only. Making a new sound, they leaped towards him in short, defiant bounds; they came within a lance-length of the herdsman.

All these of the four kinds are clean creatures, they drop their excrement on a common pile. The herders gathered up the droppings, dried, and used the dung for fuel.

'The female huanaco carry for ten to eleven moons.'

'She feeds her young for four moons.'

'She will defend her lamb with kicks and bites and by spitting.'

'The young is born hardy; swift in flight.' So the shepherds to the Prince.

'To die, the huanaco go into a place with bushes.'

'Near water.'

'A river or a pool.'

'Under bushes so low that the huanaco must creep in.'

'In such a bosky place we have found many skulls of huanaco.'

So, slowly, the one taking up the phrase of another, the herdsmen talked around the sweet-smelling fire of dung. They told also of the spirits of the animals, of that essential or phantasmal part that sometimes showed its outline.

Another time they would tell of the vicuña with her fine wool, so precious because four years must go between one shearing and the next. A silky fur rather than wool, to be woven only for the rulers. They would tell how that she frequents a habitation higher in the mountains than that of the huanaco, and will not go as far south as that other. The *llama-michi* called the fawny wool 'red-gold'—fox-red, as we should say, but her neck, low down, is the colour of ochre and her breast is white.

'Her blood and the blood of the condor are a cure for the sickness that the mountains put upon the lowlander.'

'Her flesh laid in strips on suffering eyes will cure men of the snow-blindness.'

'We see the herds of the vicuña, various according to the season.'

'Males sometimes wandering alone, sometimes in great numbers.'

'When the does have ceased to take suck the females drive the males away.'

'Yet I have seen a male, a female and a doe going about, the three of them.'

'After fierce fights for leadership in the season of the rut, a male will join a herd of females and will guard them, watching whilst they feed and stamping his foot and making a whistling call if danger threatens. If he be killed, the females circle about the body, loudly crying.'

'None make to escape; each one could be killed, the one after the other.'

'But were a female killed, and not the male-leader, the rest would save themselves by flight.'

The herdsmen told how strong the young beasts are born, each new-born running in front of its dam, and if hunted, running so, outstaying the dam.

The llamas and alpaca were easy of observation, for they are tamed, whereas the huanaco and the vicuña have never been in subjection, nor in the wilderness touched by any save by the hunter.

According to the herders, the alpaca are much freer than are the llamas. It seems there never was a time when the llama was not the food of man and the bearer of burdens; their very names—llama, and paco for the alpaca—were words conveying sense of servitude.

Some alpaca lived on the plateau and were shepherded along with the llama, and these were not wild, but they would fret and pine to death if taken from the highlands. Others lived higher in the mountains, being gathered once a year that they be shorn, which gathering and shearing was a hard labour.

The watchers agreed that the alpaca is a pretty beast with its small head, and large lustrous eyes, and precious wool; a strange creature in that, if separated from the herd, it throws itself upon the ground, and obdurate, will not rise again, stubborn even to death. A solitary beast may be comforted by llamas, and the llamas can prevail upon it to unite with their herd, but if men tried to prevail over its grieving the beast will die, still squatted on the ground.

There was much talk of the llamas, and this talk Hatun Túpac heard both from the gaily clothed Aymaras, the herdsmen on the heights with whom he lived, and from the especial shepherds of the villages, men that attended the breeding of the llamas and who played the flute, the *kena*.

The Aymaras, although they could not put their sapience into words, knew that the wide throat of the llama is needed to draw breath in the heights, and, too, that behind the throat the magnitude of the chest was needed for this thin hard air. Below the chest the small maw lies shrunk by a perpetual shortage of food; that small uncomplaining maw but matched the people's own tight bellies. For the beast of burden but a little water sufficed and food grazed along the way, and when the creatures were unburdened at nightfall they would not graze, but instead they rested.

From any great number of such resting llamas came a strange muted sound such as might be from fairy instruments; then,

when the llamas picketed with stones and lying on their bellies fell asleep, the sound purred into silence.

Next day, with soft caressing, with fondling words, the gentle Indians loaded the llamas; such a beast over-driven or overburdened would lie down and for nothing, cruel or kind, would it arise.

The village shepherds would recount:

'Two ears forward shows the llama curious but not frightened.'

And another:

'One ear pushed back, one forward, shows the llama inquisitive and a little anxious.'

'Both ears back show it frightened or unwilling for its burden.'

'The brute kicks but seldom, but instead disgorges into the face of the provoker the contents of its maw.'

'Gelded, the llama is a delicate fare for the noble.'

According to the Incas' law, a man unmarried was forbidden under pain of death to herd the female llamas; these creatures, kept only for procreation and never burdened, were watched over by the women of the tribes. Night saw the pretty creatures cloistered behind low unroofed walls.

Every year at the season of mating the serviceable llamas became frenzied, and in the villages married men had the charge of their rutting, but every village shepherd throughout that time must have his wife at his side. The male llama was capable of mounting the female spread on the ground before it but in its foaming haste the beast was so clumsy and in its urgency so maddened that the village shepherds guided the mating. Ignorant newcomers of a later time will think mistakenly that the llama cannot rut unaided.

How little the seasons vary on this plain, only by watching the skies, by noting the return of—as we should call them—Mars to Leo, or by the entry of the Sun into Aries, could the change of the seasons be noted: not by flower nor by fruit but by the planets was marked to the Prince the progress of the year. From that thought, shod with longing and with imagination, the Prince turned to the more sheltered places. Now at the approaching Equinox of Spring, his father ceremoniously would dig the earth. In the especial field dedicated to the Sun, and in all the fields of the kingdom the rulers in place of the Inca,

would put hand and foot to plough. The labourers also ploughed by leaning and pushing on the foot-plough. The great Inca, with sandalled feet, trod the plough, in line with barefooted princes, in front of them were kneeling women that broke the sods to soften the men's labour, whilst one, weak or deformed, unable to work, would yet have a part in the labour by bringing out the cup of refreshment. Later in the year the great Inca with ceremony sowed the seed and throughout the Four Quarters the lesser rulers did the same.

To the warrior a *Hailli*, a song of triumph, and so also to the worker, each Stock intoning his own rhythm of *Hailli*, so the land is ploughed. The last month of the lunar year—and in spite of the Wise Men the people still count time by the moon rather than by the sun—this last month a thin month and scanty; and to the Sacreds only small sacrifices are made, but here or there a Stock pressed by fear of want, will consider that these small sacrifices of the month are unsufficing, and weeping much, out-weeping the sound of *Hailli*, the parents will bury alive a darling son, will put the child into the new-turned earth as a seed of maize, weeping like rain the while, watering with their tears *Mama-pacha*, mother-earth.

Soft and constant is the crepitation, the unnoticed purring of the pastures, the gentle volume of the buzzing of bees, of the nibbling of shrews, and the rustle of guinea-pigs and lizards—soft and constant is the whisper of the woman planting the seeds: 'Mother-earth make it grow—*Mama-pacha—Mama-pacha*. . . .' According to the moods of the earth, to the districts, to sun and moon and rain, will be the sowing of the maize in the first month; for the lunar year has its start on the first day of the great new moon, in the Equinox of Spring, when the forces of the moon are renewed, when even crescent she is more powerful than is the full moon of other times.

The Wise Men surely taught that in the spring solstice comes the summit of the power of the moon (as at our Easter time). And taught that afterwards is the decline of her power. But that the forces of the moon should work freely on the seed new-planted the element of water is needful; so if the rain does not fall the sowers must toil, watering wherever they can reach with vessels of water. The dreamy Prince remembered that the

seeds of maize, even more than other seeds, answer to the powers of the moon; the waning planet does not favour growth, the crescent is not the most favourable, but to plant the seeds two days before the full of the moon is the time most propitious; the sluggardly bean may prefer the moon decreascent, and the gross onion be better nourished during her decline, but not so is the maize.

From tillage and water and moon, the Prince's thoughts veered easily towards the Coya, his mother, listening now, perhaps, to the moan of her doves. And he pondered the month that was to follow this present one, the month of *Coya Raymi*, or Queen's Festival, the month dedicated to the moon, the first month of the year, the spring season, the month encompassing *Situa*, that Feast of the great nocturnal cleansing.

The ladies, that is the Princesses, and the Chosen Women, will be the givers of hospitality and they will entertain princes and warriors. Wearing head-dresses that show the horns of the moon, the greater priests shall bring into the square of the sacred city, from out of the Temples of the Moon, the ornaments and idols of silver; for silver is, on earth, the moon's representative, as gold is that of the sun.

In the winter solstice fasting and penance have been made, with abstinence from salt, from seasoning and from women; now comes the great remedy, the purification against sickness and sorrow, evils to be chased away from the Four Quarters. The crippled, the sick and the afflicted are exiled from Cuzco during the Feast. A man that had lost a son by death must away during the *Situa*, for although he has confessed the misfortune and taken the cleansing bath, and put on garments not defiled by sorrow, and has, with nettles, been beaten by one deformed from his birth, yet the afflicted father is forbidden to mix with those that celebrate the great night of *Coya Raymi*. And that not because he is heavy-hearted, unfitted to a Feast, but because there seems to this people to be in calamity an actual evil, a misdoing or misbeing—a kind of uncleanness. So even a noble whose ear has been torn because of the ring shall remain during *Situa* in the closure of his house to recover from the petty accident.

The Prince, in deep musing, saw with the inward eye, the

four hundred men chosen from the most honourable of the Stocks, habited as for war, crying out in the great square the imperative order: 'Let sickness and calamity flee the land.' Saw them facing the Four Points stamping and shouting, 'Go hence, disaster.' Afterwards, a hundred men run west to mighty Apurimac, to bathe in the waters that shall carry distress away to the sea, to the great abyss; the rest run north and east and south to the nearest home-waters there to bathe and to make ablution that all evils be washed and carried away.

Now is night and in the city every man masks his face with coarse paste of maize, and with this cake plasters the lintels of the doors. There is dancing, the Supreme Inca dances; there is enjoyment, for no man at the *Situa* may be froward or morose. Blood is a great gift, and the blood of children deftly drawn from the bridge of the nose is smeared upon the Sacred. The men shake their garments in the air, crying to the Creator: 'Let us see another such happy Feast.' The nobles throw burning torches from hand to hand, for the fire will drive away the remnant of calamity.

Coya Raymi, the Queen's Festival, the month dedicated to the moon: the sensitive plant is awakened by moonlight; I hear a chorus of Voices that speak of the moon. The Voice of the Babylonians acclaiming the Full Moon, the Sabbath, the holiday, the *Um nuh libbi*, the Day of the Rest of the Heart.

From the desert comes the voice of St. Jerome, and he says: 'In truth those called lunatic are not smitten by the moon; the demons make it seem so, and that because they desire to cause scandal against the moon, the creature of God, so that this same scandal redound against the Creator.'

And a mad poet declares the moon to be an intelligence, an angel in shape like a woman; he says that in the moon are prepared the wedding-garments of women.

The Prince remembers the second month of spring, the month of brewing, the month of opening buds, and of hives opening; his thought tarries especially with the autumn season, the time called the Great Ripening. Rain, falling in many places, nourishes the earth; every creature is nourished. The llamas

crop the abundant grass, the earth has been fattened with their dung and with the excretions of the people, powdered on to the crops. The birds feast on the grain: the mice and guinea-pigs. The Cæsar at this time gives, gives like the earth; the wealthy nobles and the poorer ones, and the people, all receiving a share of the great Inca's plenty. Then is dancing and song, much drink and drunkenness, men giddy with pleasure, and games played, for men can play now whilst the adored Sun ripens the food. In this harvest time are sung the songs called *Harahui*. The great Inca has his own especial songs; he will sing in the public places, between the dance and the drinking, the Song of the Rivers and the Song of the Llama. Lords and ladies stand behind the ruler whilst he, facing a tethered llama, sings and says over and over the sound that the llama makes, the word that it utters: '*Ydize-yn, Ydise-yn.*' For that is the tune of the sheep. With monotony, not troubled by the passing of time, the supreme Inca gives the harmony of the llamas. The attendants sing *Paca llama harahui*: '*Llama ya, Llama ya yn-yalla, Llama ya.*' The Coyas and the princesses answer with *arani* and *arani*, they say what comes to their hearts, and the humble women answer: '*Chamay nariza chamay.*' To which the men intone: '*Chay mi coya Chay mi nusta.*' The Nustas, that is the princesses, sing a plaintive song, and the young men blow on reeds.

In that month of harvest the Inca will be carried in procession. Tied on to the golden palanquin are bags of grain, overflowing. Llamas, their fleece dyed with all colours, are offered in sacrifice, and stock is taken of the harvest. The granaries, the store-houses overflow; there is grief only amongst those that make false declaration, for they are punished. Stock is taken of the plants dried for the use of the workers during the season of winter; the record is kept in the Knots. The peasant who shall find two cobs of corn in one sheath, or roots two-in-one, will laugh and sing for he will be lucky.

'Of all these Festivals I am deprived, and reduced to herding the cattle of the Sun.' So must have sighed the outcast Prince.

Looking at the sky the Prince remembered the Virgin of the Clouds, the gentle giver of rain and snow, of hail even—he

remembered the poet's song and the record on the knots about this heavenly nymph that holds a vessel upon which her rough brother beats, so that lightning and thunder issue forth. And the Prince sang the ancient song of the Incas:

'Princess lovely now thy brother strikes the vessel breaks the vessel of thy waters into fragments. Causes thunder causes lightning. Princess lovely, water-holder, water-giver, hail-provider, snow-dispenser. World-creator Vira Cocha did commit thee did encharge thee to this office. World-creator Vira Cocha for this office thee established thee appointed.'

CHAPTER VII

PRINCE BECOME KING

The Vision. The Battle. The Kingship

A CONDOR, from the rearing of her young in highest Cordillera, sweeps overhead scanning the flat. Wing-tip to wing-tip, the measure of the male bird, greater than the female, is about twice that of a herdsman. The *llama-michi* says: 'It sees keenly. And it can smell its food from high away. Its blood is a cure for the sickness that the mountains put upon the people of the lowlands. It carries its prey in its beak, in its neck is its power. Its feathers are so set and strong that they cannot be pierced; the rush of its descent smacks the ear.'

The outer feathers of the wing are hard and strong because, like wheels, they roll in segment of a circle on the winds; and lift and support the weight of the heavy creature. Inwards, towards the breast, the feathers all are lighter and less resistant, so with all birds, and for the same reason.

To watch the stars' procession through the year was pastime to the Prince. From the Wise Men he knew of five planets, and now remembering their teaching, he could name *Collica* (our Pleiades); and name the bright llama, patterned in differing colours, (that constellation that we call the Lyre). He would see, according to the season, the two constellations that show the man part, and the woman. And the Long-Haired morning-star, to which a shrine was dedicate in the Temple of Cuzco, and which was imaged on the arms of Manco, bright Chasca, son of the Sun, brother of the Incas. There was too the four cornered symbol—the Southern Cross, as we say. That sign of a cross that root sign, glyph of the four winds; of the four elements; of the Four Quarters.

The Prince, seeing this sacred constellation, might be reminded of that treasured Sacred, cross-shaped and cut from crystal, which hung in the royal house in Cuzco.

But if a cattleman looked at the starry cross he saw the sign like a glowing hearth and pointing from one shining tip to

another might say: 'There is the pot of maize, and there the pot of coca.'

The three vertical stars, to us the Baldrick of Orion, was here seen as a band of llamas and the stars called *Mintaka* and *Al Nitak* were the herders, one on either side of the blue shining llama, *Al Nilam*.

Hatun Túpac bore well with the harsh life of the plain, but the huts of the people were to him dark and smoky, for in his father's dwellings where the halls gave on to courts, there had been light. In these courts Hatun Túpac had liked to see the flowering plants, and the courtiers passing by. But in the hovels the most of the movement came from the guinea-pigs which ran on the earthen floor; from the many insects living in the flat thatched ceiling. The Prince sometimes thought with longing of the baths in the palace court, of the water heated.

The Inca sat upright on a stool of gold, and to the Prince it was no hardship to sit on the calves of his legs, or kneeling to watch the herd.

The Inca sought a magnificence of surrounding and apparel that should be a symbol of his kinship to the Sun, he never in any generation sought to lie softly, nor to eat plentifully. His sceptre was the warrior's mace and the warrior must live hard. He need not deny himself drink nor concubines; he may, in peacetime, besot himself with drink.

One day in Chita, weary of the dull shepherds the Prince lay half dreaming under a boulder. And then he had a vision, yet afterwards could not affirm if he had been awake or sleeping.

A man stood before the Prince different quite from any he had seen.

His garments, long and loose, reached to his feet, such garments as none in the Four Quarters wore, although those of the high priest were not unlike. His skin was white, his beard was a span long; this people is unbearded. He led a chained creature with great claws, unlike any beast known to Hatun Túpac:

'I never, before nor since, have seen its like, nor do I know how to name that creature.'

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'I never, before nor since, have seen its like, nor do I know how to name that creature.'

The Visionary Being said to him that he was Vira Cocha, the ancient Teacher. Hatun Túpac must go to his father and warn him that the men of the west had rebelled and were united, all the tribes together, in a great host determined to conquer the city of Cuzco and to cast the Inca Jahuar from the throne. Vira Cocha promised to succour the Prince: 'Thou shalt not have fear.'

With that the vision faded.

Hatun Túpac, bidding good-bye to the pastors, girded himself and went towards the distant court.

Coarsely clad, long deprived of the dignity of the wreath, his hair grown long, discordant with his rank, his unshod feet unseemly to a prince; roughened, disfavoured and alone, so stood Hatun Túpac at the gate of Cuzco.

His message: 'My father, I must speak with you.'

The answer: 'Disobedient in having returned to Cuzco, the Prince shall go back to the care of the Cattle of the Sun, on the far heights of Chita.'

But Hatun Túpac at the gate: 'My new obedience is to One great as the Inca, it is by command of that Being that I came to utter a warning. But if Inca will not hear what is in my mouth, I must return to the plain. The Plentiful, the Abysmal will instruct me, for he it is that sent me.'

He that Weeps Blood, terrified and angered at the naming of another great as himself, now gave order that the exile be admitted.

Then the Prince declared his vision, but Jahuar was obdurate: 'Return to Chita; to stay will be your death.'

So Hatun Túpac went back to the place of the vision. But the lords, the Incas who were counsellors, had been startled by the great name of the god Vira-Cocha: 'The Prince would not dare to make fable of such a name.'

'Let us seek with sacrifice, by dreams and auguries, to prove the warning.'

The auguries tallied with the warning given and the counsellors entreated the Inca to accept the message and to recall his son. But Jahuar who was at once stiff-necked and spineless, said: 'This frenzied *llama-michi* shall not be named in our hearing.'

Three months passed, then was a confused rumour of a rebellion some leagues to the West of Cuzco. That fierce people, the Chanca, were supposed to be in revolt, Roca the fifth Inca had made a drum of a Chanca Chieftain and ornamented the spear-tops with heads defeated: but the tribesmen had not been conquered.

But although Jahuar had lived in constant fear, he was now unheeding. The foe had broken the road so that report of the rising was stemmed.

Many tribes were armed for battle under the Lord of the Chanca, against which people Roca had fought, but he had failed to win their loyalty. These Chieftains, detesting the Quichua people, bore ill with their vassalage to the Inca; they said: 'Now is the day to strike the craven Weeper of Blood for his heir is banished.'

A chieftain of the Chanca, Hanco-hualla, descendant of the puma, a young man, was appointed general of the insurgents; under him thousands marched towards the city of Cuzco.

When Jahuar knew of the hosts, he fled to some mountain Straits; it has been said that he fled naked. Certain it is that in that hour he denuded himself of manhood and of kingship. Some fled with the Inca, other few made haste to Hatun Túpac to tell him of the insurrection.

Hatun Túpac hastened to his father. The Prince, covered with sweat and dust, held a lance he had found upon the way; darkened with filial shame he upbraided Cápac Inca: 'Return with me, O Inca. Forsake not the Temple of the Sun. Shall the virgins of the Sun be violated? Shall the Court be set at naught? Return with me to Cuzco. Life has become inglorious. Let us meet a preferable death.'

But Jahuar would not leave the safe place. So, full of bile, neither eating nor drinking, Hatun Túpac turned towards the enemy.

Four thousand Incas of his blood went with the Prince; a few remained with the King.

The Quichua people joined the Prince, yet his host was all outnumbered; his only hope was death in battle. When he stood before the legions of the Chanca, Hatun Túpac cried out: 'We offer peace and pardon if now treaty be sought.' And

the Chanca answered: 'We laugh at the petty number of your host. We laugh having seen the nakedness of Jahuar. We laugh at a son of the Sun that is *llama-michi*.'

The battle swayed like corn on the plain, the dead lay heaped as ricks about the field, which ever after was called *Jahuar Pampa*—the Field of Blood.

But at last the Chanca grew faint, because they saw newcomers that continually joined the host opposing them. These strangers seemed to rise from out of the boulders. They rushed into the fray more noisy than numerous, but fresh as hounds kept back from the first hunting.

The Prince, seeing the banner of the Chanca, called out loudly so that the outcry spread through their ranks: 'The Sun and the mighty Vira Cocha are turning rocks and stones into warriors. Behold the contrivance of the Sun.'

The warriors of Hatun Túpac found fresh heart and fought invoking the name of the god Vira-Cocha. It has been said that the Prince had taken the ancient sacred sceptre into the battle.

When the battle had raged for eight hours the Chanca yielded. The Prince, Hatun Túpac, went about the field saying: 'Bury the dead, cure the sick, liberate the captives, let them return into their own country. I will pursue them only to reason with them. The Sun has taught me mercy in victory. We have not won by arms alone; from the stones of the valley arose bearded men that fought with us; after the battle they became stones.'

This Field of Blood was noted in all after-time because, by the roadside, the shins of the slain enemy, artfully prepared, were set up here and there as a memorial, as a warning.

Three messengers were sent from the Field. One was sent to the Temple of the Sun, for the Sun ever had its messenger, and this one gave word to the priests so that they should offer sacrifices in thanksgiving. The priests shall toast the Sun and mete out a portion of wine in a golden jar, and this will be put in the court of the Temple. When the sun's rays have drawn up the wine the people will cry with joy: '*Hailli! Hailli!* The Sun has drunk of the wine.'

A second messenger was sent to the maidens of the Sun:

'Because of your prayers, because of your merits, the victory is granted.'

A third runner went to the Jahuar, giving him word of the victory, asking that he should remain in the Straits.

Hatun Túpac went after the enemy, reassuring the defeated. The women and the children of the conquered villages approached with green boughs, singing: 'Sole Lord, Child of the Sun, friend of the poor, have mercy, give pardon.'

The Prince spared many because the conquered people were no longer enemies but had become his subjects.

Hatun Túpac turned back to Cuzco, taking with him as hostages the Chieftains of the conquered tribes, and many lesser captives and much spoil. Through the Holy Gate Hatun Túpac entered the city on foot as a soldier, not as Inca on the Palanquin. His mother embraced him and wiped the sweat from his face. In front of him the great ladies and the princesses threw branches and flowers and aromatic herbs. They sang: '*Ayan hailli yan, Ayan hailli yan.*'

Hatun Túpac gave thanks to the cloistered Women of the Sun, and thanks in the Temple.

Afterwards clothed as the Cæsar, and with the regal head-dress, on the golden palanquin he viewed the triumph.

The wives and daughters of the captives formally lamented the calamity of the Chanca, wailing and singing the dirge. The dancers of the Queen with ceremonious gesture showed formally the feats of battle; the thrust and parry, the onslaught and the kill. Legion of spearmen marched into the great square, on the spike of each of their lances was the head of an enemy and the hair of those heads hung ragged as torn banners.

When all had entered the square, the prisoners lay down; their faces in the dust. Then Hatun Túpac and the first of the lords walked upon them; the feet of the victors were on the necks of the defeated.

The victors sang: 'I tread upon the enemy. I walk upon the neck of my foe.'

From that day onward the Prince dared to assume the great name of Huira-Cocha.

Outraged that a mortal should wear the title deific some men in later years will make protest. But Huira-Cocha will

answer: 'The Visionary Being instructed me to bear his name.' And to honour the Sun or Supai of the Shadows, Huira-Cocha, first of his race to do so, established the Cápac Cocha, the kingly, the rich offering of boys and girls, unblemished by so much as mole or freckle; those not younger than eight years of age and not older than eighteen, and virgin, were thought to be the best offering.

Soon afterwards Huira-Cocha visited his father. Jahuar received him dully. Huira-Cocha said: 'Since you left Cuzco in the day of its need, Sire, you shall not return in this day of victory.' A pleasant retirement was made for the coward king, but Huira-Cocha ruled the Four Quarters.

The people said one to another: 'Now is the prophetic name fulfilled. Now we know that the old Inca rightly was forenamed "He that weeps Blood."'

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The young Inca Cápac, full of praise and of vision, went to a southern valley. There, under the towering cone of the sleeping volcano, Haratchi, he designed a temple unlike any other in the Four Quarters.

If, by a magic, the ocean storm were stayed, and changed into an unmoving mass of blackness, billows and crests and walls and gullies of brine might look as does the stretch of sable lava, massed in the hollows between Haratchi and the further mountains. A water-spring, a stream of water was made captive, and ran along a channel of stone; it fell with delicious sound from terrace on to terrace, and here the ashes bloomed bright green. At last the stream became a sheet of reserved water full of birds and plants. A walled channel led the spring-water down to the river Vilcanota.

With great height of clay walls, for this is a valley of precious clay, and with stones polished, with columns, and with openings for light, so the temple grew. A tradition tells of winding lanes of polished stone, of a double staircase for worshippers, whereby to ascend and descend, and of a shrine within which was a sculptured image of the Vision. Since no man could conjecture the Vision, the Inca himself had stood robed as the celestial one, and had directed the sculptor in his imagery. The

King wore what was perhaps a ceremonial beard, to show clearly the semblance of the Vision.

Near the temple were buildings for the use of the priests, and for pilgrims both lordly and humble.

Huira-Cocha, Inca, went often to this temple, and by the song of birds, and by the entrails of the sacrifices, he foretold events so that he was surnamed The Oracle.

He ever invoked this First Teacher of his race, the supreme Vira-Cocha.

It is said that Huira-Cocha, Inca, had a second vision. During four generations this later revelation will be kept a secret to be imparted to the succeeding ruling Inca, who shall tell it only to the high priest or to some chosen Wise Man.

But after about three hundred or more years of secrecy, the twelfth Inca, Huayna Cápac, will give to the common people by public word, knowledge of the revelation.

Received at first in a mystery by this, the eighth Inca, the dreaded message foretold the coming of white and bearded strangers—very cruel—from a far country. To come by way of the sea. The prophecy foretold the overturning of temples and the destruction of the Incas; it foretold the advent of a worship, and of laws, better than those of the Four Quarters of the Earth.

Huira-Cocha, Inca, now was magnificent. For their loyalty he rewarded the Quichuas by allowing them to shave their heads and to bind them with a black wreath. The Incas had shaven heads and on either side a lock of hair the width of a finger.

Upon a rock in the Andes Huira-Cocha ordered painted images that should immortalise his victory.

Two condors were shown, the one sitting haunched and ungainly, its beak lowered, impotent to tear and strip with beak and claw as by nature intended; the tail of this condor was towards Cuzco. The second condor, heroic, the great wings spread: 'There squatting his father; there soaring Huira-Cocha,' said the Indians.

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Hanco-Hualla, of the Race of the puma, considered the government of the Inca. He saw the planted-people, people

of the conquered tribes. In great companies they were shepherded to faraway places—those of the highlands were sent to distant highlands, the valley-dwellers went to other vales. In their place came subjects of the conqueror bringing the leaven of his law into the land to be governed; highlanders loyal to Supreme Inca went to the Chanca Highlands, and to the valleys men and women that had been bred beside the rivers. All was done with wisdom and in order, but to Hanco-Hualla this was an irksome government. He saw the lazy and the lawless punished by skilful mutilation, and he knew that the brands of shame—the split nose, the lopped foot—varied as did the head-dresses. Upon the Quichua people such heavy punishment was rarely visited, and when inflicted inebriating drink was given to dull the horror.

He saw the Chanca lured into excess of drink so that they might babble the secrets of their discontent. He knew the rule of Huira-Cocha against such as spied upon the Quichuas: 'Two women shall weave on a spindle the bowel of the living enemy spy.'

Hanco loathed the scale of authority ordained by the Inca. Every ten men were set under a watchman who was bound to make sure that no time of the day was wasted, that no child was indulged, that no jot of the many laws was broken. Hanco saw the ever-open doors, for a vassal might not shut the door of his house; by day and by night it must remain open that the Watchman be free to go in and out without warning at any moment. Hanco was angered at the imposition of the worship of the Sun, and at the imposition, as far as that was possible, of the Runa-Simi language. In that language was the word *Auca*, which, when used in the sense of traitor, was, in Cuzco, one of the five words actionable in law, one of the five that justified a man in killing any other who dared revile him with that taunt. And yet because of the revolt of the Chanca, *Auca-Chanca* was now used, as if one word, to designate the clansmen of Hanco-Hualla.

He knew that because of the provision of the Inca rulers famine could not waste the subject people, they could be certain of the meagre daily sustenance which was the lot of all the peoples of the Four Quarters. The great store-houses with

accumulation of weapons, of clothing and of food were safeguard against seasons of war and of want. But a man has his own desires such as are not closeted in a store-house.

Hanco-Hualla, in his pride, could not stomach the obligation to approach Inca Cápac with a burden on his back. 'Like a llama weighted with dung,' he thought. And although a lord might reason with him saying: 'Every Inca nears the Supreme Inca with this light symbolic burden,' yet Hanco-Hualla said in his soul: 'Me it bows down with shame,' and: 'I keep my own language, and will be as a puma rather than as a llama driven.'

In his country the fullness of Inca vigilance had not yet been established, so in secret Hanco-Hualla sent out to the best of his warriors word that they and their wives and children should push with him to the East, now, quickly, before the tightening of the bonds.

They went, legion of Chanca, fighting where they must fight; they ate the produce of the lands they crossed, they went farther and farther from subjection.

They went, it is known, northwards at first and then eastwards hundreds of leagues from Apurimac. The forest was their calling—for the Chanca had come from amongst trees and had inhabited the unwooded highlands of Apurimac but for a few generations.

The saying is that they settled by a river in the forest lands called Moyobamba; there they had increase of children, and a sufficiency of food; the supposal is that the tribe to-day called Moyorunas, free still and untamed, is of the loins of the warriors of Hanco-Hualla.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEATH OF THE GORGEOUS INCA

Of the last years of the King, and of his wife; of Urco; and the mourning there was for Huira-Cocha. (There is no certainty as to what victories and what events belong to this reign.)

SEA, snow, and sand—these were the things that opposed the Inca Huira-Cocha.

The deserts of the South prevented his advance and he did not sail on the waters nor subjugate the people of the coast. Instead he extended his sceptre to the North, and in the South a great people ceded without battle.

He harnessed the waters of the Eastern snow mountains and carried the waters West and South. A channel was dug and an aqueduct spanning a hundred and fifty leagues was made. The workmen broke one stone with another; because the structure of arches was not understood the builders traced round the mountains till a passage level with the head of the spring was found.

On mountain tops deep cisterns were formed; the rocks were cleft to give passage to the water, flags of hewn stone were piled up in vulnerable places, pressed together and rammed with earth, so that the *Planted People*, moving to a new sojourn, and the strings of passing llamas should not injure the channel.

Some of the conquerors of Mesopotamia, whose history is graven on stones that are conserved in vessels, made boast: 'We conquered, then we irrigated.' So might the Inca boast.

In the North-western country there was a war-like people; the prisoners whom they took were burned to death. Once, on a march in that country, Huira-Cocha stopped to apportion to his warriors llama flesh that had been dried and kept against just such a need. As the Inca gave each man his portion a falcon stooped; in that moment the plains of Chita and the fellowship of the wild creatures swept back to him that had been *llama-michi*, and now the King flung a piece of meat into the air saying: 'Take it, O Falcon!' And the place was called

Huamanca because Huaman is a falcon. The enemy in this part used the skulls of dogs for trumpets and they danced to this blowing. They ate dogs, but they also worshipped them.

By the prattle of Poma it is known that this Inca was white of skin and that he wore a small beard. In the imaginary picture of him by Poma only a few hairs are shown. Filled with devotion to Illa-Tici-Vira-Cocha the ruler detested the honour paid to the Sacreds and he desired to burn them and to destroy all the idols in the kingdom. The Supreme Inca bit his shawl with rage at the memory of his bastard warrior uncle who, years before, had cowed the enemy with his favourite idol. The Queen Runtu, egg-face, said: 'I shall die if the Sacreds are destroyed.' And Huira-Cocha did not destroy the idols.

The Queen is not worthy of her royal dignity. She is fat, she is sad, she cries for the least cause, she wears claret colour and orange and white. Her breath is bad, her gums are pale, her pale lips quiver, her teeth are greenish. At the corners of her mouth are black marks—this is because she has made a vice of her lust for coca; she even sleeps with a lump of coca in her mouth. The coca does not make her sleepy, indeed it excites her fantasies, but as the years go on the strength of her mind declines because of this abuse of the coca; her skin has become yellow; her eyes are sunken into purple circles. When the Coya has chewed more than usual the pupils of her eyes grow big like those of an owl (her people know that: 'An owl on the roof is a sign of death'). When her eyes are thus big the Coya shuns the light. Mama Runtu is of unfitting lowliness, she consorts only with servants, she shuns being served; she avoids dances and feasts, she takes pleasure in gold, and in the antics of the horrid dwarfs and hunchbacks with whom she has surrounded herself. Her last testament has been made in favour of these deformed beings.

No wonder that the great Huira-Cocha turns from such an one and wishes that the next ruler might be the son of his most favoured concubine: 'Urco, my son, should wear the royal head-dress. Urco, my son, should sit on the throne'; so ever murmurs the ambitious concubine. But Urco has inherited the lily-liver of his grandfather, He that Wept Blood, and this young Inca will not be able to surmount the Trials.

Urco has a shameful fatality to be unfolded. By favouritism he will be honoured with the charge of mighty works, will oversee the building of some fortress, or temple. And will abuse the patient thralls binding them to the great stones which must be taken over steep and narrow places; hauled and pushed and dragged. Such a rock rolled down a steep bend and some, bound to it, were dragged down and killed. 'The Stone that Wept Blood' and 'The Tired Stones' are spoken of, are shown to-day; but it was in truth the bondsmen of the Great Stones that wept blood and that were tired.

There is an immense stone near Cuzco that is sunk into the earth; it is uncut and unpolished and the people call the holes that are in it 'The eyes of the stone.' In these holes is a red sand and the people say: 'The rock wept tears, it wept blood, it sank into the earth, it sank by weariness, it had come from far off. Our fathers dragged it, our fathers drew it, some pushed, some pulled with cables; at its sides men supported the rock so that it should not fall into a steep place. Yet it fell once; a team of men was crushed when it fell. When it arrived here the stone fainted, it could go no further, like a spent llama. We call it "The Tired Stone."'

These of the Four Quarters hardly saw into their own bosoms, they were almost without identity and but a part of the things about them: of the things from which they thought to have sprung, or of the creatures affecting their lives, as did now the weeping and the tired stones. According to rumour, the furious vassals wreaked vengeance on Urco and put him to death; however, this can never be known because the disasters or failures of the Incas were not spoken of by the people nor were they recorded by paintings nor by sculpture on the walls, nor by the Poets.

Now Huira-Cocha is old, he is carried from place to place on the golden litter; he looks out from the curtained seat at those who magnify him. Nobles from Lucana, and it may be lesser men also of Lucana, carry the palanquin because these are by nature sure-footed; they are not ignorant of the penalty of a slip. These countrymen are exempt from the service of war so that they may carry the King. Flowers are thrown in the way of the Supreme Inca as, through valleys, over swinging bridges,

and above the great heights, travels Huira-Cocha. Tribesmen of another part dance before Huira-Cocha and because of their dancing this special tribe is not compelled to fight in the battles.

So gorgeous now in the *Tocapa*, the brocade, has become this herdsman of the height that he will be worshipped as the God of the *Tocapa*. Other Incas have worn two or sometimes three bands of the figured woven stuff but this Inca is vested in brocade.

Not long before he died Huira-Cocha spoke of what lay heavy on his heart. His own youth marred by the harshness of his father, and his own son, Urco, marred by parental over-indulgence. He sighed because the balance was so hard to come by: he gave precepts.

Huira-Cocha died and was placed amongst the deities, the first of the Incas to be called a god; his deification was after his death.

The land was distraught with mourning for Huira-Cocha. For seven days in Cuzco women shorn, covered in black (for sable is mourning in the Four Quarters), with faces blackened go crying through the city. They seem to seek the Inca, they flog themselves. His concubines wail: 'Bury us with his entrails. Bury his servants alive that they may serve him.'

Men with shields and lances lament him. The old captains of the host, besotted with drink in mercy given them, are buried with the Inca's bowels. During the first moon the loss of Huira-Cocha is bewailed in the divisions of the fields, in the quarters of the town. The banners of Huira-Cocha, his trophies and his arms are displayed on poles and carried through the city; the women cry: *Alpa tucani, alpa tucani*, I turn to the earth—I die.

The Poets and the Wise Men sang the glory of the King, his deeds of war and of government. During the remainder of the year, at the new moon and at the full, and at the year's end, those practised in the art of lamentation formally and passionately enacted his deeds. The mourners showed them throughout the land, they visited the places where Huira-Cocha had stayed if only for a night.

The bowels of the Inca were buried in Tambo Toco, his

body was conserved in the way known in the Four Quarters, not dried as was the body of the lesser people but conserved to appear as though it were alive.

The body of Huira-Cocha was seated in the Temple of the Sun; it alone faced the great symbol, the arms crossed upon the breast, and eyes of gold set in the sockets. Only the four last of the Supreme Incas sat thus in the Temple of Cuzco; of the other Inca sovereigns memorial semblances were conserved in the Temple. The Coyas, some in effigy and some by preservation of their flesh, were set up in the Temple of the Moon.

Once a year on his own festival, as also the other Incas on their especial days, Huira-Cocha will be taken into the square of Cuzco and enthroned at a table set with his own golden vessels. From one of his palaces, the which will be maintained for the use of his household and the goods of which shall be renewed throughout the coming generation, will come the successive servants kept to wait thus upon the King's body and to care for his goods. The Wise Men and the Poets, dedicated throughout time to Huira-Cocha's particular renown, and sustained in his palace, will be at this yearly banquet. The most immediate descendants of Huira-Cocha will eat and drink at his table on the yearly feast; they will toast Huira-Cocha whilst poets sing his deeds and his praise. And each Supreme Inca, after his own particular death, will be maintained thus in riches and in renown.

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Death, and the month of death, the honourable moon of the incorrupted dead: when the spring slips into the summer solstice (the month which tallies with the European November).

From the burial-places of the Lords and from the separate burial-places of the humble are brought forth the dead. The Land of the Four Quarters preserves its children, on the coast by the dryness of the sand, in the highlands by the dryness of the air. Bound up in woven stuffs and sitting with the head sunken and the knees drawn up, posture of the child in the womb, so are set the dead that are of the coastland and such will not be visited by the indecorous worm. In the cavities of

the rock, in the vaults of the mountain, the highlanders will be in some sort preserved.

When, later, these people become Christian they shall grieve bitterly over burial in the earthy ground, they will steal their dead away, out of the churchyards; lamenting they will say that love cannot bear to see the tremendous dead offered to corruption.

But now, in this month of the dead, death is made null because, full of power and of affinity with the gods, the dead are taken from the vaulted places in the northern heights. They are vested in rich clothes, they have plumes on their heads. Even the lowly, now that they are lifeless, ride upon palanquins and are carried so from house to house, from street to street. With love and with fear the living dance and sing around the litters. Then, tenderly tenderly, the dead are returned to the shelter of the rocks; the rich give to their kin presents of gold and of silver and of clothing, and the poor give vessels of earthenware; out of their necessity they yet find something to give.

CHAPTER IX

THE EMPEROR

Of the ninth Inca, Pachacútec, Empire-Maker, victor over the people of the coast, and victor anew over the Chanca, the Puma tribe; and transmuter of the epoch. Date round about A.D. 1400 or earlier. Probably 130 years before Spanish Conquest. '*El amo de los amos, el Emperador*,' 'The Master of Masters, The Emperor.' (R. Levillier.)

LEANING out of the gloom of the present, I summon Pachacútec: 'Wake Pachacútec from the long neglect, reach out your hand towards mine, let the tips of our fingers meet.'

After this evocation I apprehend of Pachacútec, of Him-Who-Turned-Over-the-Times, his impatience of boundaries; his Voice seems to say: 'Unnurtured lands around me, although in the Four Quarters the land so precious that in the austere heights a hand's-breadth must be wrested from the rock, must be planted and cherished, there where single rows of herbs are grown on the ledges of the upland.' 'So vital,' I answer, 'was food, Pachacútec, yet didst thou never learn the use of milk, nor of cheese, nor of eggs'; the only domestic bird a goose or duck that made a sucking-sound and so was called *Nu-uma* or else *Nunna* which means *to take suck from the dug*.

Full of desires and of pride, this man, tall and heavy, with eyes in expression like those of the jaguar, pictured with sling and stones of gold, will dare to make the rare Great Sacrifice, the Human Sacrifice, for he wills that his reign be auspicious and therefore the Sacred must smile.

From the Four Provinces the tribes are commanded to come. Some come clad in feathers, others are embellished by the mighty wings of the condor, here and there are men dressed in the skins of the great cats: from the coast the rulers come clothed in wools and in cotton finely woven.

When the people had arrived from the Four Points the Supreme Inca, with diadem, spear and mace, with gem-embroidered tunic, with knee-caps of gold, sat throned in the

square of Cuzco: above him was the feathery parasol; he was surrounded by images of gold and of silver. From every village and tribe of this diverse people were brought one or two boys and girls not yet ten years of age. The people brought also stones and shells, and baskets of coca-leaves, and images of llamas and of maize and, as well, other images to show the spectral part, or else the Grandfather Spirits, of the llama, or of the maize. Twice in procession, carrying the offerings and leading the children, the people went round the square of the city. Then the Ruler told the priests that the offering should be divided into four parts: 'Take a portion of the offerings and offer it to the chief Sacred of each Province that health be on that Province.' The priest divided the gifts and took them a little way out of Cuzco, and here the children were drowned, or else suffocated, and then buried with the images and with many offerings. The Stocks took comfort saying to one another: 'We offer of our best; we offer that which is most precious.'

Now Pachacútec considered the neglect of the royal dignity. In spite of his celestial origin his father had been outcast in his youth and a herdsman: brother of the Rainbow, since the sacred bow and the Supreme Inca proceed both from the Sun, brother therefore of the Rainbow and yet degraded to the level of the herds. Pachacútec considered how the Kings had neglected the marriage law of the hero Manco Cápac and had, instead, made Queens from amongst the daughters of conquered chieftains so as to placate the enemy: 'My bridal chamber is of the Sun, my bride must show the excellence of the Moon': therefore this Inca took to wife his sister, beautiful and gay. Her face was round, her skin was white, she was small; her mouth, the people said, was small as a berry yet perfect in form. The slight curve of her belly grew safely from crescent to full, and she bore sons.

Only Pachacútec could draw her from her anger. Vexed, sometimes, she would lie with her head upon the floor; the call of her husband brought her to her feet: 'Look at me!' she exclaimed in anger or in merriment to those about her, and she struck her breast: '*Tieze Virakoka cuna Kamac.*' At those words the people fell on their knees, their faces to the ground.

Pachacútec might consider: 'What power in words, what terror!' And from that thought would recall that in the mouth of a man the word *bucha*, to spool on a spindle, a verb of women, is unsexing, forbidden; and to women the word *milluy* is forbidden and its use a betrayal of their sex. Because *milluy* is the act of twisting wool with a stick, and the cords so made bind the sandals of the Captains; verbs so closely knit with womanhood, with manhood, might only be uttered within the limits of each sex.

To honour the royal dignity, Pachacútec made laws forbidding the wearing of fine stuffs and ornaments by any but the first nobles; he deepened the differences between the people and the rulers. The people shall remain dedicated to the toil demanded for the sustenance of life and by the need to uphold the vast threefold edifice of the State. The lazy, called *Sweet-Bones*, were to be beaten with stones and to be the mock of the industrious. At the command of Pachacútec painted record was made of the deeds of the Incas; but the unworthy, such as Urco, were not to be recorded; only the highest nobles might see the imaged history.

Afterwards Pachacútec, as warrior, overcame the neighbouring people; he conquered the tribes of the valleys near the coast. Also he conquered the tribes of the North, even the Chanca the people of the Puma were again beaten. Now shall be told some of the things that Pachacútec must have seen with astonishment during those years of war.

To the far North in Tarma he saw, surprised, a custom strange to him, for here men touched with their lips the brows and the cheeks of the women that they desired. In another Province the people loved to excess the crystals and jasper stones found near the rivers: 'The Sun is not more beautiful, we would rather praise these,' they said. Their houses shone with inlaid stones. Pachacútec said: 'You must worship the Sun whose child I am; but these stones may be your lesser Sacred.'s'

When the Inca went down to the plains on the Coast he found much that was new to him regarding the Sun and the Moon, for the people of Pacasmayo had these sayings: 'The Moon is greater than the Sun in that she shows herself both by day and by night. She increases the crops, she carries thunder

and lightning; she disturbs the sea. The Moon covers the Sun and darkens it; the Sun never darkens the Moon. At the Moon's victories over the Sun when she darkens him, we rejoice. When the earth's shadow darkens the Moon we dance sorrowful dances; and we mourn until the shadow passes.'

The Moon esteemed; and women esteemed in the marriage ceremony. When maize in the pot and fat had been consumed by fire, the man and the woman equally having stirred the food in the cauldron, the Chief, who celebrated the marriage said: 'Now you are man and wife equal in work and equal in state, see also that you be equal in the enjoyment and in the ardour of your mating.'

Time, on the coast, was measured not by the Sun nor by the Moon, but by the Pleiades. In these parts were honoured the three stars that are the Baldrick of Orion. This people detested thieves beyond all other wrongdoers and when the Moon did not shine: 'She is in another world punishing the thieves that have died,' they said. These three stars they saw as being a captive thief bound to his captors, whom the Moon had sent. This accompanying guard was formed by *Al Nitak* and *Mintaka*; *Al Nilam* was the thief.

Another people called Chinchu, a powerful tribe of the Yunca nation, long refused worship to the Sun: 'The Sun is our torment; the sea is our mother and our good.' Pachacútec at last compelled them to worship the Sun, but with his host he had to retire into the cool heights whilst the burning summer adusted the low Chinchu country. The highlanders fared ill upon the coastlands; with awe they looked upon this new thing, the sea, and prayed to the Abyss of the Waters: 'Great mother, great mother, be favourable, see to it that we return to our mountains.'

Only by breaking down the channels of water made by the Chinchu could the Inca overcome this ancient people. This nation when it sought friendship with other nations made interchange of women and by mixture of blood was avoided the shedding of blood. Here was a government, a hierarchy equal to that of the Four Quarters, and here men knew some freedom. There was a high chief and lesser chiefs to govern and below them was the people.

The small chiefs of the Chíncha, and maybe the people also, might by their law possess goods, lands and clothes, and animals, and women; these things could be acquired or inherited; the son who was most manly would inherit the greater part. Pachacútec perhaps left unchanged some of the ancient ways of the people, for beyond all memory this had been a great nation. The witches on the coastland were powerful; the Sacreds were punished if they withheld answers or too stubbornly denied the petitions of the people, which people fasted often and abstained with bitter austerities; they put a share of their fasting on the animals about them.

But on the coastland Pachacútec found vice, so that to the four commandments: Be not a murderer; Be not a thief; Be not an adulterer; Be not idle, the King added a fifth: Be not perverted. Were the word 'sodomist,' new in the city of Cuzco, to be said there by one man to another, the reviler would be accounted during many days polluted by having had such a word in his mouth. But on the coast, words various according to the district, designated both men and women as perverted: the coastal people knew words for the active and, too, for the passive partner in vice.

In the rich valley of Palta Pachacútec the conqueror, who won sometimes by the terror of his arms without bloodshed, tasted now the creamy pear-shaped fruit of the tree known as *Palta*. The Cæsar saw in this North-western country heads that had been contorted in a fashion a little different from the two deformations practised by the highlanders. By means of tablets, gradually tightened on the heads of infants, the skull of the growing child was broadened and flattened in a particular way.

Because of the people's fear of him it is not probable that Pachacútec saw in some fruitful valley of the Western Coast the festival held in thanksgiving for ripening and for procreation. The feast tallied with the ripeness of the avocado, which fruit is not a necessity of the people, but a food of pleasure.

There has been a fast of five days and now the priests summoned the tribesmen who, coming from afar, met in the orchards; all of them naked. The wine of the valley fires the

blood and, at a sound or signal, each man chases a woman, and the woman he embraces is enjoyed between the fruiting trees. For six days and nights, by delighting men and by women delighted this feast was celebrated.

In other places the Supreme Inca saw the great poverty which, in some lands, is the lot of barbarous men. There famished mouths will eat carrion, and the hunger for meat give rise to man-eating. Upon a poor people the Inca put the tribute of lice; this useless folk should learn to be cleaner. The *Quillacu* were of this kind and they furnished a new word for use in Cuzco. Now onwards a miser or covetous man would be called *Quillacu*, because these tribesmen grudged, it was said, every outward-going breath.

But now the savages lay conquered behind Pachacútec and he instead is delighted by the vessels of clay, the ornaments of gold, handiwork of the craftsmen of the coastlands. The Inca has determined that these potters and smiths shall be sent, so soon as he shall have subjugated the coastlands, as instructors to the artists of Cuzco.

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From Chan-Chan near where Truxillo now is, come Voices. The place is the Empire of the great Chief, the Chimu. Chieftains are seated amongst dancers and jesters and singers; these chieftains garlanded with wreaths, dismiss the dancers and the intoners; only the wondering jesters may remain to listen.

OLDER CHIEF: Since these from Cuzco kill better than we kill we must yield, we shall advise the Chimu to yield; none can resist Pachacútec, and we are men of peace.

YOUNGER CHIEF: Yet our people will never submit to the levy on their daughters.

OLDER CHIEF: Indeed they must submit; but tell me of this levy.

YOUNGER CHIEF: In every Province in every country conquered by the Four Quarters is built a house, the House of the Chosen, of the Set-Apart. A governor is named in each country to govern the selection of the maidens. These maidens are instructed by the Mama-Cunas, the Mothers-of-care.

OLDER CHIEF: What is it that they teach the virgins?

YOUNGER CHIEF: To spin and to weave, the especially selected women make the fillet, and the red fringe, to bind the temples of the Supreme Inca, narrow red and yellow cords which show, it is said, the symbol of the serpent. These women make the yellow head-dress of the eldest Prince, and plait of wool, crimson and buff in colour, for the brows of those that have the royal blood. They also weave the purses for the coca and make the especial breads and the fermented drinks for the feast days.

OLDER CHIEF: I have heard that in their eighth year the daughters of the nobles, and the daughters of the people, are taken to the Houses. They are, I was told, variously allotted—the best born and the most beautiful being sent to the greater Houses.

YOUNGER CHIEF: That is so: in the thirteenth year of their age the noble virgins go, from the lesser houses, to the sacred city of Cuzco, to await their appointment to one of the three destinies of the chosen.

OLDER CHIEF: What are the three destinies?

YOUNGER CHIEF: The first destiny is that of the service of the Sun; the inviolate wives of the Sun are kept for the greater Temples of the Sun; they are guarded by eunuchs. These virgins of the Sun, all of them of royal birth, have their handmaidens. The second destiny is that of the virgins chosen to be sacrificed. These are the great rare offering, the Cápac-Cocha, the kingly, the Rich Offering. They are offered that victory be gained in battle, or for the Supreme Inca in sickness; they are entitled *Coya-pasca*, that is Queen-loosened, for the spirits of these go to unending rest: *Coya-pasca* the freed, the unbound Queens; we believe that their death is caused by suffocation. They are buried sumptuously.

OLDER CHIEF: And what is the third destiny?

YOUNGER CHIEF: The third destiny is that of the maidens, generally of less exalted birth though noble, who are chosen by the Supreme Inca to be his concubines, or are bestowed by the Inca on his captains and on his favourites. The concubines of the Inca Cápac, if later they be returned

to the house of their fathers, have provision made for their sustenance and they are held in honour. Just as there are storehouses of weapons and of food, so, through the kingdom, there are storehouses of women for the Captains and for the favourites.

OLDER CHIEF: Yet I heard whisper that this levy of the women lies more heavily on the Four Quarters than all else, because the people, noble and humble, are loth to see the young girls taken to the Houses of the Chosen; they tremble too because of the Great Sacrifice although for the victim the final peace is well.

YOUNGER CHIEF: Heavy are the laws of the Inca. His people own nothing, neither cattle nor land nor the hours of their day. One that knew our tongue, coming from the Four Quarters, told me that he sighed for the loss of a friend. He said that he had last seen that friend hanging from a gallows, reared upon land lent to one of the Headmen, which Headman was kinsman to the dead. The teller of this tale bit his mantle with sorrow; when I pressed him for the reason of the penal death he said: 'The allotted task of my friend was the tilling of the ground of a widow, for the care of the old is put upon the young. But forgetful of the obligation my friend laboured instead for his kinsman, the Headman of the village; therefore he was hanged.' The gallows were raised on the site of the disobedience—a monument of reproof to the Headman for the acceptance of this help.

OLDER CHIEF: Our kingdom is older than their kingdom, our roads and waterways as good as that of the Inca: Pachacámac is greater than the Sun god; the work of our hands excels their vessels of clay and their images of gold; our wearing is as fine as their garments. But since they and their enslaved fighting men outnumber us the great Chimu must yield.

* * * * *

In some places by terror only and in other parts by variety of terrible deaths, and by the uprooting of the people, Pachacútec triumphed. In his old age he turned to reforming

his kingdom by inheritance as also the kingdom newly conquered.

That Pachacútec might better know these provinces he ordered that they be surveyed and measured, and modelled in clay: the clay must image the mountains and the plains and show the face of the conquered lands: 'So wise, Pachacútec, yet thou didst not know the use of iron nor of steel—the offspring of iron.'

Pachacútec and his successors perfected the roads, and long after they and their kingdom have been scattered a voice will say: 'These the most stupendous works, the most useful ever executed by man'; others will hold these roads as being greater than the Roman roads. Along the three main roads, in many places eight or more men went side by side: the Inca's palanquin might be carried from Quito, by way of Cajamarca to Cuzco, and from the coastal town of Tumbez, by Chincha and Vilcashuaman to Cuzco. From Cuzco the last Incas could travel from coastal Chincha by the desert of Atacama far south as the river Maule—in the country we call Chile.

The roads which crossed the mountains ran up in stairs, or small embankments holding up the earth. The pitch of the ascent was not lessened; men carrying a palanquin must have been hard strained when using these places of almost sheer ascent. (The Bearded Strangers, when they come, will complain to one another that these stairs are badly contrived: 'Unsuitable for horses.') On these heights terraces were made where the Inca's litter could tarry; they were formed of large slabs of rock and with rows of smaller stones and were sometimes edged with low walls.

When Pachacútec travelled through the desert his palanquin was carried along a road raised on a high embankment defended by a wall of clay: green bushes were planted wherever they would grow. There where the sand was too light to hold a road great stakes of wood driven into the sand showed the way which the travellers must follow. Throughout the whole kingdom were houses stored with food and clothing; in these Tambos the warrior renewed his arms and the burdened llamas were stabled. Smaller tributary roads led into the greater ways.

Pachacútec perfected the service of the *Chasqui*, the 'I

receive,' those runners that received from one another messages to be conveyed to the high Inca. The speed of the runners was greatest in time of war and rebellion; from *Tambo* to *Tambo* flaming torches announced rebellion: often the Post-House was built on stakes and could be seen far off. By night a flaming torch showed the Post-House, by day it was shown by the blackness of smoke. The bringer of news cried out loudly as he neared a *Tambo* and the waiting messenger, speeding towards him, received the curt words of the message three times repeated, or sometimes he received a knotted *Quipu* and some words spoken. Each Post was about three miles from the last Post.

In time of peace fish from the coast, and from the vales the *palta* fruit, from the plains maize and from the uplands the flesh of cattle, all were taken by the messengers to the table of the Supreme Inca, to be laid out with the food eaten only at sunrise and at sunset. In eating even the nobles were frugal, but the nobles constantly drank to excess as did also the people at their feasts.

Pachacútec (rightly named Who-Turns-Over-The-Times) reformed the priesthood; certainly his understanding had been broadened by his knowledge of the ripened countries of the Coast. There were many priests in the Four Quarters; they ranged from lordly priests down to those mean deacons that offered petty sacrifices on behalf of the poorest of the people: the basest of these deacons were often men deformed or incurably sick who, to sustain themselves, were allowed to receive offerings in return for their soothsaying. There were others to whom confession was made especially by the sick and the unlucky, and these deacons claimed to be magicians and physicians. This Supreme Inca extended to women an increased share in the feasts for the Sacred, and in the sacrifices to those images. The confessions of the Kings were made to the Sun.

Yet with all thy seeing and learning and fighting, Pachacútec, thou didst never conceive the power of the wheel, neither as on thy roads, nor for milling nor grinding didst thou use the wheel—nor did any of thy race.

In his age Pachacútec, emperor, gave to the Wise Men proverbs to conserve in their tradition. These were the sayings: 'Adversity, the best test for courage; Adversity, the touchstone of patience. Impatience is the brand of a spirit ill-formed, ill-disciplined. He mortally harms himself that envies another. Deservedly ridiculous is he that, unable to count the *Quipu* the knots, yet hopes to find the sum of the stars. Name that physician *Pretender* who knows the name of the herbs but is ignorant of their nature. A true physician must know the destructive properties of the plants and he must be acquainted with their healing.'

Pachacútec considered the plants and knew their poisons and their healing. The Wise Men showed him those that stupefy, those that madden and those that kill: 'We can time our poisons so as to kill when it is convenient to us; the poisons we can give continuously are adjusted to work an hour hence, a day hence, or in whichever month or year may suit our purpose.' Pachacútec had learned that the cure of an evil is often found in the evil itself, that of certain snake bites the gall-bladder of the snake holds the cure. He was aware that Andean mothers know a cure for infants designated *jagua*. Some mother of the mountain-zone would suffer pre-natal fears, and her child be born, in look or cry, like one of the great wild cats. The cure, the people said, was that the hair of the impressive animal be rubbed upon the skin of the affected child. Very precious too was the bezoar-stone found in the bellies of the cattle. This, which mysteriously partook of the nature of mineral and of animal, was full of mingled virtues and of healing. The Wise Men said that *Uta* could be cured by inducing a high fever and thus they treated that corroding mutilating illness: 'The earth struck him,' the people said of one suffering from paralysis, apoplexy or epilepsy, and to avert these seizures they bribed the earth by offering her the first drop of every drink taken saying: 'Ah! the earth has also her cures!' Pachacútec knew the good of sulphur for the skin and minerals boiled in water were used for wounds. The unctuous bitumen, dug from the earth or scummed off water, was known in the Four Quarters both as a cure and for the conservation of dead bodies. He had seen termites applied to

the lips of wounds, had watched the termites bite on the flesh and draw the sides of the wound together and when their appetite was surfeited the gorged bodies of the insects were cut away whilst the heads of the termites were left hook-like in the closed wound. The caustic poison of a certain plant was said to ease a terrible affliction of the skin: if indeed there were many ills so also the remedies were many.

In her age the Queen dreamt that her son, later to be called Túpac Inca Yupanqui, would prosper if he adored a One Supreme and for Its sake weaned the people from the worship of the Sun. The servile people, born to labour the earth and to worship the Sun, must be taught a better worship. The *Coya* was troubled by the dream.

Already, in this kingdom, the foretellers whispered of monsters that should leg the waves; the Spanish galleons still unbuilt seemed, in prescient mirage, as giant spiders crawling on a nightmare-sea or as gigantic birds floating on night-sweats.

It was said that a young man came to the sacred city carrying a thing unknown there—a book. The youth opened the book and flying forms, like butterflies, scattered away: then the youth vanished. Because of these mysteries Pachacútec fasted for six months. Indian Voices say that after having lived for one hundred and twenty-five years: ‘He died with a death easy as sleep.’

CHAPTER X

FATHER RESPLENDENT

Túpac (Brilliant) Inca Yupanqui, tenth Inca, lived till about A.D. 1485, or near to that time. Should be regarded as the second Emperor. He spread the Empire far East.

SEE Túpac Inca Yupanqui standing alone because of a thought that he uttered. The writer is pushed to tell of him with the voice of impulse, of him that after death was named: 'Father Resplendent,' who died, according to a legend, eating and drinking, so easily he went to the Sun. In his age he sang his song of a flower: 'I was as bud; then as flower in glory of growth: now I am precious only as seed-pod.'

See his life rose-wise patterned; the women, the places, the events, those are the petals and the central gold is the thought that he uttered. As a Prince he was a great Captain and at the end of his life the Empire of his father was extended. Sand and snow and sea did not stop him, he laid his mace across the South far as that part which we call Chile; by marriages, by wisdom, his rule was extended to the river Maule. In the North he built a town and fought against Quito, and there, his son, who ruled after him, was bemused by show of gold and silver, of emeralds and turquoise, and became greedy for gain and cruel, capable of being mollified by gifts.

Many new things were seen by Túpac. The designs of his potters were new. Having been taught by the potters from the coastlands, the artisans of Cuzco now showed on earthen vessels creatures and plants. The formal abstract figures, the geometrical rigour of the past gave way to forms of living things, to leaping frogs and blowing grasses: an alloy had entered into the former pure abstraction.

New also that, by the waters of Chinos (now Guayaquil), boats had now to be manned, and the Highlanders perforce must learn to row. Never before had the Inca, or his mountain-men, seen a boat.

New also to the Supreme Inca the vision of Lake Titicaca and the high mountain peaks. On an island in the lake he contrived gardens and baths and a statue of the moon shown under the form of a woman; the image was of gold from the navel upward and of silver down to its feet; the island was named after a Queen.

Túpac's sister-wife was Queen, the Mama Ocllo, she was curved and gracious and gay. She was a rich Queen, she loved her lord exceedingly and with her ladies according to custom she cared for him. She removed the vessels and the clothing that he had once used so that each day all was renewed for his service. Indian voices said that the Supreme Incas did not wear a second time any garment, some said that kinsmen received the once-used things from the hands of the Queen, but others reported that everything that had been handled by a Supreme Inca was gathered together during a certain period and then in reverence burnt. A voice of the past tells us that Mama Ocllo had pleasure in her estates, and in feasting with friends, and that especially she loved the old women, the Mama Cunas and such also of the lesser Incas as were full of time. Attended by these she walked laughing. When Mama Ocllo died her riches, according to her command, were divided amongst the old and the poor people of her Province. Although the small people had no right of possession, yet the Supreme Inca and his Queen made donations and these gifts might be enjoyed. Of all the Queens only Mama Ocllo was privileged to sit, after death, facing the silver image of the moon, in the shrine of the moon, in the great Temple; the other Coyas were seated sideways to the image.

Women are recorded powerful in the life of Túpac; warrior-women are fabled to have overcome his arms, and by their supplications, two women, Mama Ocllo and Chachapaya, said to have won him over. Many women approached him with petitions and it is recorded that he never sent anyone away disappointed. Were the suppliant noble or humble, Túpac heartened her by laying his left hand on her shoulder. If the woman that besought him was older than himself he said: 'Mother, you shall have your desire.' To one equal with himself in age: 'Sister, what you ask is bestowed,' or if a woman

younger than himself knelt at his feet he said: 'Daughter, the boon is granted.'

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'The Condor is god and the serpent is god. Our women are beautiful; the meaning of Chachapaya is The Cloud of People because we are so many. We bind slings upon our heads; we put our trust in these our special slings and in the mountain passes. We will not be bondsmen to Cuzco.'

This song resounds in Chachapaya, a Northern Province formerly conquered by Túpac but now in rebellion. On a dividing river boats are lashed together into a bridge over which pass the hosts of the aggressor. The Stout Men burn their houses and go into the hills, the women and the children go with them, only the elders are left.

When Túpac as a youth had overcome this land he had had as concubine a woman who was honoured by bearing the name of all that Northern country, for her name was Chachapaya. She had borne male children to Túpac. Now this woman summons back the terrified women of the countryside, she will not have a man in her company as she goes towards the King. She leaves her companions, both young and old, at a little distance and goes forward alone, then lying-at-mercy before Túpac she intones: 'Huacchacuyac, Huacchacuyac, Lover of the Poor, yet you come full of fury, itching to destroy. Descendant of the Sun, clement, providential, yet you prepare to pour out blood. Huacchacuyac, Huacchacuyac, will you waste the land, and blot with blood the glory of your former coming?'

But the Inca bites the end of his mantle. The woman, now kneeling upright, says:

'But if you are in fury, and wish death to this people, then, Sire, kill me the first.'

Upon that the women behind cried out:

'Huacchacuyac, Huacchacuyac, Lover of the Poor, Child of the Sun, be clement, pardon our fathers, pardon our husbands, the men also that are come of our womb. Huacchacuyac!'

Then the Inca stretches his hands to Chachapaya and she stands before him whilst he says:

'Mamanchic, the common Mother of all, you have saved your people. You save me from morrow of bitterness, for my

will to-day would be my sorrow to-morrow. Go back with pardon to the people. Gather under your shawl the sons I begat on you. Let these sons re-establish the Cloud of Men in the merciful government of the Sun.'

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After that this people lived in loyalty and contentment. To keep sacred that place where Mamanchic had saved her tribe it was fenced with three walls. The inner wall was of bricks of baked clay, the second wall was of rough stone, and the outer wall was of stone polished; the whole was strongly reared.

No beast and no man will ever tread that hallowed earth until the Bearded Strangers shall come searching for treasure; they will overthrow the walls.

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At about this time Túpac was afflicted by the insurrection of one of his brothers, a subject against the Supreme Lord, and blood against blood. The Runa-Simi language testifies to the intensity of the tribal awareness in matters of kinship. Exact as spider-web are the words that convey each variety of relationship.

The brother of a brother is *Llocimasiy*.

The brother of a sister is *Panay*.

The sister of a sister is *Nanay*.

The sister of a brother is *Huankuey*.

If a man speaks to another to whom he is related through his father, his address is different from that which he would use were he to speak to someone related to himself by his mother's blood.

Six thousand rebels serving the traitor-brother were destroyed at a place called Yanayacu—Blackwater, their deaths a frightful warning. But having been moved to mercy by his wife, Mama Oollo, the Inca decreed, instead of the death sentence, that the men of that Province should serve for ever, should carry the baggage in war-time and, from father to son, be servants; should be called *Yana-Cuna*. So now, by an act of mercy, Túpac created a fourth degree amongst the people and

instituted a grade of domestic servants. The fourfold social division now became:

The First: Inca Cápac the Supreme Inca.

The Second: The Incas, which division embraced all the schoolmen and the rulers, the priests, both the high priests and some of the lesser priests, the *Curacas*—Headmen of the tribes.

The Third: The *Hatun Runa*—the mass of the people, amongst whom were a privileged few acting as petty overseers, and the craftsmen who also enjoyed privileges.

The Fourth: The *Yana-Cuna*, born in a particular service.

It came about that the *Yana-Cuna* by serving the person of the great Inca, and the lesser Incas, became sometimes familiar with their masters and so had occasion, never open to those of the *Hatun Runa*, to prove their qualities. Túpac placed such an one in a high office, and others, in this and succeeding reigns, became governors and received wives from the hand of the Inca.

To the Wise Men Túpac said:

'Covetousness and ambition make a man incapable of government: he can rule neither himself nor another.

'Covetousness diverts him from the common welfare to an ignoble self-satisfaction.

'Ambition gelds the understanding; it turns a man all towards self; he is bent on his own exaltation and glory.'

In their labours on the open field the people of the Four Quarters sang an ancient song to the shade. This song names, one by one, the field flowers happy to be in the moist shadowy places. At harvest time was heard a song to *tuyallay*, the black and yellow bird that robs the maize. The crop is the heritage of a princess, the fruit is white the leaf is frail; if the bird perches on the cob its wings shall be cut, its claws shall be torn, the *tuyallay*. If it eats but a grain such shall be its punishment.

There is besides the strange complaint of a lover grieving because of a separation caused by a delusion of the senses.

FATHER RESPLENDENT

Does adverse fate divide us?
Are we separated by a delusion of the senses?

Thou art my blue flower
I would wear thee in my head
and in the core of my heart.

Yet thou art deceptive
like image in water,
Yet thou art unreal
as reflection in water.

Thy mother divides us
she is cause of my death;
thine evil father
hastens us to misery.

I grow giddy
remembering thy laughing eyes,
thinking on thine eyes
I fall into languor.

CHAPTER XI

SEA-BIRDS; SEA-LIONS; SERPENTS

Of travel and the sea.

Now to Túpac Inca Yupanqui comes an experience unsung, new to his race, new to himself; he masters water, he rides upon the sea. The men of the coast make short journeys on the sea, but the highlanders of Cuzco had never sailed the sea. Later on the Supreme Inca, with contrivance of rafts and inflated seal-skins, will leave a desert port and, faring out upon the ocean, will travel as far as Galapagos.

Consider the manner of this seafaring. A sea, blown on always from the South, swollen, and full of surf in those places where the waters roll in upon the points that jut from the land; a sea that must often have prevented Túpac from landing there where he would. An ocean that here and there is milky with fry glowing by night in the water; ocean which led the great Inca from a coastland, dry as skeleton, to a sudden amazing luxuriance where tangled verdure arises in abrupt substitution for lifeless sand. Amazing change of desert to forest and that within a few strokes of the oar. And the arid coast-line as beheld from the sea is graced often by a splendid transformation when the day-long grey sky, overhanging the ash-coloured sand, at evening changes to a marvel of womby clouds banked low down on the water. Red and scarlet sunrays light the clouds with a glory reflected from the sea. Purple, gold and vermilion outline the arches, the curves, the domes and the wings of these low-lying clouds.

Consider again the design this seafaring must have made on the questioning, the ignorant mind of Túpac the King. Between the islands and the shore, the Inca astonished would see great companies of phalarope, thousands of those small birds swimming buoyant on the ocean, their lobed feet strong in the wave. Between drifts of foam are glassy spaces on the ocean; here the phalarope will show the russet of its plumage that in the northern winter was grey, for the phalarope has come from the

poles of the earth to summer on the islands. The female, larger than the male, has wooed him. It was he that hatched the four pale eggs whilst she guarded the nest; now and again she replaced him on the nest.

In the cool stream of this ocean Túpac Inca watched the legions of small fish that swim in the cool rift; above them flocks of gannet, flying over the water, descend on to the water to eat the topmost fish. Lower down sea-lions chase the silvery mass of the fish. The birds often spread fan-shape above the water; the sea-lions below the surface seem to hunt in concert with the birds, so that the men of the coast say: 'The sea-lions and the gannets hunt the small fish by mutual understanding—the birds enrich us by their droppings upon the rocks, this wealth of huano we spread upon our crops.'

In the ears of Túpac was the drum of wings of the evening flight to the islands, was occasional clash of birds criss-cross in the pack of their flight, that flight which streams upon the sky, league upon league of flight.

The congregation of the birds exceeds that of the subjects of the Inca, and the gannets' lives are even more devoid of retirement than are those of his people. Hundreds of birds court and mate within the narrow compass of the rocky ledges. The nests are packed close together, and the parent bird so huddled on each nest, wing over wing, that two heads rise from what seems to be but one bird seated. The Inca and his people have not outgrown a sensibility which now is stirred by the strong tremor of bird emotion that quivers from nest to nest. So Túpac and the Indians are aware of the excitement warming the creatures, hastening the receptive quality of the female birds, shortening the assemblage of the impassioned gannets. Within the space of one, same, fervid time all the females will be made fertile; simultaneously will sit upon the eggs and in a time concurrent the young birds will hatch out. The condors come from far and the falcons will be guarded against by the great congregation of the gannets; but were the season of this reproduction to be drawn out the condor and the falcons would take great toll of the scattered young.

Túpac saw pelicans, birds so noble in the air so awkward on the ground. He must have seen the timid pelican in fright

forsaking its young, in fright opening its bill and emptying itself of fish as it soars away; the bowels emptying. So do bowels and bladder of a fearing man answer to his fears; nature whispering to bird and to man: 'Bird, you need to fly; man, you need to fight, or to run; I unhamper you of weight.'

Cormorants the King saw but watched them perhaps unaware of the marvel of their crystalline, their globose eyes, adapted to the necessity of pursuing fish under the water.

The sea-lion, of sobbing breath and of wailing cry, emerged from the depths; it would not be so well aware of the seafaring men by eyesight as by the quicker apprehension of its nostrils. Fanged and whiskered, earless and round-eyed, it must have seemed to the Indians sacred because of its horrid strangeness, for the dreadful and distorted awoke worship in this people.

However strange the sea-birds and the sea-lions, the *Amaro*—the serpents—were familiar.

And those Incas who thought themselves to be akin to the snakes surely knew the creatures in the hours of their beauty? Had seen the coral-poison-snake, ringed black and scarlet, in nuptial dance, and seen the rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*) reared up in surge of ardour. In depth of forest, surely had wondered at the splendid measure of generation moved by snakes intertwined, interknit; their heads and upper parts raised lute-shape, the two heads turned towards one another. So shaped, the snakes do speed over stones and over trees fallen, up into the flowering bushes and down the branches; do race in fury of union as though they had refound their curse-riven feet.

Surely the Incas knew the writhing globes, the tangled balls of other kind of serpent, from which knot of agitation breaks away, one after another, a male snake, so as to lie convulsed with the female embushed in a thicket, or stretched in the shelter of a rock. The frenzied female besieged turn by turn by each snake from the ball and refusing none.

And knew their kindred the great *Amaro*; the boas, intercoiled, interlaced; and heard the sound of the male stroking the scales of the female with the spurs that are the remnants of its lost limbs.

SEA-BIRDS; SEA-LIONS; SERPENTS

And, worshipping, they watched the anaconda, the angry boa, possessor—by swimming—of the water, possessor—by climbing—of the forest-tree, whilst, slowly, slowly he pursued his wooing. The moon would shed her horns, would grow from slim to full, would wane, before the anaconda had possessed his slow-won mate.

CHAPTER XII

CHAPTER OF VOICES SPEAKING OF IMAGES

Greek and Roman Jew and Spaniard and Hindu speak of idols and images.

THE Voice of Poma de Ayala tells that Túpac honoured the Sacreds, and that he spoke with them and heard from them of countries far away, of Spain and of Jerusalem. Poma shows a picture of the Supreme Inca surrounded by these Sacreds. The especial Sacred of each ruling Inca, *Huana-cauri*, is imaged high up upon a rock; many smaller idols surround Túpac. Yet this Inca knows that the Sacreds are but a feeble magic.

Abolish time and hear a chorus of Voices that speak of images. The Voices speak out of Greece and from ancient Rome, Voices of India, and Voices of the Christians that subdued the Four Quarters. Hear the dark, the weeping Heraclitus saying that to pray to an image is as foolish as to talk with the walls of a house. Leaders of Israel say that wood is fuel for the cooking of meats and who shall fashion a god out of timber cut for the kitchen. But Heraiskos declares that he has a gift of nature, an inborn discernment by which, when he looks upon images, some seem to him to be alive and others not alive. If the image is alive his heart is agitated, pierced with emotion, but if the statue has no ghostly life his soul, his body, made no response to what was merely metal or stone or wood. At that the Hindu Voices cry: 'You say well, Heraiskos, for things are by rites affected and by formula endowed. By their condescension the gods allow themselves to be in some sort harnessed to the chosen tree or plant, stone or image. Because we cannot conceive truth save as by our senses, the gods condescend to inhabit things, and places, so as to become sensible to men.'

At that Plutarch complains that in Greece it is all too usual

for men to speak of the images of gods as though indeed the figures are the gods represented. From the time of Roman Romulus, onwards for two hundred years, the gods had not been imaged and this was good because only by the inner thought can divinity be apprehended.

After a silence Plutarch speaks again and this time he confesses that, even as Heraiskos had said, the images have indeed some sort of animation, and had been known to show a kinship with those whose person they represent and that even during the life of the man so imaged: 'As when,' continues Plutarch, 'the statue near Alba of Mark Anthony sweated for many days although the statue was wiped between the heavy sweats. That happened,' Plutarch says, 'when war was threatening Mark Anthony—Octavius being the enemy.'

Then Solomon and Posidonius talk together for Posidonius has always preferred those that worship the stars to those that worship idols: but he knows that only by the contemplation of the soul can the great *Natura Rerum*, the Reality of Things, be worshipped. Solomon now seems to be saying that which he also had written. He declares that when men do not know the first author of beauty they take the stars to be the rulers of the world, and they delight, even to idolatry, in the swiftness of the air and in the beauty of the sun and of the moon. To that Philo says: 'I knew the heavenly bodies, the Sun and the planets, to be alive and conscious, but I knew also that the worship of such was an error.'

After Philo words come spoken, as it were, by Spanish conquerors: 'Going up and down in the land that we named Peru, we knew the Sacreds to be powerful. We said that devils informed the idols and the sacreds, and that the oracles in the temples were devils. And these became dumb, shamed by Christ. As for the statues in our churches, the worship we seem to direct to them speeds past them to whom they represent. A praise breathed on the air, an aspiration towards Santa Maria is as good as a prayer said before her likeness, but because we are of the senses, the image helps us to invoke her; also certain images, trophied with prayer, are graced and made miraculous by the condescension of the holy ones. As when John of Damascus, Confessor, Saint, Doctor of the Church

angered the Emperor Leo the Isaurian by his defence of holy images and for this defence was punished by the scission of his right hand. But when John invoked the image of Our Lady, for which image he had suffered, his hand was thereby restored.'

Look again at the picture of the Inca amid the Sacred, look with such energy of seeking that the Voices sound again expounding, excusing, or blaming devotion given to things other than the One Supreme. Porphyry will seem to be explaining the power of dæmons, those spirits of the air, good some of them and some bad: 'The harmful dæmons bring droughts, sterility, and such-like evils, and this kind enjoys the sacrifice of animals, the smell of blood, but other dæmons, more gentle more favourable to man, take pleasure in garlands and in offerings.' Porphyry says that he, and Celsus after him, had acknowledged that men who desire material things are wise to give worship to dæmons: 'Myself, had I such intention, would court them, nevertheless there is a danger in evoking the power of dæmons. For the heart should be set higher, the heart should desire more fervently that which only the highest god can give.' Then, as from Origen and Plato, there is discourse about ideal republic, Origen saying that he desired that men should be busied with realities, therefore in the ideal country of his imagination he had allowed no place for men who make images and paint representations; to which Clemens of Alexandria agreed. Plato answers, that for a like motive he had withheld honour from painters and from sculptors because, like small children, they disport themselves with illusions. And then from Plotinus, the beautiful, the inspired, the lover of fire: 'When rites have been said over images they have power. For although the World-Soul does not itself inhabit any image, yet the image empowers the worshipper to come into a real closeness to that World-Soul. Over and above this quality the image has a second virtue in that it attracts the World-Soul.'

Plotinus says that into a mirror or into a sheet of water a flower, a bird, cannot enter yet mirror and water capture a resemblance. Mirror-like, water-like, are those images which attract the World-Soul. Such images form a link between man and the World-Soul. Above the World-Soul is the highest Spirit, the Nous, the Intellectual-Good.

CHAPTER XIII

BRAVE THOUGHT

Of the final wisdom of Túpac Yupanqui.

IT is the Feast of the Sun. There are garlands and ornaments, meat and drink, songs and dancing. The King is wearing the breastplate of gold which, by signs and pictures, shows the seasons and the continuous work that is done by relays of labourers who labour by light of sun and of moon and of stars. The breast-plate recalls the intercalary (the *You-are-Missing*) days, as also the months, and the festivals.

The wives of the Sun bring out the cloths they have woven since the feast of the previous year; this cloth is fine as silk, it will clothe the lords. The high priest will not be present at the banqueting, for he, though not celibate, is an ascetic.

After the sacrifices have been made, Túpac Yupanqui enthroned in the square of the Temple looks with a steady gaze upon the Sun: on this Sun beneficent to Cuzco, being not too hot nor too long hidden, this Sun the source of the reigning Incas, on which is established their right to rule: 'The Sun has told me,' that is the saying by which they have justified their constant wars of aggression, have vindicated the marriage between brother and sister, and the many concubines, the hundreds of children. The whole hierarchy and order of the kingdom will be in jeopardy if the divine origin of the Supreme Incas is to be doubted. On the kinship to the Sun depends the whole of the law, the whole of the order of the Four Quarters. And yet Túpac Inca looks now with a gaze almost hostile upon the beautiful orb, so that one of his uncles, a priest, dares to whisper to the King:

'How, great one, can you look unlawfully upon the Sun, such a gaze being irreverent? The Lords and the people are shuddering at the scandal.'

The King looked down, but then again he lifted his eyes to the Sun, scanning it as though it were his servant.

(The dream of the Coya, his mother, is coming to pass.)

Again the priest whispered. And then Inca Cápac spoke out loud so that all about him must hear; something like this he said:

'You believe that the Sun is mightiest of all, yet it takes but a cloud to obscure him; his power and his presence is circumscribed by the night; he is the excellent providence of the day-time. Were the Sun free he would appear and depart according to his whim. He would visit other spaces of the sky. But the Sun is as a llama travelling under the eye of a driver, as an arrow going whither it is sent but not where it wishes. I tell you that our father the Sun must have a master more powerful than himself who constrains him, without pause or rest, to make his daily circuit.'

* * * * *

There is record of a prayer prayed in the coastlands which, being in the spirit of Túpac Yupanqui, shall be put in this place; making an offering a man would say:

O Maker that art since the foundations of the earth rich and compassionate! Thou didst say to men: Be valorous. And by saying: Be this one—man, and this one—woman—didst so form them. Thou dost defend us from misfortune, keeping us in safety and in wealth. Art Thou in the heights of the heavens, or in the clouds and the mists, or in the abyss? Hear, and answer me, grant that which I ask. Give me life for ever, hold me in Thy hand. O Pachacamac, O Maker, wheresoever Thou art, receive this offering.

CHAPTER XIV

INCA FORESEEN—FORETOLD

The Chapter of Huayna Cápac, the third of the great Empire makers, who reigned from about A.D. 1485 to 1525. Birth of Huascar. Dances. Defeat of the Pastos. Fight against the Caranquis. The woman of Canar.

THE little land of the Ayars, Tahuantinsuyo Cápac, the Land of the Four Quarters of the early Incas, is now an empire. Huayna Cápac bold and lucky in wars reigns over it. He will spread the sceptre north, beyond Quito.

At the beginning of his reign, according to custom, he long mourned his father and according to the custom of the Supreme Incas he travelled the Four Quarters. His elder sister was his barren wife so that he lawfully married his second sister; the sisters of the latter-day rulers were not wedded to any but their brothers. By the second sister Huayna Cápac had a son. When the child was aged two, according to custom he was weaned, and a lock of his hair was cut, and the naming of the child took place. The boy was to be called *Inti*, the Sun and *Cusi*, Cheerfulness—Sun of Cheerfulness. Cæsar-like, this Inca assumes divinity for the child and is himself the first of the kings of this country to be considered a god whilst yet living. True *Inti*, the mysterious falcon of Manco Cápac, had been named *Inti* after the Sun. The bird, like the great Incas, was kinsman of the Sun. And Greek Voices have acclaimed the hawk saying that celestial fire burns in the bosom of birds of prey. Did men of Athens know that the heat of eagles' blood and of the blood of the hawk is greater than the heat of the more terrestrial birds? That the eagle may tower, that it may hang stalled and, vigilant in the cold height, it has need of this inward fire and of the strong pant of its heart.

But the people seem not to have used the name *Inti-Cusi* for the Prince but to have called him instead *Huascar* or a Cable; and the cause of this name sprang out of a dance.

In the Four Quarters were many dances. The great Dance

of the Harvesting of the Maize when, to the sound of instruments in variety, their arms lifted towards the sky, the dancers turned about an image which they named syllable by syllable. Crowned with the heads of deer the men sang ancient songs. Afterwards, with silver crescents on their heads, all gay with silver and with gleaming feathers, they danced for the harvesting the great Dance *Ayrihua*. There were dances especially for the Sacred: and a dance, purple-robed, to proclaim girls nubile; there were the Dances of the Avocations: avocations shown formally and with dignity to the accompaniment of music, the calling of the fishermen, and the toil at the foot-plough, work that for an hour was made sublime through the classic Dance shown in the Sacred City. The little songs of the labourer sung to the earth bidding her be fruitful now again sung; and the striving of the fishermen shown, striving with the lakes and with the conquered coastal waters: the daily tasks renewed but lifted out of common usage by each man being masked. So with gesture and music and song was made ideal, for the space of a dance, the laborious life of this enslaved people.

The great yearly hunting was represented by a dance, and thus was conserved the memory of the season in which the hills were girdled by men united by the holding of ropes; men that sang and called and drove forward the wild beasts, both the fierce and the gentle, but all the beasts now equally frightened, equally bent on escape from the great belt of encircling men. By day and by night the ring was gradually narrowed, and because of their fear of the torches, and by means of the surrounding drive the creatures were brought pellmell to where the marksmen awaited them: from his litter the Supreme Inca watched the end of the drive. Pelts were needed from the great wild cats, the jaguar, the puma and the ocelot, and meat from the wild cattle and the deer was needed to be dried and stored for the warriors. Therefore was slaughter, but the females of the four kinds of cattle were spared, and as many males as were wanted for procreation; of the wild cats enough were left to suffice the future need. All was orderly, all accounted for on the Knots. At last the remaining beasts were freed to return to the wild places where for a year, or two years, they would be

left unharmed. But the beasts are very close to the people, the wide-awake sensitive soul of the men understands the sensitive soul of the creatures. And the creatures hunted are the *pacarim*, the birthspring of many of the tribes; therefore now, by the dance, amends will be made to the creatures—and appeasement by the piping and the songs. The victims, the pretty deer, will live again shown by skin and horn. Amongst the dancers at the festival will be men of the Tribe of the Puma, and the prophecy made to the puma—the cougar—by *Coni Raya* will be fulfilled, for the heads of these men will be covered by the head of the puma, their backs by his skin. The condors too are revered. Men, mantled in feathers, winged and beaked, appear in the dance as they do on the great carved stones of the long-ago age. At night, after such dancing, the laws are eased and the *runa* the people, the beast of burden, is allowed the pleasures of the beast. In the West are oxen and mules, horses and wheels; in the East are the camel and the elephant, but in the Four Quarters is but the frail llama unable for much burden, so that upon the people falls the toil. But for to-night the Knots are put aside, the labourer tastes some woman other than his wife, the girl finds the young man of her choice and over the orgy is thrown a heavy forgetfulness, a mask gotten from the fermented drink.

But still the writer has not told of the cable of the new *huascar*. At the Festival of the Trial of Manhood was a solemn dance. A chain of black, white, red and yellow wool, ornamented with gold and silver, and with great balls of red wool at either end, was needed for this formal dance: wild music was played whilst men on one side and women on the other side, holding the rope danced in the figure of a shell; round and round up the spiral of the imaginary shell, then, dancing back, they unwound the rope. But the *huascar* or rope after which the Prince was called was for yet another dance. During the Feast of the Sun two or three hundred Incas held hands and moved, two steps forward and one step back, during their slow advance they sang the deeds of the Supreme Inca. For this ceremony Huayna Cápac had had made, in honour of his heir, a great chain of gold. It could compass the square of Cuzco twice; it was as thick as a man's arm. Instead of joining hands

whilst dancing, the nobles will now hold on to the links of the golden cable, or rope, that had been made in honour of the Prince, and whom therefore the people called *Huascar*.

Huayna Cápac moves from vanity to vanity, from degree of pride to ever greater degree. Because it was his birthplace he makes Tomi-Bamba the capital city of northern part of his kingdom. He raises there a new temple with a shrine to Vira Cocha, and one to Pachacámac and to the Sun and to the thunder. He hangs his palace at Tomi-Bamba with hammered sheets of gold and silver, and inlays the walls with crystals and with shells.

In the palace this King put a golden statue of his mother the great Queen Mama Ocllo, and in the belly of the image was treasured the after-birth of Huayna Cápac; of every royal male child the after-birth was conserved. In the garden were images, in gold, of plants and birds and of insects. The art of Cuzco has lost its former austerity; the great pots, the *aryballi* of the highlands, are no longer beautified only with geometrical designs, those designs remote from the quotidian, mathematical as the heavens. The new patterns break out into a tassel of maize, or an eagle's wing; into the display of the familiar everyday loveliness of natural things.

The genius of Huayna Cápac was bound up with the North. The North, the cold, the mountains, fitter for highland warriors than the plains, or the sandy coastlands, or the hot forests of the East. So away to reduce the Pastos, northwards of Quito, and the march straight over and along the mountains without circumventing the heights. Here are nothing but miserable palisaded villages with aged people and children left behind, for the young men have fled: 'We will press on to the Capital,' but the capital is also but a greater village wherein the chieftain in hiding. The Pastos differ from the people round about in that they eat no meat: when they saw the Inca's men eating the dried llama's flesh given out by the captains they said: 'None can compel us to eat meat, we are not dogs, we do not eat as dogs eat.' Later, when the Pastos were defeated, perhaps

in mockery, or because there was no tax that these vassals could pay, or else that they might remember their bondage, Huayna Cápac put upon them the tribute of lice, the very tribute exacted of the small Quichuan children of Cuzco; the lice to be brought to the headman in hollow tubes. Balboa wrote that the Pastos massacred the men of the Inca, and that the sling of leather, armed with two stones, a munition in which the Incas had put their trust, now failed them.

The Knots record that Huayna Cápac suffered some reverse from the Caranquis to the north of Quito. This was a tribe that prided itself on the flattened heads of the men, a deformation brought about by the women patient in applying and tightening wooden tablets on the heads of their infant sons. The faces of the men were decorated with designs drawn in the flesh by means of pointed stones. These were the tribal signs, a very part of man's self-hood. To this people was the glory of putting to flight the noble-guard, the Ring-Eared; the mainstay of the forces of Huayna Cápac. The nobles ran before the enemy, the royal palanquin was overthrown, but three of the nobles rescued the Supreme Inca, and some of the others, returning to the fight, drove back the Caranquis, Huayna Cápac revenged himself on the country by spreading havoc; afterwards he retired to Tomi-Bamba and fostered his anger against the Ring-Eared whose flight had occasioned the overthrow of the royal litter.

Because he had ruined the land of the Caranquis Huayna Cápac celebrated a Triumph, and made it gay with show of captive youths and of beautiful women taken prisoner. Some of the captives were forced to lie face downwards in the public square and then the Supreme Inca and one or two of his Captains walked upon the necks of his prostrate enemies abusing them. The greater number of the Ring-Eared was humiliated by being given no share in the festivity. To the fighting men provision of dried food was made every ten days, but now to the Ring-Eared only once a month: 'Even the *yana-cuna*, the slaves, are favoured more than we'; matters grew worse so that the noble-guard was hungry as well as humiliated. Then their general, Mihi, by name, assembled the guard and said: 'Men of my blood, men of Cuzco listen to me. Huayna Cápac

appears to favour me but in his belly he hates me, as also he hates you. He cannot forgive the overthrow of the palanquin; he forgets the service and remembers the fault. The ruler strips us of all honour, and deprives us of his presence, even we are brought to want. Let us now return to Cuzco.'

Mihi ordered that at daybreak these young Incas should meet in the public place and should pile up their baggage in the keeping of a guard; he promised that he would then go into the Temple and, helped by those brave enough to follow him, he would take away the image of the Sun so that it should guard them on their march to Cuzco. Early in the morning Huayna Cápac was told that over three thousand knights were in the square prepared to march to Cuzco, ready to fight their way towards the sacred city. One after another three messengers went from the King to Mihi; to the first two he gave no answer, to the third he said: 'Tell our master that we are about to march for Cuzco.' Then Mihi and some of the young men went into the Temple and took the golden likeness of the Sun.

Without pomp the Supreme Inca went to the square to prevent Mihi from leaving. The customary adoration of the King was neglected, instead the two men spoke as on a field of blood. To the Inca's reproof Mihi said: 'For your pleasure we left Cuzco, we please you no more; therefore we return to Cuzco. We swore to guard this image of the Sun therefore we take it back to Cuzco, it is a powerful image.' At that Mihi moved in the direction of Cuzco and the young Incas followed him: Huayna Cápac took hold of the right hand of Mihi but even so the general was not restrained. In the square was much confusion because many vassals, tired of war and desiring their women in Cuzco, dared now to join the march of the nobles.

Huayna Cápac called the priests and ordered them to take the golden statue of Mama Ocllo, the other images, to cover them with dark covering of mourning, and to follow a certain path which would bring them face to face against the angry nobles and the homesick vassals; these they should oppose with the queenly idol and turn them back to Tomi-Bamba. There was a woman of *Cañar*; she now called upon the spirit of Mama Ocllo to enter into her. Then going in front of the golden Sacred, which had the dust of the afterbirth inset, this woman,

when near to Mihi and the rest, let flow her hair let flow her tears, and outpoured this lamentation:

'I, woman of Canar, am become the vessel of Mama Ocllo, of Ocllo daughter of the moon. I cry to you *auca* enemy; I cry to you *auca* traitor. I turn the moon against you, a shield to oppose you. Your planting will not flourish because the fall of the rain will not concur with the fulness of the moon. She will not be provident to the earth nor provident to women. Fertility is in the power of the moon but I, Mama Ocllo, will turn the moon from the wombs of your women. Alas! Alas! that my spirit must journey back this long way, coming from its rest in the sun to cry through the lips of the woman of Canar: '*Auca* traitor, *auca* traitor—*auca auca!*' The warriors were ashamed that the air should be burdened with the unspeakable word, and for love of Mama Ocllo, and for fear of her spirit cursing them through the lips of the ecstatic woman of Canar, the warriors turned about and walked back in their steps. Mihi said to the idol: 'We have no need to tell you of the just cause of our complaint because you, goddess, must know it.'

Upon the woman of Canar now came the mothering spirit of Ocllo, She That Warmed in the Bosom, whereby being moved the woman intoned: 'With my hands I made garments for the Ring-Eared warriors and these are gathered into store-houses. You shall be clothed in this cloth of my weaving and shall be shod and feasted as by my provision.' The mothering warmth of the condor and of the little bird, the *tuyallay*, descended upon the woman of Canar; and she danced before the image of Mama Ocllo. And the figure of her dance was in semblance of the great oval.

CHAPTER XV

BLOODSHED

The undoing of the Caranquis and the Lake of Blood.

TILL evening the noble warriors remained in the Temple, then they were summoned into the square of the town where they found sufficient clothing and food, brought in from the storehouses: also they received ornaments, and the Captains were given nubile virgins from the House of the Set-Apart: so the warriors were restored to the royal favour. Afterwards the great Inca said: 'We must subdue the Caranquis.' For some of the way there was comfort and plenty in the Tambos or resting-houses: the country people welcomed them, but when the legion reached the fortress of the Caranquis they were met with storm of arrow and stones and spears. The nobles saw in the battle that ensued the occasion of retrieving their honour. The weapons on both sides were exhausted, men fought hand to hand. The brother of the Supreme Inca fell, and whilst some of the men of the Four Quarters were carrying away his body the enemy, with loud cries, retook a strong place driving the Inca's men into a swollen river where they perished.

When this news was brought to Huayna Cápac in Tomi-Bamba he was the more determined to overcome the Caranquis: 'Since we cannot overcome them in open fight we will defeat them by stratagem.' The force under Mihi was to feign retreat but in reality it was to lie in ambush; meantime, the newly arrived force of the Supreme Inca was to storm the enemy, then to flag, and then to fly. On the day appointed the Inca, leaping from the palanquin lance in hand, seemed to be intent on staying the flight of his men, then again mounting the royal litter it appeared as though he were a part of the rout. The Caranquis who had been in the fortress now rushed out joining in the pursuit. And then Mihi and the Ring-Eared left ambush, set fire to the fortress and killed some defenceless people there assembled. Seeing the flames the Caranquis returned to the fortress, but now they were outnumbered and

were massacred. Some hid in the long grass by the lake side, but these were killed and thrown into the lake. 'Spare only the boys, they will serve later as warriors, and spare some few youths and maidens to decorate my Triumph.' All the old people were killed, they too were thrown into the Lake. The youths not understanding why they were gathered apart with the maidens, with renewed anger fell on the men of the Four Quarters; other Caranquis rising from the shelter of the long grass again took up arms. But they fought in vain; and because of the incarnadine waters of the lake it was called for ever Jahuar Cocha, Great Blood, Lake of Blood, for into it the dead and the wounded were cast by the victors.

Pinta, a great captain of the enemy, fled with some hundreds of men into the mountains. He was brought captive to Huayna Cápac, who said: 'This man will serve me well to enforce my laws and to levy the tribute on the Caranquis.' But although his pardon was promised Pinta refused food and died of sorrow and of starvation. 'But yet he shall serve and be a witness to my glory in the Triumph,' said Huayna Cápac and he ordered that the skin of Pinta be stretched across a drum, which drum should be beaten in the Triumph and at the great feasts of the Sun.

Later there was a war lost against the never-defeated Chiriguanos of the East, and a war successful against the pierced-nose people whose men wore a ring falling from the cartilage of the nostrils to over the lips; maybe this was not an ornament, but a safeguard against ill-wishing spirits. In the mountains beyond the storehouses the Inca's men felt the prick of hunger and of continence: there was barbaric din of battle, of whistling, cries and trumpeting of the Pierce-Nosed: Huayna Cápac was of a sudden for turning back to Cuzco, for flight.

But an unknown youth, so the Knots tell, that seemed to be of Inca race heartened the King: 'Trust in the Sun, fight and win,' he counselled. The men of Huayna Cápac flung down the cumber of their luggage and, lightened of all save their weapons, gave attack. There was surprise and flight of the enemy; then rest and security and water; and booty of ornament, emeralds, silver and gold.

CHAPTER XVI

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS

The departure from Cuzco. The kingdom of Quito. Omens. The sail. The tale from Tumbes. The throne decreed to Atahualpa. The death of Huayna Cápac.

AT about this time and then onwards through the rest of his life, Huayna Cápac was haunted by the prophecy made to Huira-Cocha: he began to see signal and augury of the fall of the Empire. His intent was the final subjection of Quito, he did not understand that with his own hand he was sowing, and by two untraditional acts would again twice sow, the destruction of the Empire of the Incas.

The Four Quarters by the aggression of the Incas was growing over-vast. The people of the newer provinces paid tribute, but were not loyal vassals of Cuzco. Greed marched towards decline, passion for empire raced towards a fall. (Throw out some handfuls of grain to young cocks, see how they push and jostle and chase one another although there be plenty for all.)

At a Feast of the Sun there happened that which finally sundered Huayna Cápac from Cuzco; he left the city after the Feast and nevermore returned.

The sacrifices were made, the dancers had danced, the orgy would follow—then a bird of prey, a great eagle kindred of the Inca, soared over Cuzco. Suddenly it was mobbed by kestrels and by lesser hawks that drove the king-eagle before them and baffled it; struck it with their wings and swept upon it with their talons till it fell down by the golden palanquin. Indians lifted it, caressed and mourned over it, tended the dying creature, and observed with horror that it was diseased and enfeebled and that for long days a sickness had perished the eagle, before this day. In spite of all care it died and the question went whispered from one to another: "The eagle, image of the Supreme Inca, has fallen; what is to come?"

Had fallen, had fallen the harpy the eagle whose three-lidded eyes can look on the sun, whose wings climb the clouds and

soar above the Andes. Bird that leaps away from the earth as fire leaps—but higher: bird of fire and of air. The fire falls back on the ash, the eagle does not fall: yet now the great harpy had fallen.

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Another King, near in time, in not so distant Mexico will be aghast also by an augury of the eagle.

Huayna Cápac and his fathers in Cuzco to please the Sun had at times smothered and drowned infants, and on the coast had strangled women in the Houses of the Set-Apart, as offerings to the Sacred. The Chief of Mexico, in accordance with the ancient law, every twenty days made war because the flesh and blood of man, of enemy-man, must be offered to the animal appetite of the Sun: 'For if the Sun goes hungry it will die.' The warriors needed man's flesh to eat for the virtue it imparts, and also for the sustenance.

Whispered in Mexico was the tale of a labourer who but lately was carried, in vision, by an eagle into a cave. There he saw a sleeping figure, as it were the figure of the King. In the hands of the sleeper were those flowers which are the royal ensign, and a smouldering torch of perfumes was beside the sleeper. A Voice said to the labourer: 'Sweet and sound so he sleeps, but bitterness and punishment for pride and cruelty are nearing him; the burning rod is over him; the burning perfume reeks of death.' The Voice commanded the labourer, so that there be proof of the vision, to take the burning staff, torch of perfumes, and thrust it in the King's face. And to quiet the countryman's terror the Voice said: 'Do not fear, I greater than the King command you: I can defend and I can destroy, I can make and unmake the mighty.' The lowly man obeyed the Voice, but the sleeper in the cave did not awake.

The eagle carried the vassal back and set him down in the place whence he had come. But the fear of the Voice, which said 'Warn the King,' so compelled the countryman he journeyed back to the King, to warn him; but his tale seemed foolish to Montezuma: 'I did not sleep in a cave nor hold flowers nor even in dreams see such an eagle.' But when, at the labourer's request, he took up a polished disc and looked at his reflection, he saw that his face was burnt and

scarred, though the burns caused him no pain; at that sight his bowels were moved by fear.

In a last debauch in Cuzco is much drinking and drunkenness and after that Huayna Cápac goes northwards to Quito. With the Inca go two hundred thousand warriors, and slaves both men and women, uncounted on the Knots. For the nights of Huayna Cápac two thousand women are taken; four thousand of his women were left in Cuzco. In his latter years the king will suffer because of his past exuberance.

And now Huayna Cápac reigns in Quito for which kingdom he fought as a Prince; the Chieftain of that time is at last conquered, and his daughter Duchicela is the beloved of Huayna Cápac. In a House of the Sun she has been sequestered by the King who awaited the time when she should be nubile; that happy age being reached he takes her with solemnity; she can never be his legal wife because she is not his sister. Huayna Cápac sets Duchicela above all his concubines and above his wife and he favours her son, often called Atahualpa, and sometimes Atabalipa.

And now the Inca breaks twice with the tradition of his race. His first break is with Cuzco. The Wise Men to make excuse for the King say: 'Quito is more pleasing to the Sun than is Cuzco. The Sun is enthroned fully on the pillars and on the tethering-stones, and Supai dark King of Shadows is not here; therefore our worship is with very little shadow.' The Wise Men say this because they notice the short shadows of Quito, that city built on the line of the Equinox, the Equator.

The second break with the law of the Early Incas was made when Huayna Cápac sent for his rightful heir, Hauscar, and asked him, in a conclave of Wise Men, to consent to the Province of Quito being set aside as the portion, after his father's death, of Atahualpa. The King said that the son of Duchicela ought to inherit the lands of her forefathers. The Inca also said that the Empire would be more easily governed if Hauscar inherited the Kingdom conformed as it had been before the added conquest of Quito. Atabalipa would be his powerful ally: 'If you consent I can take my rest with the Sun.'

Husacar assented to Atahualpa being heir to the kingdom of Quito, but that the kingdom of the Supreme Inca was to be thus divided was against the spirit of the tradition of the Incas. The Wise Men ratified the decree of inheritance. But it is said that the ageing King, doting on the younger boy, increased his inheritance to beyond what had been agreed. For 'His breath is sweet,' he said.

The late King Túpac had talked with the Sacred, but when now Huayna Cápac sought them he received no answer. But the auguries in the sacrifices were unfavourable and from the coast came grim messages: 'Strange figures on the sea; houses carried on the hump of the wave as a babe by its mother.' And some men of the mountain, lately returned from a journey to the coast, and who never before had seen the great waters, spoke of 'Unknown creatures, long-legged and winged that tread and skim the water,' for so appeared to them the galleons, the impellent oar, the sail spread.

Now Huayna Cápac, accompanied by the men of the mountain, journeys to a lake on the margin of which is a raft. It is made of light canes lashed together and has a platform of interwoven logs roughly roofed over. Near the bow is a mast with a cotton-sail and there are paddles. When the King was young he had seen such rafts northward upon the sea, and they had appeared wonderful to him. Lately by his order this raft had been carried to the lake: 'Are the ships that you saw greater than that?' he asked.

* * * *

There was found once in the cooled mass of an ancient fire the dint of a moth's wing; the trail of a wing sketched in the melted stuff; nothing else conserved save the outline of the wing. And in the mass of ancient suffering, suffering once fiery, now ashen, drawn into the being of mankind is perhaps (in a like manner) the trace of a sail—because sails often have caused the death of hope.

I see the sail of that Athenian galley returning from its sacred embassy to Delos. Outlined against the sky it foreshows the death of Socrates: for until that ship shall return to Athens the condemned may not die. And too there is the white sail,

the agreed on love-sign, sailing from Cornwall, sent by Yseult, from that Yseult who is the beloved of Tristan. But Tristan is wounded, he cannot raise himself to scan the sea, he asks Isoud-of-the-White-Hands, she that is his wife although only in name—she that is not loved: 'And is the sail white or is it black, Isoud-of-the-White-Hands?' The woman looks from the window, she sees the white sail, she knows it must be a symbol of love, she answers with a lie: 'Tristan, the sail that I see is black.' Believing that such sail was sent to signify the death of love Tristan turned to the wall and died.

* * * * *

Into the soul of Huayna Cápac is cut the figure of sails upon the sea, sails direful as the sails of Cleopatra wherein swallows nested. Mama Cocha, the Abyss of the Waters, is outraged by the new burden; her tides here and there along the coast reputed to have risen fortress-high, and the earth said to have quaked.

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After that came to Huayna Cápac fantastic tales of gods upon the coast, of how, up-river at Tumbez, the first of such had landed alone. He was tall, coated and helmed in metal, and plumed. He walked with great gravity and carried a sword and a wooden staff. This white-faced man, a little paler of skin than the Supreme Inca, was bearded like the god Vira-Cocha. The Chief of Tumbez had loosed from the fortress the jaguar and the cougar, which wild beasts Huayna Cápac had sent him as a gift, and as an emblem of Inca power. But when the creatures neared the superb stranger they fawned in the dust, and he approaching laid his staff upon their heads. They had not harmed him, had been gentler to him than are village dogs to a travelling stranger. The Indians had worshipped the bearded one but he had pointed to the sign at the top of his staff as though it were that which they must worship. This sign was like the familiar four-cornered Sacred made of precious white stone and revered in the Temple.

The stranger was then taken to the gold-filled palace of Tumbez where lived many of the five hundred sons of Huayna Cápac; they now called the white man *brother*, for it was evident

that he also must be a son of the Sun and, beyond that, he is a duplication of Vira-Cocha.

With such Voices the Indians told of the landing alone of the Greek Pedro de Candia, one of the thirteen companions of Pizarro that had made the great choice on the Island of Gallo—as will be told. Before the landing at Tumbes this Pedro had said: 'Let me land: if I am killed the loss of one man is not great; if I return alive to the ship the greater to me will be the glory of having adventured.' Dressed in mail and splendid as a bridegroom, armed with his sword, and carrying a cross he had made with two bits of firewood, so, full of prayers, he had neared the Indians on the shore: 'As though he were Lord Paramount of all the Province.'

A tale came from elsewhere of the landing of a bearded man who was followed by another black as lava, nor was it paint that blackened him. The Indians washed and even scrubbed the dark skin, but none of the sable had come off. The African carried a bird gay as a cockatoo, but different: this bird gave a shrilling cry. 'What does he say?' the Indians had asked. To them the challenge of the Spanish cock had seemed to sound: *Atabalipa-Atabalipa*.

The description of these strangers as bearded men threw Huayna Cápac into deep recollection, because, by the prophecy of the visionary Vira-Cocha to that Inca who had taken on himself the name of the god, it had been foretold that bearded men would overthrow the Incas and would bring about another and a better rule.

The tale of the taming of the wild beasts travelled far as Cuzco and because of the staff laid on their heads an increasing honour was paid to the cross-shaped sign in the Temple. All the more Huayna Cápac importuned the Sacred for assurance.

So, but a short time before, must Montezuma have been dismayed to hear that the ambassadors of the Lord Quetzalcoat had arrived with power; for when that hero, whose skin was the colour of foam, the colour of light, in a far back age had left his people he had said: 'Farewell, I shall return to you as by envoys white and bearded; they will come from the East and will reign over you as far as the coast.'

The idol on the hill gave at this time no sooth or sign. All the

Sacreds consulted by the Inca seemed to be but mere things of stone, of gold, or of pottery. So the Inca, fasting, consulted Layca the diviner that was esteemed above all the rest. Layca, when he came to the Supreme Inca, said: 'The moon sits in a ring, she has three circles about her. The first is red, the second circle is black bordered with green, and the third, the outside circle, appears as smoke.' Layca dared to unravel the coming doom: 'Your mother the moon sends the sign. The first, the red circle, shows the blood of your race outpoured: the second, the black circle, shows the overthrow of Inca rule because of the enmity of brothers: the circle that is like smoke shows the end of all that we know.' Huayna Cápac looked out and saw the moon as Layca had said; all the same he asked unbelieving: 'Can the sons of the Sun be blotted out?'

Below the flat straw-thatched roof of the palace (for the Inca people do not know how to build the arch) there is perhaps a male spider of the kind that weaves a small webbed bag in which it afterwards lays its semen. Then it will keep the bag in its head until the moment when, obedient to the law that is put upon such spiders, it draws the semen from the sack in its head and mates with a female spider.

But, lawless, Huayna Cápac, instead, is undoing the race of the first Inca Manco Cápac. He has left Cuzco for other cities; he has raised the son of a lesser woman as high as the son of the Queen-sister and wife; he has broken with custom. He is making easy the victory, soon to be, of the bearded strangers. Of which victory, the ancient prophecy, the King's forebodings, the entrails of llamas, the legs of spiders scanned by the magicians, the grains of maize, and the waves, and the heavens, are all alike augural.

Huayna Cápac fasts and afterwards he speaks openly; the secret prophecy becomes a common saying, and that which was the mystery of the few and of the highest of the land is now widely known.

Something like this Huayna Cápac says: 'In the past was foretold that when twelve Kings have worn the wreath another rule should succeed, surpassing ours in excellence. I, the eleventh

Inca since Manco Cápac, foreknow that when I have gone to the Sun a power shall arise full of harshness and of might. The newcomers will be your masters. Their law is better than our law, their arms stronger than our arms: their livers more valiant than our livers. I charge my sons to serve them.'

'These men will have the appearance of the Teacher Viracocha who, in a visitation, foretold their coming. They will be the colour of the dawn, the colour of foam; white men and bearded.'

Voices say that three unknown Indians, smaller than dwarfs, stood of a sudden in front of Huayna Cápac. 'We have come to call you,' they said. But when the Inca asked of those around him: 'Who were those men?' the answer was that no one had entered into the presence. Meanwhile the dwarfs had gone. 'This then is a sign that I must die,' said the Inca. Darkened by presage, fasting, full of foreboding, the Inca soon afterwards died: secrecy covered the nature of his illness and the time of his death.

Secret and hushed and misreported, but according to some Voices the bowels and the heart of the King were kept in Quito, and the body carried to Cuzco erect in a palanquin as though the living King was on a journey to the sacred city of Cuzco.

Some words of this Emperor live after he had died.

Hater of idleness, hater of leisure, he said: 'If there is no other work for the people force it to move a hill from one place to another. For so there shall be peace in the kingdom.'

CHAPTER XVII

A DIVERSION: THE STORY OF A SAIL

(After a tale by Garcilaso de la Vega)

Of Pedro Serrano, castaway, and of his final fortune.

BUT to return to those who have watched for a sail. Amongst such watchers was Pedro Serrano. He had reached the island that would afterwards carry his name, an island without a water-spring, but rain sometimes fell. All Pedro's days were but an answer to the cry of his belly: 'Give me to eat; give me to drink.' For drink at first he used the blood of turtles and for food their flesh, which he dried because he had no fire to cook with; he kept their shells to catch the rain and by that means he stored gallons of water. He turned the live turtles on their backs whenever he found them on the shore; thus he could keep them alive for a few days. There being no stones on the island, he dived into the sea, where at last he found stones, and by striking his knife upon one of them, he obtained a spark. With driftwood and weed, he built up a fire that he kindled with threads from his shirt, and with the shells of turtles he raised a roof over the precious, smouldering mound. Always he watched for a sail, and for a signal he kept the fire smoking, but though sometimes a sail went by no ship came to the island of Pedro Serrano.

One morning he saw a figure on the island: 'This is Satan come to tempt me to a final despair'; and Pedro threw up his hands, and nearly naked now, for the years had gone by, he ran from the form he saw, calling: 'Jesus, Jesus, save me from Satan.' That other, being a man and no spirit, was terrified by Pedro clothed only by a flowing beard, and the hair of his head waist-long: but hearing the name *Jesus* he ran after Pedro, calling out in Spanish: 'Flee me not. I too am Christian.' But Serrano still ran from him; then the stranger, who the night before had been shipwrecked, sang out the *Credo*, which, when Pedro heard, he was assured that the newcomer was not a devil.

Now they embraced each other and wept; then Pedro fed the stranger and gave him rainwater to drink. After that they sorted the hours of the day and the night into watches: 'Thou shalt watch for a sail and guard the fire and gather food until my watch.' But soon a quarrel rose between them because one of the men had seemed to be careless of their joint, miserable maintenance. Lest one should murder the other in rage, they parted and each lived alone on the island. But some time later they craved for conversation and then again they lived together and bore with one another. So as not to forget that they were Christian, they often said the Creed. After Pedro had lived alone on the island for three years, and for a further four years with his companion, the look-out on a ship spied the smoke from the mound and sailed nearer, and the captain sent off a boat. But when the Spanish sailors saw two wild men, they started rowing back to their ship. Then on the quiet air, with desperate voices, the two shipwrecked men cried out the words of the symbol and the sailors rowed back and took them aboard the ship bound for Spain: but the second man died before he saw his country. Pedro lived and, having cherished his hair and fed it with oil, he made a show of himself for money, going as far as Germany and telling his tale for the entertainment of the rich and the poor.

Pedro having received a big gift of money from the Emperor of Germany, and lesser sums from other people, he now shortened his hair and cut his beard. He said: 'I now shorten that which has been the means of my livelihood, and this I do for convenience because when I turn on my bed I am tangled in my beard.'

Pedro Serrano, now a rich man, returned to the New World and for the rest of his life lived at Panama.

CHAPTER XVIII

FURTHER DIVERSION: A LITTLE OLD TALE RETOLD

Of a husband, a lover, a moth.

THE endless work went on, the woman must spin and weave, even as the high ladies spin and weave. The herbs must be garnered, the child must be fed once in the course of the day-night circle. The man, the husband, had been taken, but if this woman fell ill the headman would send some other labourer to attend to the crop which was her sustenance. The young woman of the uplands had no hopes and no anxieties, but she missed the labourer with whom she had been paired. One day, at sunset, he seemed to return, and now, at twilight, she fancied he had come, big-eyed and soft, cleaner, gentler, without his habitual piping on a reed. She thought, she was certain, that this moth was the night-form of her husband. In the day he must, of course, remain with the Great Captain, fighting somewhere in the Andes where live the large cats of the mountains, the *Misi Puna*. At night men do not fight, so he was able to return, silent and shrunk because of the hardship of the change of form; undoubtedly this was he. The child saw the moth, had held out his arms towards it, proving that it was not a dream-moth of her fancy; proving that it was his father.

The woman sang to the winged thing, she put out water and a flower, and a piece of gold as big as a seed of maize. She liked the way the moth asked nothing of her; she thought it was more delightful than the man had been in his dark, clumsy other self. She did not call the moth 'husband'; she called it 'lover' instead: 'My love, my lover,' she kept humming and saying; and the child said: 'Your Lover has come' or 'Your Lover has gone away.'

The warrior returned painted with scarlet to terrify the enemy; the woman and the child shrank away puzzled. The sweat of his fears was secreted in his clothing, for he was not of a valiant people and was warrior only by the Inca's command.

The blood of a mountain-boy whom he had killed with entire indifference had splashed the man's garment.

The man returned brutalized by battle, meat-hungry, for he had been given meat so as to fight the better; blood-thirsty; wine-thirsty; demanding change, demanding to be in crowds; to satiety demanding her—he had become a surfeiter. The man was far more trouble than the moth, but she smiled to him a little. So little that he asked the child: 'Was your Mother alone when I was away?' The child answered: 'She sang to her lover. She laughed to her lover.' Then he would say no more because of the angry look of his father.

The man did not ask any more; killing was easy, he knew how to kill, he would not be fooled by this young female; so he killed her.

A day or two passed, the child was by the cauldron of herbs when it clapped its hands and called out: 'There comes the lover of Mama!' The man saw nothing. Had a phantom come to revenge the murdered woman? He fell back into a corner: 'Where do you see the lover?' The child pointed to a shaft of light that fell on some rough instrument near the opening of the hut, a moth had settled there. The man understood at once that, because his forefathers had sprung from a moth, the very origin of his tribe, his wife had thought that this kin-fellow moth was himself—come away from the battle to rest in the light by the doorway.

He knew he had evil luck; a deathly melancholy fell upon him, he felt that, notwithstanding the magician, even though he confessed aloud to the condor and to the magician, bathed in the river and changed his clothing, yet he would not be rid of this deep-set ill-hap. He had little to offer, but even if he gave guinea-pigs and maize, even did he sacrifice his male child he did not feel that the Sacreds would rid him of this crooked luck.

War, and jealousy and ill-luck; but blood comes easily; he looked away towards his parched crop. 'Blood falls more easily than rain.' The shadows were growing tall, the shadows were the victors over the sun, the shadows were hastening into the room, filling the little house. To the shadows was the Triumph; they set their feet on the necks of those whom they overcame.

They had overcome him. He owed to them his vassalage, his obedience; the men of his tribe served always the Captain who overcame them. He would go to the King of the Shadows: 'Supai. Supai,' he groaned with a gaping throat. He died slowly, quite close to where the dozy moth, unmoved, unknowing, unconcerned, lay drowsing.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER I, BOOK I

Relative to the five lineages, those that emerged from *Maras* are supposed to have been: the stock or *Aylla* of *Maras*; the stock of *Chavin*, these had been servants of the royal *Ayars*; the stock of *Sanoc*; the stock of *Tarpuntay*; the stock of *Huacay Taqui*.

The five stocks, or *Ayllus* that emerged from *Sutic* were said to have been: The stock of *Tampu*; the stock of *Masca*; the stock of *Cuycusa*; the stock of *Arayraca*; the stock of *Uru*.

Relative to the bird from which the royal feathers were taken I have used the word *carancho* (*Polyborus tharus*) because that is the bird, it is a hawk, (and not as Markham wrote—a vulture) which the Indians designate as *Curiquinqui* and the Indian writers give *Curiquinqui* as the bird from which the feathers were taken. Garcilaso de la Vega wrote that the birds were reputed to be limited to but one pair at each given period. But Monsieur Baudin, the learned author, shot many near *Cotopaxi*.

Relative to the wearing of the twist of straw by the citizens of *Cuzco* is the fact that the word *Quichua* derives from "twisted straw." *Ycha*, straw; *Quchuasca*, twisted.

Relative to the square are the remarks of Monsieur E. Peillante in *Caractere et Personnalité*. He gives a square-faced type of man as being '*L'homme de sens pratique, l'homme social, complet et ponderé, . . . Type carré au contours pleins, aux angles adoucis. Front perpendiculaire, développé également en largeur et en hauteur. Tempérament sanguin. Chef de famille et pasteur des peuples, candidat perpétuel à toutes les présidences.*

Facultés dominantes: la raison pratique, le jugement, l'autorité, la

sociabilité. Développement équilibre de plusieurs facultés. Predominance de la prudence, sagesse conseillère, de l'autorité, de la volonté éclairée, ferme et modérée: ambition justifiée d'arriver aux honneurs et aux charges publiques.'

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER II, BOOK I

Some of the single stories of the fortress *Sacsá-huanan* are fourteen feet high by twelve feet.

The small round stones precious to lovers were called *Soncoapa* or *Huucca-Chinacoc*; those with the male semblance were *huanarpu* and *chutarpu* those of female semblance.

The *Arani* of the dying girl is taken, with his kind permission for which I give thanks, from Monsieur Rivet's introduction to *Nueva Corónica y Buen Gobierno* (*Codex péruvien illustré*), by Poma de Ayala (Felipe Guaman). Université de Paris. Travaux et Mémoires de l'Institut d'Ethnologie (XXIII). Musée de l'Homme.—Paris 1936. Publiés sur la direction de M. Levy-Bruhl, Membre de l'Institut, Président du Comité Directeur de l'Institut d'Ethnologie; de M. Marcel Mauss, Professeur au Collège de France, Directeur à l'École des Hautes-Études, Secrétaire-général de l'Institut d'Ethnologie, et M. Paul Rivet, Professeur au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, Secrétaire-général de l'Institut d'Ethnologie. The author's free translation is from Monsieur Rivet's French translation. Monsieur Rivet also gave permission for the Poma de Ayala drawings to be used.

As to the last poem of Chapter II, it is my free translation of the German of Dr. E. Middendorf in *Dramatische in Lyrische Dichtungen der Heshua Sprache*, Leipzig, 1891. The nativesongs were often in pauses of four syllables alternating with pauses of three syllables.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER III, BOOK I

Souls were thought to go to *Hanan Pacha*, Upper-Place, or to *Ura Pacha*, Low-place, or else to *Supaipanacín*, house of demons. As to the Grandfather spirits they are called by differing names in various parts of the country, as the *Achachilas*, the *Machulas*, or, elsewhere, the *Paucarinas*.

The picture shown in Book II of the god *Punchau* carried in front of Inca Amaro illustrates very strikingly this 'double, subtle,' shape of which I write. Poma de Ayala, the Indian artist, whose work this original picture is, must have had a 'Grandfather Spirit' or some such entity in mind.

In relation to the last paragraph these vessels to founder gold or silver were called *Huairas*; *huaira* is wind, as was seen in the name of the god *Viracocha*. Lopez called him 'the breath of the abyss'; he spells it *Huira-Cocha* although *Runa-Simi* for air is now spelt *Huaira*. He is the only author I have read who gives wind or breath as a meaning for *Viracocha*.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER IV, BOOK I

Relative to Chapter IV are some *Runa Simi*, or *Quichuan* words: *Anda Huallas*—the group name of the various tribes west of Cuzco. *Hatun Rinciriyoc*—the Big-Eared, the *Oregon* of the Spaniards. The *Quipocamayos*, or, according to others, the *Quipuca-Mayoc*, the Readers of the Knots; of the *quipos*.

Hunamsi: The tragic recitations.

Harahui: equals the elegy.

Achihua: the royal parasol.

Saytu Uma: The name of the cranial deformation which was cone-like and in honour of the volcano *Kola wata*. It was caused by circular bandaging in infancy.

Antis: This people is now called Ciga de la Montana. Tschudi wrote of them. In 1848 they were reported to be cannibals.

Huarma-Auca: woman warrior.

Coca Erythrocylon Coca seems to be the botanical name.

Caramu nachi is the lover's necklace of leaves.

As to the people's language, *Runa* (People)-*Simi* (mouth or speech) as contrasted with *Inca-Simi*, the language of the aristocracy unknown by the people. *Inca-Simi* was forgotten almost immediately after the conquest and there remains no record of the royal language. *Runa-Simi* is the language proper to the people of the Province of Cuzco of the *Quichua* or *Keshuai* adherents of the Incas, the wearers of the twisted straws. The other two chief languages of Peru were the *Ayma-*

RELATIVE TO BOOK I

ran and the Chimu or Yunca language. The Chimu tongue is nearly extinct; the Aymaran also called Colla or Kolya language is kindred in construction to Quichua and is said to have about a third of similar words. It is the speech of the inhabitants of the Collao region south of Cuzco round about Lake Titicaca. The Aymarans were the builders, it is presumed, of Tia huanaco. Racially the Quichua- and Aymara-speaking tribes are considered to be identical. The oldest legends point to Lake Titicaca as the cradle of the Pirhuan civilisation, but the pre-Inca Kings and the Incas centred about Cuzco. The Peruvian Chieftains, wherever they were defeated by the Incas, were obliged to learn Runa-Simi and to spread it in their own provinces. In the map the locality which is marked Aymara is a locality where the Incas had *mitimaes* or colonists planted within the Quichua-speaking region near Cuzco and moved to there from the Southern Callao region. The Spanish missionary priests instructed the people in Quichua.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER V, BOOK I

The Cattle of the Sun —that is, the llamas apportioned for the upkeep of the Temple. Other llamas were apportioned to the Incas: those that were allowed to the Indians as part of the maintenance of their families were not to be killed or given away unless with permission of a headman.

The story of the *llama-michi* and the Princess was told to Fráy Marten de Morna in about A.D. 1585 by an *Amauta*, a wise man. Fráy Marten wrote, in Spanish, 'Fillets and necklaces' where I prefer 'little stones,' as I think that is more likely to fit the original Indian tale.

Quicuchicuy or *Quiochico* was the name of the ceremonious declaration of a girl's puberty.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VI, BOOK I

I shall give the following (Quichua) Runa-Simi words:

Koe Kampata: the especial field dedicated to the sun where the Inca ploughed.

VISION OF PERU

Ahijadno or *Ahijadero*: the village herders of llamas.

Opakuna: 'the cleansing bath,' imposed often after a man's confession to a priest (pre-Christian).

As to the ancient song of Incas at the end of this chapter, in Runa-Simi this poem is in trochaic tetrasyllabic verse. Blas de Valera gave it thus in Runa-Simi and in Latin. Brinton, Tschudi and Middendorf give varying translations. I give a free translation based on the sources.

<i>Runa-Simi</i>	<i>Latin</i>	<i>English</i>
<i>Cumac Nusta</i>	<i>Pulchra Nympha</i>	<i>Princess lovely</i>
<i>Torallayquim</i>	<i>Frater tuus</i>	<i>now thy brother</i>
<i>Puymuy quita</i>	<i>Urnam tuam</i>	<i>strikes the vessel</i>
<i>Paquir cayan</i>	<i>Nunc infringit</i>	<i>breaks the vessel</i>
<i>Hina Mantara</i>	<i>Cujus ictus</i>	<i>of thy waters</i>
<i>Cunununun</i>	<i>Tonat, fulget</i>	<i>into fragments.</i>
<i>Illa Pantac</i>	<i>Fulminatq</i>	<i>Causes thunder</i>
<i>Camri Nusta</i>	<i>Sed tu Nympha</i>	<i>causes lightning.</i>
<i>Unuy quita</i>	<i>Tuam lympham</i>	<i>Princess lovely</i>
<i>Para Munqui</i>	<i>Fundens pluis</i>	<i>water-holder</i>
<i>May nimpiri</i>	<i>Interdumq</i>	<i>water-giver</i>
<i>Chichi Munqui</i>	<i>Grandinem feu</i>	<i>hail-provider</i>
<i>Riti Munqui</i>	<i>Nivem mittis</i>	<i>snow-dispenser.</i>
<i>Pacha rurac</i>	<i>Mundi Factor</i>	<i>World-creator</i>
<i>Viracocha</i>	<i>Viracocha</i>	<i>Vira Cocha</i>
<i>Gay-hinapac</i>	<i>Ad hoc munus</i>	<i>for this office</i>
<i>Churasunqui</i>	<i>Te sufficit</i>	<i>thee established</i>
<i>Camasunqui</i>	<i>Et prae fecit</i>	<i>thee appointed.</i>

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VII, BOOK I

Relative to Chapter VII are the following Runa-Simi words:

Chasca Collyur: the long-haired—our planet Venus.

Orcora: Orion.

Mitimaes: the planted, or displaced people, forcibly moved to where they would become more easily subject. The Aymaraes, for instance, were moved from near Titicaca to north-west of Quichuas in and near Cuzco, and to south of the Chanca country.

RELATIVE TO BOOK I

Relative to the conversation about condors at the beginning of the chapter, Dr. A. W. McCluskie of Glasgow University in answer to me is kind enough to write: 'It is difficult to see how eagles' blood or vicuña flesh could have any but a psychological effect. However, this is often powerful and could be emphasized.'

I have adopted the spelling Huira-Cocha for the Inca to distinguish him from the hero-god, for clarity.

I have drawn on *Le Pérou avant la Conquête Espagnole*, by Desjardins, for parts of this chapter. Means, in *Ancient Civilization of the Andes*, is the source of my statement that the Chancas had not long been settled by Apurimuc, and Lafone Quevado, in 1912, traced Chancas at Moyobamba.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VIII, BOOK I

The place that was called *Huamanca* after the falcon is called now *Ayacucho*.

And the 'immense stone near Cuzco' that is sunk into the earth probably dates from Tiahuanacan times—but the people are not aware of this. The vaulted places of burial are called *pucullo*.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER IX, BOOK I

Where I speak of the duck, the *Nunna*, I have in mind that in the *Quicha Grammar*, first composed by Father Santo Thomas, printed Valladolid A.D. 1560 (Father Thomas was the first Doctor to graduate in the University of Lima) the word *Nunna* is given for 'milk': and for 'sucking from the dug.' (Like the French *Nou nou*, wet-nurse.) Primitive people do not use milk, could indeed hardly come by it: mother-milk only is known. Garcilaso gives *Nu-umu* for this duck and says it makes a sucking noise, so I have ventured to guess that its name is *Nunna*.

The strange words of the Inca's wife, '*Tieze Virakoka cuna Kamac*,' are taken from Poma de Ayala's account of her: his spelling is always strange and I do not know what the first word means—*cuna* is care, *Kamac* is the same as *Camac* creator.

As to Runa-Simi words:

The *Sweet-bones*, the lazy, were *Misques*.

Sodomy was *Amamappa*.

Huaua, sodomist, was one of the five forbidden words in Cuzco.

Huauasax, active sodomite.

Huauaska, passive partner. (There were various names in the various provinces.)

Or elsewhere:

Warnarpu, passive sodomite. Some think that well-formed youths were brought up in certain localities to be *warnarpu*, or others think for the purpose of being sacrificed. It is supposed that priests who had a physical defect of some kind were preferred to others.

Relative to the "particular way" of the N. Western cranial deformation, according to Rivero-Tschudi, an elongated skull occurred by nature amongst the Huancas, a north-west tribe of people. He contends that, as well as skulls distorted in infancy by the parents, the ancient skulls of Peru would seem to prove a lower type of skull than the normal: a perpetual anomalous phenomenon, which is wanting in all others but is characteristic of the ruminant or carnivorous animals, consists of an extension in length of the frontal bone of the parietals, the inter-parietal bone not being *Wormiana*, but like that of animals. As well as the intended deformities a certain flattening may have resulted from the uncushioned cradle. There is also found in Peruvian skulls a small bone between the sutures between the parietal and occipital bones, the so-called 'Inca bone' very frequent among Peruvian crania, but not peculiar to them.

The production of distinctive clan deformations, of which the Spaniards found various types, was forbidden by an Apostolic Bull in the sixteenth century.

The Festival of the valley of Palta was called *Akhataymita*. *Akha*, wine.

As to the conversation of the Chieftains the conversation is imaginary, but the matter is not so.

The Voice that praised the Incaic roads was Humboldt.

Guiseppe Bazzochi, in his book, *Vecchio Peru*, wrote that the Peruvians knew *Strychnus Castelnaii* from which they prepared *Huanyhampi*, a sulphide of arsenic.

That poisons were timed so exactly was asserted by Peruvians to Pedro de Pizarro, in his *Relacion* (Coleccion de Documentos Ineditos para La Historia de Espana, Madrid, 1844).

The sickness called *Uta* in Peru is Leishmaniosi.

Guiseppe Bazzochi calls the termites so used *Agrafes Incaici*.

The 'terrible affliction of the skin' referred to is Pseudomeloe.

As often I refer to magicians, diviners, and priests, I here give a list of some of the various kinds.

Moscocs are diviners of dreams.

Socyacs who foretold by grains of maize.

Hehecocs, those who foretold by coca.

Pachacucs, those who foretold from special spiders.

Hararicucs, those who foretold from guinea-pigs.

Chanchu, those who threw spells, even deathly ones on the enemies of their clients. They were supposed to be able to put a household to sleep whilst they drank to the last drop the blood of the enemy. Something like the *gettatori* of the Neapolitans.

Wilka. The high-class priests.

Hampua. The high-grade diviner.

Wih'sa. The worst kind of diviner, often deformed, or else incurable. A class permitted so to earn its food. They came mostly from the South of Cuzco.

Runatinguis. Wizards that prepared the love-philtres.

Virapircus, who burned animals and read fate in the ascending smoke.

Calparicus, who read the intestines of sacrificed animals.

And the *Caviacus*, who said: 'If we are drunk we can discover the most secret things!'

As to the death of Pachacútec, ninth Inca, according to Sarmiento he died at the age of 125.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER X, BOOK I

Yana-Cuna is the present-day Quichuan word for household servants. *Yana* is black and *Cuna* one who takes care.

VISION OF PERU

Although the poem 'Ollantay' may have had its origin in the reign of Túpac Inca Yupanqui, I have not written of it, as I do not believe it to be of native origin.

The final poem is translated from French, by the authoress, with the kind permission of Monsieur Rivet, whose translation is from Poma de Ayala's faulty Spanish rendering of a Runa-Simi unwritten poem. This, along with the illustrations, and with the song of the girl dying on the rock, is from *Nueva Corónica y Buen Gobierno* (Codex péruvien illustré).

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XIII, BOOK I

The prayer at the end of Chapter XIII, Book I is translated by the author from Geromino de Ore, *Symbolo Catholico Indiano*, Chapter 4.

By, presumably, the esoteric, the Sun was held to be three-fold. *Apo-Inti*, the Chief Sun, *Churi-Inti*, The Son-Sun, and a third which the author cannot trace to completion.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XIV, BOOK I

According to Payne, the legitimate son of Huayna Cápac was named Túpac-Cusi-Huallpa, The Sun makes Joy; and he was commonly called Huascar, The Chosen One.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XVI, BOOK I

Payne writes that the younger son was called *Tupac Atua-Huallpa*. The Sun makes good Fortune!

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives: '*Atahualpa* (*atahu*, Lat. *virtus*, and *allpa*, sweet.' The author here uses the two most usual versions of the name Atabalipa and Atahualpa.

The cross carried by Pedro de Candia when he landed is now in a Church in Piura, the church called *La Santa Cruz del Milagro* (the Holy Cross of the Miracle).

BOOK II

THE CONQUERORS

The Period of the Son

Ve con Dios, historia mia,
Salida de mis entrañas.
JUAN DE CASTELLANOS, *Elegias de Varones Ilustres de Indias*.

God speed my story,
drawn from my entrails.

.
Period when the triangle was put on the square flat unarched roofs
of Peru and the churches were builded.

.
Jesus and Christ, both these words are spelled with three letters in
Hebrew.

.
'There often arises a rivalry of three and four, particularly in the cases
of men, whether by chance or not I do not know.'

CARL JUNG, *The Integration of The Personality*, p. 198.

.
The essentially Christian virtues—the theological virtues—three.

.
Three—figure with a multitude of presentations in the realm of thought.

FOREWORD

THE waves of the Atlantic sang, and they sing, the song of Columbus. Thus are the verses and thus are the responses made from wave to wave:

'Mare Tenebrosum, Mare Tenebrosum, the Clouded Sea.'

Because it was said that, to the westward, a cloud lay on the surface of the sea.

Other waves outsing, outcry, contradict. Who say:

'Edrisi, Edrisi is our name; men called us so after the Arab Sherif, the Geographer.'

Greater waves, older waves, wiser waves shout instead: *'Atlantis, Atlantis, this is the name that will stand.'*

The land has vanished, is lost, the waters, instead, take up the name of Atlantic.

.

From Thames comes the Voice of Francis Bacon; he foretells: That the East and the West will fall into the lap of that race which shall command this ocean; this *Mare Oceanum*.

.

Now is the song of Colón:

He sailed for the West. Behind him blew the North-eastern, the summer Trade Winds; he sailed South and then steadily West.

Nothing diverted him from the course Westwards.

Others had turned aside, but Columbus held that the autumnal contrary winds, the South-western winds, must take rise from a body of land.

Columbus said: 'I have received from God the spirit of navigation.'

On his ship the sailors spoke threats against Cristóbal Colón, who looked then at his two reckonings, the one kept for himself, the other kept to show the seamen, and in the double reckoning was confusion so that Colón might keep secret the way in the new sea to the new earth. And he looked at his

puzzling, his magnetic needle, and he blamed the Polar Star when the needle seemed to fail the seamen. Boobies and other birds and low-lying clouds, but yet there was no land.

Columbus thought: 'Where is the country of Prester John?'

The waves told one another: 'Queen Isabel has pledged her jewels so that Colón may bring back tidings of Cathay.'

Cristóbal said: 'My desire is to learn the secrets of the world.'

The sailors saw him gaze upon the sky till he became as one besotted; they said:

'Let us throw him overboard now that he is inebriated.'

The waves sing: 'The sea brought him a branch covered with berries' (carried by foam as once olive by dove).

Afterwards, on the ship the watch-out cried, announcing the land.

(Later that watcher abjured Christ and died unrepentant in Barbary).

A voice in Rome will say:

'Signore Christoforo has made the world give birth to another world.'

Christofer said: 'I am the messenger to the New Earth. I bring the Islands tidings of the Spirit. I am *Christum ferens*, the bringer of Christ.

'If I find wealth I will send ten thousand horse and a hundred thousand foot equipped to wrest Jerusalem from the Infidel.

'I have seen Castilia cleared of the Unbeliever and I vow now to rescue Jerusalem.

'Isaiah and John of the Revelation announced the new heaven and the new earth which I have uncovered.

'I have found a place on the banks of a river which I believe is the earthly Paradise.

'And no man, but by the Divine Will, can reach it.'

Columbus said:

'My brother was wounded, I had fever, I feared disaster, I cried with a piercing voice to each in turn of the four points because I had hope of a ship.

'I fell into a faint of despair.

FOREWORD

'In my swoon I heard a voice reproving me, "Coward; I have not done more for Moses nor for David than I have done for thee."

' "The floodgates of the ocean were chained and locked, of those mighty chains I have given thee the keys.

' "Do not fear but have trust. Great sorrows are graven in marble, they are cut for a purpose, they remain.

' "Thy name will ring out over the world; I have given the Indies for thy portion."

In Europe a voice will say of Colón:

'He has doubled the works of creation; and he has garnished the coast of the fourth part of the world with the arms of Castilia and of Portugal.'

Columbus, the Admiral, is returning in fetters to Spain. When again he is free he will nail the handcuffs on to the wall of his room; he will keep them always.

He will order that they be buried with him.

'Mine eyes fill with tears whenever I think of the Coast of Pearls. They raped my pearls from me, and my good name.'

Beautiful was the handwriting of Christopher Columbus!

Columbus did not rescue Jerusalem but he sent the Word and the Sacraments into the New World.

He extended the living spirit of Spain and breathed it on to the primitive Adam.

The language of his choice is in the mouths of the children of the Western Adam.

The genius of Iberia is in their nostrils; he extended the confines of the spirit of Spain.

So that hundreds of years after him an Ethiopian of Spanish-America will say to Lorca the Poet:

'You, and I, of the Latin race.' . . .

Sick in Cuba, Columbus thought:

'Here at last is Cipango; I have touched the Continent.' And he called that Cape Alpha and Omega.

CHAPTER I

THE LITTLE TRIBUTE TO FRANCISCO DE VITORIA

Of the great wonder of a new world. Of the first utterance of a world-wide Law of Nations.

VITORIA was lecturing at the University of Salamanca during the years round about 1532. Frail Dominican friar, yet upon his shoulders will be built the Law of Nations, the International Law. He looks from beyond the class-room on to the New World, as Adam, gazing on the animals he is to name; fresh as a prime creation is the New World, and all the problems are at their fresh appearance. How should the conquered be treated by the conquerors; indeed should they be conquered? And have these eaters of other men, these sodomists, these naked self-killing pagans any rights? And have they souls and reason?

Frail and courageous Vitoria denies to Pope and Emperor all temporal jurisdiction over other princes be they Christian or Infidel. 'If,' he cried, 'Christ the Lord had not temporal power, so much the less has the Pope temporal power! The Pope is not Lord of the World!'

But still a hundred questions rise up; thinkers ask if a country can, with justice, refuse to admit strangers; have the newcomers a right to peaceful intercourse and to commerce? Vitoria answers that, provided no harm is done to natives of the land, nor to the land, those natives must not refuse to admit strangers and they must peaceably hear the gospel even if they do not receive the teaching; it would be an act of war to repulse or to expel an unoffending stranger. Some then asked if the Indians should not incur the penalty of being conquered if, after hearing it, they reject the truth of the Gospel. Vitoria said that he doubted this being a reason for conquest, but that whether it be so or not the Gospel has not yet been set forth in truth and beauty in the New World. 'I hear,' he sighed, 'of no miracles nor of the Christian pattern of life, but instead of cruelty, of scandals.'

Vitoria judged that force might rightfully be exerted against a cannibal people, and against such as make sacrifices of human beings. He said: 'I do not doubt that in order to remain the Spaniards needed to resort to arms, but I fear that this affair went further than was in accordance with right.'

And would Vitoria in the matter of slavery dare pit himself against Justinian, who said that some men, by nature, are slaves? Justinian said also that a slave could have nothing of his own. And should the men of South America, sinners and unbelievers, have a right to property? The firm voice of Vitoria answers that mortal sin does not hinder ownership, nor hinder dominion, the sun rises on the just and on the unjust; that even spiritual power is not lost because of mortal sin; many a sinful bishop validly consecrates priests, many a sinful priest validly consecrates the Host. Furiously the greedy argued that if being pagans and sinners did not debar the Indians from ownership, for sure their lack of wit, lack of reason, must nullify their claims. St. Thomas had said that irrational creatures cannot have dominion. To that Vitoria answered that the proof of reason is the power to choose; a child has not developed reason, that is to say the power of choice, but yet he has rights; and wards, although they be wards, may yet be owners; they may even succeed as heirs to property. And then, and at all times, the great man pushed the duty owed by the guardian, by the trustee, pushed it to a point higher than the point attained to even in this present day by those that hold empire. His charity admitted that the Indians were capable of receiving injury as is even an idiot, a madman, or a child; only animals are incapable of receiving injury. To kill a monkey is not murder. He said that the reasoning power in man is God's image, and that dominion rests on that image; and that he could not hold the Indians to be without reason even although they might sometimes appear so to be. He said, 'Even in Spain we find peasants who differ little from brutes. It is a snare of the devil to deny to the Indians immortal souls.'

So in Castilia men debated, and in the mountains of Chili the Auracans held debate. The Chief, after considering that a hundred and fifty Spaniards had subdued legions of Indians, wondered as to whether the Bearded were immortal. He

climbed a hill and looked down on the camp of the one hundred and fifty Spaniards and when he returned he deliberated with his warriors thus: 'Are they men as we are, or are they of another body, like the undying bodies of the moon and of the sun? Are they made of metal? Or do they feel fatigue, hunger and thirst? And what of the horses? Are they incorruptible, are they insensible to pain and fret of flesh?'

At last the Chief decided that the Spaniards were mortal; and pitted twenty divisions of his men against the few Bearded Men. The Auracans won, and the small Unconquered State, its soil 'Nourished by the bones of Spaniards,' was for long unsubdued.

'Have the Indians, breakers of the Natural Law, got human souls?' 'Have the white men bodies which are mortal and passible?' So in New World, so in Old World was questioned. Vitoria, faced by such newness, such strangeness, made plain the Divine Law and the Natural Law. He testified to a fundamental moral law supposedly known to man's very nature; that law of which St. Paul wrote to the Romans declaring it be recognised by the conscience of the Gentiles. This innate moral law was termed the Natural Law. Vitoria saw the State, a human temporal construction built on Natural Law and created by contract. He saw the community as a noble and a powerful aggregate of persons, to which community belongs Sovereignty. But since a multitude is less able to govern than is a single ruler, the community transfers its sceptre to a Cæsar, which king is bound by his own laws no less than is the people.

Beyond the State Vitoria acknowledged the Church, supernatural institution and the inspired exponent of the Divine Law.

The frail, suffering body of Vitoria supports the foundations of the New World; in some cases he follows Justinian and Aristotle, in others he differs from them, and Cajetan he sometimes follows and sometimes contradicts.

From the root of Vitoria sprang Grotius and the whole of Colonial and of International Law.

When Vitoria died he was mourned by the great and the lowly together; they said: 'We have put the light into the earth.'

CHAPTER II

THE LITTLE CHAPTER OF LEBRIJA, OTHERWISE CALLED NEBRIJA AND NEBRISSENSIS

Of the grammar; the Dictionary; the Complutensian Bible, and the Seven Parts.

IN time a little before Vitoria, but in vision as at the right hand of Vitoria, is Elio Antonio de Lebrija, who adds a wonder to the Annus Mirabilis, 1492, the year of the freeing of Christian Spain from Moslem domination; the year of the discovery of the New World.

Three thousand battles have been fought and now Captain Gonsalvo de Córdoba has won the final battle. Eight hundred years of war have vexed Spain; now is peace. The young men will turn to learning as well as to soldiering; some of the older men may still hold that for the manly fighting and adventuring are fit, but that learning is for clerks; yet one, grey-haired, aristocrat, at sixty years of age will master both Latin and Greek, and the Ladies of the Court of Isabel will study these tongues. So to fencing with the sword, to wheeling on the horse, to dancing and singing, to playing on the clavichord, the organ, the viola and the guitar, to improvising verse, to playing chess, to excellence of manners, will be added now some book-learning. Grammar will be added, rhetoric and logic, and a few rare books will be learned by heart. The fables of Æsop, St. Bernard's contemplation, a book or two by Sallust, and all the *Æneid* to be committed, line by line, to the mind's enstoring.

The Knight, for hundreds of years, had kept his war-horse stabled in his bedroom so the quicker to leap from his wife's side into the fighting; the village lads had grown up used to blood, playing at ball with some Moor's head thrown to them by a soldier returning from a fray; but now is peace.

Lebrija is profoundly moved by the glory of 1492; by the Fall of Granada he sees the religion of Spain purified; when the New World is discovered his thoughts breast the ocean and follow

the navigators to the West. He labours, he labours, because the seamen's adventure quickens his ideal of the Castilian tongue. He wishes the tongue to go with the discoverers. 'That,' Lebrija said, 'would be Empire.' He discerns language as the spiritual thing accompanying the material triumph; of Hebrew, Greek and Latin he is jealous, and he longs to give a permanent shape and structure to Spanish so that it shall endure. 'Castilian has reached maturity, there is more reason to fear for its decline than to hope for its growth,' he said. He wished to win men from novels and tales full of lies to the reading of nobler books. Lebrija vowed to send the word, the verb of Castilia, with the gospel into the New World.

He labours, he completes in 1492 the first Spanish grammar, building it up column by column alongside of the Latin structure; he labours, and soon after the grammar compiles the first Spanish dictionary. Under Cardinal Ximenes the Polyglot Bible with Hebrew, Greek, Latin and Spanish texts, is finished by Lebrija; the first Bible to be printed in Europe.

Castilian had been chosen by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel as the tongue of tongues; they spoke in that language when they entrusted the New World to the discoverers. The speech had spread to Navarre, to Aragon, to Italy, and Lebrija hoped that the Basques, the French, and even the Infidels would discover the structure of the Spanish tongue by means of his Latin-Spanish grammar.

It is assumed that Christopher Columbus had a first edition of Lebrija's grammar because that edition was found in the collection of Christopher's son. The grammarian, the idealist Lebrija, had taken the beautiful romance tongue, and had sent it speeding into the New World.

Before Lebrija was King Alphonso X, the Learned (who died in A.D. 1284), and he had had two especial loves. One was the Galician dialect, the tongue of the people of the North of Spain, a tongue known to St. Ferdinand, the Learned King's own father. The nurse of Alphonso must have spoken the grave Galician dialect and he chose it for the spiritual burden of his verse, knowing it to be well fitted for such song. When the King, companion of the exiled Provençal poets, the Learned King, died, by his own wish his Galician *Cantigas* were chanted over

his tomb, although his burial place was where that speech never had been spoken.

But the Learned King's other love was the language of Castilia, and he chose it from amongst the dialects and set it above the Galician, the Andalusian and the Valencian speech. Alphonso the Learned made that romance tongue the tongue of the nation. He entrusted to it his Code of Laws, The Seven Parts, the *Siete Partidas*. Alphonso was wise before his countrymen were ready for that much wisdom and his laws waited for over sixty years before they were established. But the language was sired by the Laws in the exactness of basic decrees. The Saint, father of Alphonso, had laid the foundation of the Laws, King Alphonso increased and developed them. The whole code of legislation of present-day Spain rests upon *The Seven Parts*.

The sire of the Castilian tongue was Law, the womb it sprang from was the Bible, for the Learned King had had the Bible translated into the national tongue. And this so nobly begotten speech of Castilia was the word that Lebrija took up, moulded and straightened, and set into definition. Then he sent it out in the grammar, in the dictionary, in the Polyglot Bible, far away into the fourth part of the World.

CHAPTER III

OF PIZARRO AND BALBOA

The words which Pizarro heard. Pizarro sails from Panama in 1524. The first Expedition. Biru. Port Hunger. Candelmas Bay. Port Quemado. Return North to Pizarro. Almagro's search for Pizarro, and the loss of his eye. Re-meeting at Chicamaya of Pizarro and Almagro. First dissension.

WORDS spoken by the son of the old Chieftain Comogro to Vasco Nuñez de Balboa and to Pizarro in a province near Darien, brought about the discovery of Peru. The young chieftain was watching some Spaniards in dispute over the division of his gift to them of gold. Two Spaniards that had fled from their ship to escape punishment due to them, and who, since their flight, had lived naked and painted with these Indians now translated the words of the Prince. 'You Christians set store on gold but not on images of gold, you have melted my gift into formless bars. You have left your women and your children, you must set great store upon gold. I tell you that I can lead you to a Kingdom of Gold; if I lie hang me upon this tree. But you must be many, over a thousand men, for there are stout kings to fight, and the distance from here is as six suns.'

The Prince of Comogro had pointed southward, had told them also of a great sea against which sea rested the kingdom of gold. Balboa cared little for the report of gold, but yearned towards the unknown sea which washed the coast of Ophir, he supposed, and the feet of the Queen of Sheba. Balboa, with stern Pizarro in his company soon sought and found the sea, but afterwards Pizarro hung for twelve years upon the Voice announcing the new kingdom. Words of Comogro's son, strangely timed; ten million other ears might have heard them without consequence. As moth to yucca plant so was this timely dependence, this exact correspondence.

In the Americas is the yucca, a plant with a sweet large white flower splashed purple. And when the yucca blossoms there

emerge, from cradling cases, little moths straw-coloured. They rise up, and mate, and the mothering moth flies to a male yucca-flower and gathers pollen from the anthers; then it flies to such another plant, but this time to the female flower, and pierces the pistil. The moth lays her eggs amongst the seeds to be, and plugs up the opening in the pistil with the pellet of pollen that she took from the anther of the male flower. If the flower so ripened does not become fertile the grubs of the moth will starve, but if the female flower has seeds there will be seed enough to feed the wingless moths as also to spread about the life of the yucca.

Balboa and Pizarro soon afterwards sought that sea; Fulvia, the dear Indian woman of Balboa, went with them to make peace for the Spaniards or failing peace to fight, for she was a strong warrior. Balboa's dog went too: 'He smells fierce Indians out from friendly ones. He has a right to a share of our spoils.' A thousand Indians followed, the Spanish Companions were just less than two hundred; this was in September, 1513. Marching, the men would think of the savage land behind them; of old women witch-watching over cauldrons where scorpions, snakes and black ants were being boiled together with poison-roots. Into this venom were dipped the Indian arrows and no cure for that prick was known to the white men, but death in the space of a day and a night.

For twenty-six days, instead of for 'six suns,' the men went forward. Fulvia told Balboa then that from a height beyond could be sighted the Waters. 'Remain here,' Balboa ordered, and whilst all the company stayed below Balboa climbed the upland and alone, from that vantage, saw the Pacific Ocean, the Great South Sea of his discovery; but could not know how great indeed it was. Soon he hailed his followers and the Christians joined him and sang out the *Te Deum*. Three days afterwards Balboa took possession of the Virgin Sea in the name of his king. The blood of Balboa leapt and sang in his veins as he entered the water: 'We are alike, we are alike—thou water, I blood—the same by the good of our saltiness and by the equal power of our thrust.'

For Balboa the consequence of the words of the son of

Comogro was the Pacific Ocean, and for Pizarro it was Péru. Four years after that Te Deum, his fateful, his disregarded star being ascendant, Balboa was beheaded.

The figure of Balboa as he pushes into the sea towers to mythic height; he embodies ancient parables. It is as though, following a Greek-Arab tale, Balboa heard the voice of the King's son that calls from the bitter depths: 'Loosen me, free me,' and promises riches for ever to his deliverer.

It is as though Balboa embodies the age-long dream about the wiseman, the hero who plunges into the abyss, into the belly of the whale. The discoverer of the Great South Sea takes on a vast significance, the fervent sword-bearer, as he cleaves, and names, and dedicates the water, figures a spiritual entity going forth to possess the chaotic-deep.

Eleven years must pass between the finding of the Sea of the South and Pizarro's start of the search for the Land of Gold; and eight years more must pass between the sailing of the First Expedition and the possession of the Kingdom by Goth-descended Pizarro. When first Pizarro sails he will be forty-nine years of age and inglorious. But in his mind, from his youth onwards, are two ideal figures; one is the Great Captain, Gonzalo de Córdoba; the other is his cousin Hernán Cortés. Pizarro broods upon the generalship of Córdoba, sees him as the begetter of the Spanish infantry and the founder of the School for Officers and as charged by the Monarch with the terms for the capitulation of Granada. The figure of the Captain in his black coat and white hat is Pizarro's genius. Hernán Cortés is akin to him by spirit and by flesh, for the mother of Cortés was a Pizarro. Well-fitted as moth to yucca is his name Pizarro for it resembles the Spanish word *bizarro*, high-spirited, generous, soldier-like; it resembles the Basque word for the *beard*. The Beard—the Bearded.

Before Pizarro could sail in search of Eldorado, the Golden, he saw Andagoya sail in 1522 towards where his own desire was set; saw Andagoya return baffled by the frightful journey

lthough he had sailed but a little way; Pizarro had to watch Andagoya entrusting to another captain a second voyage of discovery, and was perhaps glad to know of that captain's sudden death.

Pizarro had no money to outlay on a venture, but two men helped him: Hernando de Luque, the Vicar of Panama, and Diego de Almagro. Pizarro and Almagro put their small everything into the fitting of the Expedition whilst Luque was able substantially to assist them; he, besides, had influence with the Governor whose permission to adventure was now obtained.

Two vessels were fitted up, one of them Balboa had built in hope of this same voyage. Eighty men, or as some say over a hundred men, manned the ships; men without much to lose. They sailed towards the end of 1524. The first place where Pizarro threw anchor was in the River Biru; running through country which we now call Colombia. This place had been the limit of Andagoya's journey, and from Biru, it is supposed, came the name Piru, afterwards Peru. A question not understood received an answer wrongly interpreted; and Biru, the name of the chieftain of the Province, was put upon the sought-for often-reported Empire of Gold, which lay so much further south. By accident, as it seems, the Bearded Strangers fastened upon the Land of the Four Quarters a name so like the name of the adored Teacher, the god Vira—or Pirhua—that one must wonder if there be not a basic token, a necessary appellation, for people, and places, and things, a word necessary and timely as is moth to yucca.

When seventy days had passed since the leaving of Panama the sailors arrived at a bay they afterwards named Port Hunger. Wood and water was all that they found here and by now thirty-two men had died. But Pizarro urged the men: 'Sail South, sail South.' How fearful were the ten days between the leaving of Port Hunger and the return to that same place. The skies, bright till mid-day, became a roaring dome of thunder of rending lightning and of out-pouring rain; the towering waves broke high. There was lack of water on the ships, and lack of food, a few grains of maize from the cob was each man's fare. Pizarro kept a high heart; he thought

that he was coasting the Levant. Because along the coast there was forest only, the ships did not anchor, but sailed back to Port Hunger. From here one, Montenegro, was sent with half the men to fetch necessities from the Isle of Pearls. The return would be speedy, Pizarro thought, indeed he expected to see Montenegro back in ten days, or twelve, but instead forty-seven days of waiting tortured him and the men that had remained in Port Hunger.

Twenty-five or perhaps twenty-seven out of fifty men died in Port Hunger before the ship of Montenegro showed her returning sails. Bitter buds of the palm tree was their food, and shellfish, and broth made from some leather strapping on the ships, and the eating of poisonous berries killed many of the company.

Led always by Pizarro, nursed, upheld, encouraged by this tall, sullen-looking man, by his faith, his followers, those that were not too sick and weary, cut a path here and there seeking for food. One day, instead of the obscurity of the forest, densely dark, the men saw, far off, shining glistening leaves that caught the sunlight; dazzle of bushes, or of palms, glinting in a place cleared of the forest. The Spaniards pushed on, found a village, maize to eat, and Indians wearing gold. Of these Indians the Castilians captured two men. Here again Pizarro heard of the Empire further on, of gold and of silver, of woven stuffs, of cities, of food and of wine: 'Perhaps the land from whence had come the Queen of Sheba.'

Montenegro, storm-stayed, at last returned with great provision, saw horrified the haggard remnant of his friends, heard of the deaths, in agony of poisoning so for some; in tardy tedium of starvation so for others; then they all sailed again—forward for the South.

They are still coasting what we call Colombia. On February the second they sail into a cove. Because Pizarro has a Breviary the men know that this is the Feast of their Lady's Purification, or Candlemas. The sailors name the place *Puerto de la Candelaria* and they tell each other of the Song of Simeon and of the Light that lightened the Gentiles; they remember that the candles blessed in Spain to-day will be kept for sailors and for the sick.

If a man knocks at a door and another asks from within:

'Who is there?' then each will greet the other, the one by saying: 'Praise be to the Holiest,' the other by answering: 'For ever praise. Amen.' God's greeting for the morning and for the night and almost every sentence, every wish, every oath fraught with a Christian allusion—so was the custom of these men in that day.

Perpetually here the rain fell, and from the sodden earth rose vapours, all was so foul and wet that the Spaniards' clothing rotted with the perpetual rain; their armour rusted. Such miry warm wateriness as makes the skin break into sores, such muddy filth, such filth of sweat as kills a man's pride in himself.

Beyond Candlemas Bay is the bay we call *Octovia*, and this, or else a cove nearby, was the next anchorage of Pizarro, at that Burnt Port or *Puerto Quemado* as they called the place, naming it so because close by was a village, which the natives abandoned at the approach of the Spaniards, and here in the cooking vessels, mixed with other meats, were the hands and feet of men. Most horrid novelty to these adventurers although they had perhaps heard of *Caribs*, of the strong, fighting, man-eating savages.

Approaching this foul place, the companions must all have beaten on the trees and hailed the people, naming the King of Spain, taking the hamlet into his Sovereignty, for this was the custom of the Castilians in virgin places.

On a later day, behind *Octovia-Quemado*, Pizarro was attacked. Montenegro and his men were at a distance. Out-numbered, ignorant of the country, dismayed by the naked red-yellow painted roaring barbarians, pierced by arrows, amid the yells and clamour of the barbarous, anguished to see Pizarro seven times wounded, so fought the Spaniards. Three terrors at last drove back the Indians. The first was the terrible valour of Pizarro; at once the savages had seen that he was Captain and therefore he was made their target, but his courage cowed them. The second terror was the sharp blades of Toledo and Bilbao; the third was the silence of the Bearded. To the Caribs' shrill war-cries the Strangers opposed a voiceless fight and that unwonted mortal quietness undid the Colombians.

Pizarro fell, but in a moment was on his feet again supported

by the nearest of his men. Montenegro with his ship-fellows arrived at last to the relief.

Because of the many wounded, because of worm in the timbers of the ship, and because of the outcry of his men Pizarro allowed the return to Panama. The ship was to be made secure and the treasure to be shown to the Governor; and more supplies were to be bought. So the ship sailed North, but until he shall have discovered *The Golden* Pizarro has no heart to see Panama; to prove his vision he sent the gold to the Governor, but himself with many of his men stayed at Chicamaya, west of the Isle of Pearls.

Meantime, in a small vessel Diego de Almagro hunted along the unknown coast for his companion. Saw in the trees notches cut, which sign was the agreed-on token; anchored in the places where Pizarro had been; found golden vessels and ornaments in the villages, much more than Pizarro had found. Almagro was attacked near Quemado from a palisaded village. Furious for the honour of Castilia Almagro flung forward with fire and sword. And here Roldan drew from the socket of Diego's eye a splinter of javelin-shaft flung by the enemy, and won Almagro's eye as quartering for his shield. Nevertheless, Diego, half-blind, sailed on South in search of Pizarro. He found gold, and sailed as far as Rio de San Juan (still in Colombia), a sown place next to water.

Then, grieving for Pizarro, Almagro turned back; at last, at Chicamaya, the two men clasped one another.

But soon the first recorded quarrel broke out between Pizarro and Almagro.

CHAPTER IV

SEED OF DEATH

Description of Almagro. The Engagement, March, 1526. The second Expedition. Ruiz is taken as navigator. Landing at San Juan. Almagro returns to Panama. Pizarro remains. His hardships. Ruiz crosses the Equator. He meets the raft from Tumbez. Return of Almagro and Ruiz to Pizarro at San Juan. They sail South again. Island of Gallo. Landing at San Mateo. The Second Quarrel.

CONSIDER Diego de Almagro, of short stature, illegitimate or foundling, named after the town Almagro, in Mexico. Around his childhood lay heroic country, the Campo, the Field of Calatrava where, for hundreds of years, an Order of religious knights were under vows to strive against the Moors. The people here were clean of infidel blood, the caste was chaste; indeed the word for *caste* and for *chaste* is, in Spanish, the same. All the colours and shades of nobility are precious to the Castilian and Almagro, nurtured amongst vast traditions, was ennobled by them. Because of his great deeds some believed that he must have been of an ancient family, but Montesinos said that Almagro was 'Son of his own deeds,' and said that of that same begetting and conception had been born many another hero. Another Voice spoke as if for Almagro, saying: 'Sir, your Lordship is a very great gentleman, and so, before you, were your fathers. I and my right arm whom I now take for my father, are nobler than you and all your line.'

Diego de Almagro was passionate, generous, quick and sanguine. He had fled Spain in boyhood because, for some woman, he had stabbed a youth. He was older probably than Pizarro and was now well past fifty, nearer sixty, years of age; yet he was about to start on his great endeavour at the end of which, some ten years later, lay his tragic unjust death. He could not read nor write, nor could Pizarro (but Cortés in Mexico signing the death warrant of a Spanish soldier had sighed: 'Who having this to do would not wish that he could not write?').

At Chicamaya sprang up, for the first time, between Pizarro

and Almagro the hatred that at last wrecked them both. The hatred sprung of that ambition which made of all Peru too small a thing for these two men to share. The quarrel came about because the Governor of Panama blamed Pizarro for the heavy loss of Spanish lives wasted on the Southern expedition. At first the Governor refused to allow another expedition, but finally consented to Luque's importunity, but on condition that Almagro should command the second expedition as equal with Pizarro, which condition irked Francisco.

Then followed the Engagement made between Fernando de Luque, Pizarro and Almagro, the sharing out of that country as yet undiscovered, unwon; its existence founded only on hearsay, on the report of Indians. So solemn was the covenant of faith made towards one another, and of honesty, and that each would carry through the undertaking right up to its accomplishment, that it was made in the name of God and the Four Evangelists, an oath signed with the Sign of the Cross, and solemnised by the partaking of the Host by the three men, the wafer being broken into three. Subscribed by Luque only; two respected persons signed for Pizarro and Almagro because, as has been said, they were unable to write.

The word Peru is now for the first time used. An Expedition to Peru is trumpeted, a call is made for men to join the Captains. In Panama at first was heard, loud as the promised wealth and honour, the phantasmal rattle of fifty skeletons left in the forest from amongst the two hundred men who first adventured. But at last about a hundred and sixty men joined the two leaders; most of that number was made up of the former companions of Pizarro on the First Expedition; haggard still but unbroken. Two new ships, arms, provisions and some few horses were taken. Bartholomew Ruiz went with them. He was a navigator, come from Moguer, whence had came many of the sailors that voyaged with Columbus. Ruiz was of Andalusia, the gay, sky-favoured kingdom, fertile and rich; where the men are amorous and full of jests and exaggerations, less Gothic than the Castilians, who despise them as being, so the Castilians say, half Moorish. Like Easterners, the Andalusian women know the convenience of sitting on the floor although the right-handed place on the couch or sofa is honourable for the guest.

The Romans spoke with respect of Boætia, the ancient Andalusia.

Ruiz does not put into any of the ports that had been terrible to Pizarro and to Almagro when he groped his way round the coast like the searching figure in a terrible Blind Man's Buff; instead Ruiz sailed straight for Rio de San Juan, the port which had been the limit of Almagro's southern search for Pizarro.

At San Juan the ways of Pizarro, of Ruiz and of Almagro divide; Almagro has the lightest task, that of returning to Panama with display of gold ornaments found in the habitations of San Juan. He must bring more men, and provisions of live pigs, poultry and the rest. Pizarro was again to stay, to wait, there by the river; Ruiz was to sail further South to discover the Empire of the Incas.

The Indians had told the interpreters of Pizarro that near by was a pleasant place for encampment. He found instead: 'Always mountains with trees up to the sky.' In their armour, in the wet heat were the mountains to overpass, the darkness of the virgin forest; and hunger. Some Spaniards were killed outright by Indians; more unhappy were fourteen of the companions stranded in a boat on the banks of a river and taken by the Indians to die some horrid death. When, turning their backs on the howling monkeys and on the caimans and boa-constrictors, the Castilians again sought the coast the torment caused by the mosquitoes was so terrible that the men dug holes and sat in them covered to the chin in sand.

Almagro had fared well and was returning to Pizarro with eighty or more men, newcomers to Darien; dizzy now by the sight of gold and by the tale of Ophir. Men full of the wine of old ballads; often, according to a Spanish wont, speaking to one another in verse; excited by reading the adventures of Amadis of Gaul; nothing for such as these could be too hard. The best of the men were fired probably by some sense of honour particular each to himself, his honour rooted in something each man had promised himself he would do, or win, or be.

On this journey Ruiz sighted a balsa; a floating-sailing raft, the only vehicle he had seen upon these waters to carry a sail. The vessel was a rough construction, but aboard Ruiz saw pots

of gold and silver and fine stuffs of wool. Then he heard of the port from which the raft had come, rich in timber, in the cattle of the country, rich in all things. Ruiz took with him a few of the Indians from the raft that they might learn Spanish and serve as interpreters. One of these Indians later on was named Filipillo. After that Ruiz sailed—the first white man to do so—over the Equatorial Line. Having that far extended the sceptre of Spain, Ruiz sailed back to Pizarro.

Woven into a piece of the precious stuffs taken from the raft surely was the shape of a llama. Seeing the design of the strange, long-necked, camel-seeming animal, Pizarro must have felt extreme joy, even as one who knows a vision to have been prophetic; as one who knows that his prayer has been granted. For stamped on the mind of Pizarro was this very form, this unlikely creature. Because, some ten years before this time, a chieftain, a friend of Balboa, had pulled the leaf of an aloe and, on a piece of it, had drawn the same outline. 'That is the beast of the Four Quarters,' he had said.

Soon after the arrival of Ruiz, Almagro also dropped anchor at San Juan. Was this the time, when were brought along with the other provisions, five oranges only, which few yet seemed a feast? Less than a finger of the fruit for each man to hold a moment in his mouth in remembrance of the orange-groves of Spain.

Surely Ruiz must have had a compass, that 'adamant stone, by virtue of which the Indians heard of Jesus Christ,' as says a Voice of the day. In Mozambique Vasco de Gama had met Moors who sailed by this compass or needle. Years after the navigation of Ruiz, Acosta visiting Peru will say that: 'It is of consequence to understand the declining or coasting of the needle or else navigators will stray wonderfully in their course. For my part I would gladly know why a little iron touched with adamant stone receives such virtue that it looks always towards the North and understands sundry climates.' So far Acosta.

Now, made joyful by the provisions of Almagro and by the good news brought by Ruiz, the companions of Pizarro forgot their dead, their hurts, their past famine, and they no longer clamoured to return to Panama, but instead, led always by Pizarro, whom nothing had overcome and who had not in the

multitude of mishaps ever failed or flagged, they pushed out again on to the Pacific into a whirl of storm.

Then they rested on the island of Gallo and, unmolested by the Indians, repaired their ships and afterwards sailed to a bay on the mainland which bay they named St. Matthew.

Pizarro, later on, cried out with an anguish as great as that which Columbus voiced to his brother: 'Miserable,' said Pizarro, 'are we who harass and wear out ourselves to gain strange empires and kingdoms which neither we nor our children shall enjoy. We know not who shall come by them.' Pizarro was ill-fortuned by his delay along the useless shores of Colombia and Equador, poisoned by the swamps, appalled by the awful architecture of the mangrove trees, by the devouring tribesmen and the fever-giving flies. Thus far he had not reached the ordered Empire of the Incas although now, at San Mateo, the Spanish were in a portion of the country newly added to that Empire. Here big villages and sown places were seen and emeralds found, but the hostility of the people made a sojourn in this place impossible. There was a fight. The Indians greatly outnumbering the Spaniards fell upon them. The event which saved the Bearded Strangers was a fall from his horse of Pizarro—or of a nameless soldier. When the savages saw the monstrous new creature thus in two divided but yet alive and each part moving they fell back in terror, and the Spaniards gained the shore and the ships.

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Saved by a chance, by *ventura*; as luck would have it—by chance so much esteemed by the Castilians, though by the Saxon looked on, by some twist of vision, as a forbidden thing (yet the Apostles drew lots). And in Saragossa the city-fathers were chosen partly for their merits, partly by luck. The names of worthy men, written on parchment, were put into wooden balls, and the wooden balls into a bag. A child, of not more than ten years of age, chose a ball and he whose name was enclosed was called to office. 'Give your son luck,' says Spain, 'and throw him into the sea.' The pious father prays: 'God give thee luck, my son'; the poet Molina sings: 'God give thee luck, son, it will bring all the rest.'

And the Cid sat himself on a carpet and threw the dice, and three throws brought the number six on top to show the victory that was to be. But the Cid despised himself for he had no need to ask the dice the outcome of the fight that was before him. Where the carpet was, to-day is Monte Carlo.

By a chance Pizarro, thrown off his horse; blessed chance blessed luck! Loyola at about this same time knew the worth of chance and left to chance whether he should go after the Moor and kill him or turn and ride the other way. The Moslem, versed in the Book of Prophets, must have agreed with Ignatius as to the sinlessness of Mary; maybe he quoted from *Bukhari* the text which says that as each child of Adam is born the devil, at the moment of the birth, touches its body, at which touch the child cries out; only of all mankind, Mary and Jesus were not so touched. Nor had the Moslem demurred at Mary giving virgin birth, but he would not accept Loyola's assertion that in spite of the birth she had remained virgin, that the child had leaped from her belly. Did chivalry to Mary, did honour demand the blood of the Moor? Loyola let the reins drop on the neck of his stallion; the creature should decide. It took a path away from that which the Moslem had chosen. Events beyond the life or death of the Infidel were involved in the luck-choice of the road which led to Rome.

Now came the second discord between Almagro and Pizarro. The followers all said that return should be made to Panama; the adventure was impossible of execution. The Indians here were war-painted savages who would oppose them at every port. But Almagro said there must not be a general return to Panama because many of the companions would be arrested for debt. Their creditors had given them but this last chance. He with one ship would return taking the good news of Tumbez, and the emeralds and the woven stuffs as show; fresh recruits would follow him back to Pizarro. Meantime Pizarro should find some safe place wherein to await the return of the ship.

At that Francisco cried that coming and going by vessel, free of hunger and of anguish, was sweet indeed for Diego, but that

for a third time he and his followers should be left to famish was bitter for them. Almagro wounded in his pride and honour shouted that he would stay, Pizarro should go North. Then the Captains, hand on sword, lunged towards one another. Ruiz and someone else parted them. Soon the two leaders appeared to be reconciled but in each of them was now sown the seed of his death. Some years hence the brother of Francisco Pizarro will wreak a felon's death upon Almagro and this shameful death his son Diego Almagro el Mozo, will avenge by the violent last agony of the Conqueror Pizarro.

CHAPTER V

THE TREMENDOUS CHOICE: THE GLORY OF PUERTO SANTO

Discontent on Gallo. The Governor orders the Expedition to return to Panama. The tremendous choice. Pizarro and his companions build a raft and reach Gorgona. Return of Ruiz. Landing at Tumbez. The Woman of Puerto Santo. Pizarro returns to Panama.

BOTH ships sailed northwards. But now, places where no Indians or but a few and friendly had before been seen abounded with enemies, for the word had gone out against the Spanish. The island of Gallo seemed to be the only safe landing-place.

But when the men heard that some of them must stay waiting on the island they cried out in desperation; the bitterest part of their complaint was they would die in an unholy place and that no consecrated earth would receive their painful dust. Somehow compelled to stay, those that were doomed to remain wrote letters of complaint and supplication to friends in Panama, but these messages Almagro, in Panama, found and destroyed. Only one soldier, slyer than the rest, wrote saying that the men were being sacrificed to the ambitions of the Captains; this letter signed by several malcontents the soldier hid in a ball of cotton which had been set aside for presentation to the wife of the new Governor of Panama. A verse at the end of the letter became the delight of the colonists in Panama, who already jested at the faith that Father Luque put into this enterprise. Father Luque *à loco*—or mad, so they punned. The verse ran:

Pues Señor Gobernador
mirelo bien por entero
que allá va el recogeder
y acá queda el carnicero.

Lord Governor use well your eyes
look well so as to recognise
that to you travels the sheep-drover
whilst here is waiting the sheep-butcher.

Soon after Almagro had sailed, Pizarro sent off some of the troublesome men, and ordered that, at Panama, they should have repairs made to the ship they were manning. So without a ship, the men, famished and incessantly wet by deluge of rain, waited at Gallo with Pizarro. Unexpectedly a Captain called Tafur arrived; he was in command of two vessels sent by the angry Governor of Panama; he brought ample provisions, and the order that Pizarro and all his men should return to Panama; the letter in the ball of cotton, as was intended, had reached the Governor.

In this moment, unexpected, dreadful to Pizarro, to whom nothing whatever was dreadful so long as he was not baulked or prevented in the accomplishment of his destiny, came a letter from Luque and Almagro: 'Hold fast; do not despair; do not return to Panama; wait only and all shall be well.'

Then fell that great moment of the life of Pizarro which by some mean Voices is denied him. The moment when Pizarro spoke by the symbol in the sand, when he cut into the sand with his sword the line heroic of his resolution. A Voice tells how with notable animation, with the point of his sword he drew a line from the East to the West. Then he turned towards the South of the drawn line and pointing said: 'Friends and comrades, to the South is death, labour, hunger, and nakedness, rainstorm and desertion; the Northern side of the line is the side of safety; to the North is Panama and poverty; on the South—Peru and wealth. Choose that which best befits a Castilian.' At that Pizarro crossed the line to the southward—to death and labour, to Peru and wealth. And he was followed by Bartholomew Ruiz, native of Moguer, and by Pedro de Candia the Greek. Eleven other men crossed the line. At that the Voice of Montesinos sings rather than says the names of the eleven others that had more expectation of death than of wealth, that were encircled by the greatest labour which the world can offer to man. Impelled by honour these followed their Captain and leader; exemplars of loyalty to the ages to be. The eleven other names are Cristobal de Peralta, Domingo da Soria Luce, Nicolas de Ribera, Francisco de Cuellar, Alonso de Molina, Pedro Alçon, Garci de Jerez, Anton de Carrion, Alonso Briceno, Martin de Paz, Juan de la Torre. These

Castilians had the idea that it befits a man to be rich; to gain riches by adventure; and that gold is the only wealth, just the sheer metal to be spent or to be hoarded but not to be a means of trade or enterprise.

Tafur sailed away; he did not leave even a boat to those disobedient, reluctantly he left them a small store only of provisions. Ruiz had been sent with Tafur to Panama by Pizarro to confer with Almagro and Luque. Then on a raft which they built the thirteen faithful men of Pizarro somehow reached the island of Gorgona, some twenty-five leagues North of Gallo and about five leagues from the coast. Sailed on this sea dangerous to navigation where the current runs strongly towards the mainland, and giant calms make the journey melancholy and long; the very word *engorgonarse*, to be engulfed, is probably derived from Gorgona.

But once reached it was a better place than had been the Island of Gallo. This island rose loftily above the sea, some coconut palms were there and game; birds good to eat, and rodents. There was wholesome water. The colour of the sea-water here is often azure, the beach is of coral, and clean brooks run along pebbled courses. But the Spaniards were mazed by the almost unceasing storms that raged more loudly by day than by night. The thunder pealed hour after hour, the clouds burst about the Castilians and lightning shattered the spaces, for Gorgona is the very trumpet of the storm. Rollers reared up twice as high as a tall man; the air played pranks on the Castilians, showing them things far and far away, refracted by the light.

The men builded huts that they might shelter from the almost incessant rain; the winged insects swarmed about them. The melancholy sameness of the unchanging seasons was sorely oppressive to men in whose homeland was growth of blossom, almond and orange-flower, and the change of the bud into nut; or into fruity globe; and the change of grape to wine. The men of Estremadura had been accustomed to the sweet pasture-thyme transformed into honey-pot; those from the rough thorn-woods bordering the waters of Biscay had known the brief season when the woods of thorn rejoice: a vernal change

graced even the harsh iron-harbouring Biscayan land. On Gallo the Castilians had but two novelties to gladden them: one was the change of the stars at night, for, unlike the here-below unchanging green of palm and tree, the skies hereabove were lovely in variety; successive constellations gladdened the heavens just as they made gay the skies of Castille. The other change to enjoy was the altering aspects of the seasons of Holy Church, and besides, the joyful, the sorrowful, and the glorious Mysteries of Rosary contemplation. Then the diurnal refreshment of the saints'-days; to-day the memory of an unlettered slave; to-morrow that of a learned Confessor; feast of virgin-martyr; feast of a harlot-repentant; the movement from a holy queen to a robber converted. The men kept Fasts and Feasts, they gave thanks to God each morning and sang the *Salve Regina* every evening. So the Spanish proverb came true:

Si quereis saber orar
aprended à navegar.

If thou wouldst know how to pray
Learn to sail.

But in spite of prayer and praise the seven months in Gorgona were long months; Herrera says that the anguish of these men was so great that they became illuded and when they saw heavy weed in the sea-waters they would mistake the dark mass for a ship.

The Pacific Ocean is not a boisterous ocean but these here-about coastal parts are (as a modern writer says of Gorgona) 'a constant trigger for electric storms.' Also may the law of water be remembered, how that, in open ocean, the tide is but an alternate rise and fall of the wave, and that the wave travels although the water does not travel; the sea-bird proves this law as she rises and falls on the waves that pass below her. The bird is not swept or carried forward, nor does she bob straight up and down, instead she moves in a closed curve almost oval in form. But the tidal wave, at its strongest in the southern part of the Pacific, travels at a thousand miles an hour, ten times as fast as wind in high hurricane; did the water travel at

this rate the universe would be wrecked. It is partly the speed of the waves that cause the violent surfs which often impede or quite prevent landing to be made along the coast. From trough to crest the wave gigantic; the top of the racing wave, moving quicker than moves the bottom of the wave, rears up in speed and violence to await the retarded following of its lower part.

Pizarro must have known the lovely bay afterwards called Solano in honour of the Peruvian saint, Francis Solano. That finest natural harbour of the Pacific Ocean is different entirely from the harbours of Colombia or of Equador; those other ports smell of the swamp below the naked opposing roots of the unfruitful mangrove tree. The waters of the many bays are dark and miry whilst at Solano the sea is of utmost blue, of ultra-marine, of lapis lazuli. The horny branching stag-coral proves that the harbour is free of coastal current. Storms do not vex the quietness. And in the early morning sometimes is seen Chimborazo snow-wrapt, pictured on the rays as though quite close to Solano although the mountain is a hundred and fifty miles away from the bay.

At last Ruiz arrived at Gorgona with one vessel only and without reinforcing men. The new Governor had forbidden that any should be recruited but, urged by Father Luque, he had given permission for Pizarro to sail south and ordered that he must be back in Panama in six months' time. Ruiz brought some stores and arms.

Two of the faithful thirteen followers of Pizarro to Gorgona, because they were ill, had to be left with friendly Indians on the island. Pizarro would call for them on his return north; the rest of the men said: 'Goodbye to Hell'—for so they called Gorgona. The natives of Tumbez whom Ruiz had taken from the treasure-laden raft now went south with Pizarro. The light wind blowing from the South and the currents caused the journey to be slow; they crossed the Equinoxial line and passed Point Pasado, which place had been the term of the former exploration of Ruiz; they sailed now on a virgin sea until they stayed in the Gulf of Guayaquil (they were therefore still alongside of Equador, not yet in, as we should say, Peruvian waters). Now were made the landings of which the Inca

Huayna Cápac received tidings, the landing, that is, of the Castilian Alonso de Molina—one of the thirteen—accompanied by his African that carried the cock, and also the landing, up-river at Tumbes, by the Greek Pedro de Candia, on whom the wild-beasts had fawned and who saw vessels of gold even in the kitchen of the fort, the stew-pots and the cauldrons. Pizarro refused gifts of gold and made his companions do the same: 'We have come to bring the Gospel not to take their gold.' The Indians were very friendly to the Bearded Strangers whom they saw perhaps, not only as the fulfilment of a foretelling, but as men marked out above the rest; saw as did Michael Angelo, when he imaged Moses with horns exalted, or as the English poet, with his hope that man will find again the noble horn of the head; he knew that, meanwhile, the beard must fill the office of the horn.

There was at Puerto Santo, beyond Tumbes, a rich noble native woman and she invited Pizarro and his friends to eat with her; and she sent Indians as hostages to remain on board whilst the Bearded were on shore. The branches of trees had been knit and tied together with festoons of flowers, there was scent and colour and pleasing food, fruits unknown to the Iberians, and fish. And dancing afterwards of the Indians. Then, elated, Pizarro to the woman of Puerto Santo told of God; explained the majesty of Castille and Leon; and leaping on a log unfurled the flag, the eagle and the towers, and the king's astounding device: *Plus Ultra*.

The food, the cheer, the kindness, the noble Indian woman, the laughing others, the presents refused, the high hope of being gospel-bearer, the passion of loyalty to the King; all these evoked Pizarro's proclamation and impelled him to declare The Creed and The Crown.

Seems to have come now to Pizarro the diadem—the reward of his sufferings; in that illumined hour he might have sung the *Song of Chamay*, the song of the first Ayar, sung amongst the rainbows:

'I am satisfied;
I am rejoiced.'

I see no other hour in his life grace-filled as this one. The Castilians that barred the road to the Moors are about him,

and those that had saved Christ at Le Panto. Those that had found this New World, and those who after measureless sufferings will people it; those that in Spain were growing up, or grown already, to be the glory of Christendom; Calderon of the seventy poems to the Supreme Sacrament; Saint Theresa pierced, transverberated by love; Saint John of the Cross travelling the threefold path in a new night; and Luis de Leon, in prison like a caged nightingale, the nightingale of a jailer who has turned its darkened cage to the wall that it shall sing the clearer. All the glory of the Castilia of just then, and of just afterwards; the painters and the poets—Pizarro, for an hour that night in Puerto Santo, was of their company.

A peasant child on Feast Day, lapped in sleep, in the Kingdom of Leon, with darkening eyes under the dropping lids will make a last stare at the crimson sunset of the velvet-red bodice of his mother. Dreams drift cloudily out of her embroidered apron, all worked with birds and flowers and stars. Wingéd mama, flowery mama, starry mama of the embroidered pinafore, of the sash tied behind, of the golden wrist cuffs. All that wealth and lap-of-love on the Sunday, on the Feast Day. So this place, this time, just this night was, for Pizarro, set apart from his laborious unspiritual works, lifted up as is the Sunday of Leon from the week-days of Leon.

Juan de Molina, and another, had begged to be left behind in this unlettered place; life would never again offer itself to them merry and simple as a milk-lamb. The rest of the Castilians sailed off from Tumbez back to Panama, but on the ship a man from amongst those that had supped with her went mad for love of the noblewoman of Puerto Santo.

CHAPTER VI

THE BROTHERS

Pizarro goes to Spain, Spring of 1528. He leaves Spain, January, 1530. The third dissension between Almagro and Pizarro.

THE Governor, Pedro de los Rios, said he would not have men's lives thrown away to gain a few specimens of gold and silver. This brought all treaty to an end, so it was decided that the unwilling Pizarro must go to Spain to put the cause of a Third Expedition before Charles V. Pizarro was better suited to the exactions of the Court than was Almagro, indeed Almagro urged that Pizarro should be the one to tell of their common suffering in the search for Peru. Father Luque was uneasy, he begged that both partners should go to Spain. A quick prayer escaped him that neither man should deprive the other of that other's due reward. Pedro de Candia is said to have gone with Pizarro, sailing in the Spring of 1528. Pizarro met his kinsman, Cortés, come back from Mexico; these men, each of whom for hundreds of years had been foretold by Voices of the New World, these sons of prophecy, embraced each other at the feet of Our Lady of Rabida; which Lady had been invoked also by Christopher Columbus.

Pizarro, dignified by earnestness, by devotion to his destiny, was not ill at ease when he came before the Emperor-King at Toledo. Toledo, the chief city in the time of the Goths and, since the defeat of the Moors, consecrated as the Church's capital for all Spain; Toledo, where the clerks had earlier gone, as to Paris for art, as to Orleans for the classics, so here for the science of the devils; for morbid nights of necromance; at privileged Toledo where since the twelfth century every man might ride and be as a knight; Toledo of the purest spoken Castilian, so that Alphonso the Learned ordered that, in any debate as to the exact meaning of a word, the dispute was to be settled in accordance with the usage of the word in Toledo; Toledo, of which a poet says that it is the visible language of the angels, the speech used by angels when they try to communicate with man.

When Pizarro told the tale of the loyal men of Gallo, the King was moved to tears. He created the faithful twelve men, for one had died on Gorgona, Hidalgos, and Caballeros.

The Voice of Huerte in 1575 said that by the Law, the *Partida* of Alphonso the Learned, it is made clear that the Hidalgo are the *Hijo d'algo*, the sons of a somebody, the Sons of Fortune. This, says Huerte, does not designate them as sons of material wealth, as there are uncountable poor gentlemen and innumerable rich men who are not gentlemen. Hidalgo designates the heirs of virtue; Castilia has charged the word with the meaning that it carries. So far Huerte. Ruiz was named Grand Pilot of the Southern Sea. To Francisco Pizarro was granted the eagle and towers of his shield, and Tumbez would be quartered, and he was created a knight of the Order of San Iago.

Pizarro went to Estremadura and gathered his four brothers about him. Fernando the elder brother was the legitimate son and was but half-brother to Francisco and Gonzalo as also to Francisco de Alcantara who were of the same mother as Francisco Pizarro; the other illegitimate brother was Juan Pizarro. These brothers Pizarro took to the New World with him, as well as a kinsman Pedro Pizarro who wrote a history of the Third Expedition.

Certain conditions and regulations were made as to the provisioning and the seaworthiness of the three ships which were to convey Pizarro with a stipulated number of followers to the New World. Pizarro could not raise the required number of men within the six months' time granted by the Charter, so he sailed away quickly to avoid trouble with the Government. Hernando mendaciously told the officers representing the King's part in the agreement that, reckoning the men who had already left in the first vessel, the requisite number had been found.

On Pizarro's arrival at Panama came the third dissension between Pizarro and Almagro. Almagro had been raised to the rank of Hidalgo and put in command of the Fort of Tumbez; a yearly sum of money was awarded him but in comparison with Pizarro whose monetary reward was more than twice that of Almagro and who, beside other offices and dignities, was

named Governor and Captain-General of Peru, Almagro's share was paltry. Stung in his sense of honour, Almagro cried out bitterly asking Pizarro how could he thus have dealt with that friend who had shared in hardship, and in danger, and in the cost of the endeavour; and this defection in spite of the promise that Almagro should reap like for like with him: 'I am dishonoured in the eyes of the world by a reward that rates my service to the King as nothing in comparison with your service.'

At this time some men thought that Pizarro could have furthered the just cause of Almagro, others excused him by saying that the monarch insisted on Pizarro leading the new Expedition and on honouring him above all the rest.

Pizarro now excused himself to Almagro, promising to share all good things with him; he ended by asking: 'Is not the Empire which we shall find large enough for us both?'

CHAPTER VII

HERNANDO DE SOTO AND HIS MARE

The Third Expedition. Pizarro sails, January, 1531. The Landing at San Mateo. The March towards Tumbez. The Fight at Puna. Meeting with Belalcaçar and Hernando de Soto and others. The tragic change of Tumbez.

ALMAGRO undertook again to remain in Panama to order the supplying of the Expedition. Every man of the hundred and eighty voluntaries received the Blesséd Sacrament and was urged to christianize the pagans. And now Pizarro sailed away with them early in the year 1531. The number of men was smaller than that prescribed by the Crown; most of those that accompanied Pizarro had left Spain with him bent on this venture; some others from Nicaragua had joined the Expedition, and a faithful remnant of the former companions made up the total. Twenty-seven horses, presumably stallions, were shipped.

Pizarro wished to return to the wealth and the good reception of Tumbez to hearten his men in that pleasant place, and then go forward into the land of promise. Because of the ever-blowing southern wind, or of some other adverse condition, the ships, instead, put in at San Mateo. Tumbez was about sixty-nine miles distant (as by a hawk's flight). The now necessary march southward was hampered by the rent and rifted mountainous country, by flooded rivers, by torrential watery places which must be overswum or somehow forded on rafts constructed upon the spot. Pizarro carried the sick on his shoulders; he waded to and fro there where the water was not too deep. Coaqui was reached; a big village rich with store of emeralds and of ornaments and utensils of gold and silver. The invariable custom of Pizarro was that all gifts received or booty taken should be massed together, and when the King's Fifth had been set aside the rest was divided in a proportional share, agreed upon beforehand. Although most probably Pizarro did not know that such was the case, the custom of the King's

Fifth was derived from Moslem law. Francisco Pizarro was very loyal to this exaction: 'If you cannot pick it up with your hands, pick it up with your teeth,' he said. The treasure was therefore now stacked up so to be divided. Here, and afterwards elsewhere, many emeralds were sacrificed between hammer and anvil by the Castilians as they tested the resistance of the precious stones, because the strangers had the mistaken idea that real emeralds and turquoise are unbreakable. To allure youth to the Expedition all three ships now, or soon afterwards, were sent back to Panama with news of the wealth of Coaqui and with the allotted treasure as testimony. It has been recorded that Pizarro on this approach to Tumbez did what was possible for the conversion of the Indians; a Dominican priest was with the Expedition. The ideal that Vitoria voiced: 'That no obstacle be placed in the way of the Gospel,' seems at this point to have been more or less realised.

On the continued march towards Tumbez the Castilians suffered a sore disease. At night a man lay down sound but by morning he would be so weak that he could not lift hand to brow. On his body, or on his lids, nose, eyes or forehead would be a ruddy, grotesque sore. Strange to see a man shooting forth figs, for so the warts appeared when swelled to fulness; purple and hanging from a stalk of flesh. The issue of blood caused by the lancing or by the bursting of the growths brought about the death of several of the comrades.

After that the men came to patches of country that were covered by a glaring mud which dazzled the eyes and gave but a slippery foothold. At last, upon the coast, was a happy meeting with Spaniards from Nicaragua drawn to Peru by tales of the wealth of this unknown country. Sebastian de Belalcaçar, a great Captain, was of the number. Moyano was his family name but he had assumed the name of his homeland, Belalcaçar. He was of a triple birth, along with a brother and a sister, all three courageous; the sister Anastasia was as valiant as Sebastian.

Now the company was in what we call the Gulf of Guayaquil. Pizarro and his men landed on the Island of Puna, inhabited by a warlike people inimical to the men of Tumbez. In spite of the warnings of the interpreters, Pizarro at first took a chance

and trusted the Headman, but later he was opposed by a large force of savages. Small birds mob and drive off the beaked, the taloned haggard, but these men of Puna did not by their number overcome the Castilians. That the Bearded should have won against such odds seemed to some at least of them to have been due to a skyey archangelic intervention. After Pizarro had sailed to Tumbez two ships came in; Don Hernando de Soto from Nicaragua was now at Puna.

Hernando with his white mare of Barb appearance, rounded as though out of a picture-to-be by Velasquez; a mare to which will be offered llama-meat, and gold and silver for fodder; for did not the new Sacred, the four-legged fleeting creatures, hold metal in their mouths, as if metal was their fare? would they not, asked the Indians, along with their riders wish for gold and for silver? Probably this mare had been foaled in Cuba, most likely she came of the grand Arab stock bred during the Caliphate at Córdoba. She could endure the climate of Peru better than had she been bred in Spain. She makes use of her nose, she is able as a hound to sniff-out and retrace a path, and her master knows all the arts of horsemanship, no Italian can outwheel nor outdo him in feats of riding. Soto can, of course, ride in both saddles, he can ride as the Spanish troopers ride *à la jineta*, horseman-fashion, high up on the Moorish saddle, and with short stirrups; the troopers riding so carried crossbows or arquebuse on their shoulders; and he can ride also *à la estradiota*, straight-backed and long-legged as a knight in armour. But on his tomb this ability will not be recorded as it is on the monuments of some dons. For no man can write on water, and the River of Soto's discovery, the Mississippi, will flow over his remains. When Soto was buried the river had not overswept his grave and, so that the Indians should not find and desecrate the spot, mounted Spaniards cantered to and fro over and about and beyond the ground. Soto was fourfold well-born, his grandmothers gentle as well as his grandfathers. He was poor and took to the New World only his sword and shield. He had been in the New World for thirteen years, lean years for the most part, but three years after joining, Pizarro he will return to Spain with a great fortune.

But now mishap fell between the island of Puna and Tumbez.

Some of the Spaniards passed safely over by ship, but others, on native rafts, were caught by the Indians and killed. Rushing into the quicksand and bog of mud, Fernando Pizarro on horseback rescued a raft on which was packed the clothing of Francisco Pizarro. After a few hours of disorder the Indians fled.

And at Tumbez all was changed; the Fort was abandoned, the Headman absent, and the remaining natives were unfriendly. The former community was broken up by the new war between the sons of Huayna Cápac, that is, between Huascar the rightful Inca King of Cuzco and Atahualpa of Quito who was now seeking to annex a part of Huascar's Empire. In spite of warnings, Soto, with one follower, had travelled up-river to Tumbez on a raft so as to join Pizarro, whom having found Soto sat all night on horseback alongside Fernando Pizarro and Fray Vicente de Valverde, Dominican; all three men wet to the skin, turning over in their minds the insolent dare of the Indians who had challenged them to cross the river and to find the three dead Spaniards. At daybreak Soto rushed the river, surprised the Peruvians, and scattered them. Of Juan de Molina and his companions, those two who had so much loved Tumbez, only conflicting tidings were got, but every assertion was of unhappy omen. Pizarro saw that he must move quickly forward, the men were shocked by disappointment; ill-will was where good-will had been expected, instead of wealth was loss of goods; loss even of the comrades. But before Pizarro could adventure inland towards one or other of the belligerent Incas he knew he must found a base, a town that would be a settlement. Leaving a few of his voluntaries at Tumbez, Pizarro went forward in May of 1532 to explore the country and sent Soto in another direction to the same end. About a month later Pizarro decided on a district lying about a hundred miles south of Tumbez. During his search for a favourable place of settlement, Pizarro had proclaimed the Church and the King in each of the hamlets he visited. He restrained the men under his command from acts of violence and dishonesty; when the Indians offered resistance they were overpowered but as quickly as possible treaty was made with them.

Consider Hernando and the white mare that will flash before Atabalipa. Foaled chestnut, most likely, she soon became misty of colour, became a blossom, rosey, and then, in perfection of youth, was ice-white, with glint of blue, and still flawless of form in spite of that revealing whiteness. Behind her are hundreds upon hundreds of years of recorded blood, back, before Christ, her ancestry recorded. She is clothed upon by providence with the black skin that throws away the heat of the sun, that makes sport of the sun, the black skin that is seen in her sensitive fine lips, in the expressive nostrils, in the expressive ears. Voices say that the sweat of Alexander was fragrant; and of such horses as these the sweat is pleasant. And surely those swift, those valorous warm-blooded thoroughbred horses have, in very fleshly fact, hearts larger than have those of slow, of unheroic mould.

Consider Hernando and his gift to the New World, endowing it with glory of horses. Cortéz first, then Soto. Stallions and mares they brought, for like Arabs and Moors the Spaniards would have been ashamed to geld a horse. Arab blood with Andalusian and Barb blood were mingled in the prime stock and the two latter gifted the horses with the happy rhythm, the perfect gait of the *pacer*. The man of the Nejd, fighter-Nomad, trained his horse to walk fast or to gallop; such a man charges at a gallop and despises the ambling horse as fit only for a trader. But for the Castilian the smooth stride the gentle *pace* is good to cover, by journey, the vast prime earth, the now-heaven, now-hell, which is the span of this New World.

Consider again Hernando de Soto and his white mare, such a creature as San Jago bestrode in the clouds when he championed the Castilians in battle. The proud, ringing hooves of the mare of Hernando had a Voice as they clattered into the New World, and as they ascended the Andes. In self-praise, and in praise of Soto, they resounded the laud of Homer for Hector, the final, the funeral attribute to Hector, his title and appellation. The sum, epitaph and threnody of the hero, the closing words of the *Iliad*: 'Hector, Tamer of Horses.'

CHAPTER VIII

AND AGAIN A TREMENDOUS CHOICE

The Halberdiers. The founding of San Miguel. The March towards Cajamarca. The Giving of the Choice. The Wait at Caran. The Beard.

THE Crown stipulated that the dignity of Pizarro must be maintained with some show of pomp, it was fitting that he should have a guard of Halberdiers for his entry into towns or villages. Pizarro now tried to raise such a guard, but only two men consented so to serve him. Garcilaso writing of this circumstance says:

‘For it is not only incident to the humour of the Spaniards to be haughty, and fancie I know not what high and sublime matters, but even those who are humble and would accept a very mean and low employment in other parts do no sooner enter into these countries but are immediately elevated to a new Generosity and Greatness of Soul and they scorn to accept the ordinary preferments.’

Garcilaso adds that later on he met the two Spaniards who had consented to perform this duty, and that both were brave soldiers and took part in the Conquest, and afterwards in the Civil Wars, and that they became military commanders and were given land and jurisdiction. They were both killed in the Civil War, but for several reasons Garcilaso thought it best to withhold their names. It may be that the lowly origin of Pizarro which made him level with his followers was the cause of this refusal. The place that had been chosen for the foundation of a town was south of Tumbes; it was named San Miguel in thanksgiving for the coming of a skyey company of combatants headed by Michael Archangel and seen during the battle of Puna. Pizarro formed at San Miguel a municipal government overseen by a mayor and the usual officials; together with the churchman these agreed, as was recorded by Pedro Pizarro, that a *repartimiento*, a partitioning of the Indians, was the most beneficent as well as the most useful form of administration known to the New World. The

settlers would be able to have the surrounding land cultivated and the Headmen and other natives, in touch with Christians, should be helped to conform to Holy Faith, so Spaniards and natives would benefit by the *repartimiënto*. Pizarro now observed that the men under his command, for lack of occupation, were becoming discontented, so although no fresh reinforcements had arrived from Panama he determined to go forward ten or twelve days' march; there he was told he would find the Inca Atahualpa encamped.

Therefore at the end of September, 1532, Pizarro led his followers towards Cajamarca; about fifty Spaniards remained at San Miguel; they were exhorted to keep peace with the Indians. The followers of Pizarro numbered one hundred and twenty-seven men, sixty-seven of whom were horsemen, a few of them carried crossbows; there were three arquebusiers. Pizarro, his inward eye gazing on the Great Captain, led the infantry. The gun, the arquebuse, original in Spain, carried at this time up to about four hundred yards. It was supported by a stand and was shot from the shoulder. The Indians thought the shooters held the god of lightning. The crossbow some time before had been regarded as a weapon so deadly that the Church had—though in vain—forbidden its use by Christian against Christian.

And about now the Voice of the Wandering Dominican Bernadino de Minaya was heard. Minaya was with two companion Friars; he said: 'We have come from Nicaragua to baptize the people of Peru; I called to a barber and at my command he cut the vein of the heart, mine the first and afterwards that of the other Friars. With the blood we wrote the protestation of our faith and that we would travel to Peru to teach this Faith and for it to die.' Minaya spoke against the enslaving of Indians, and he spoke to Pizarro against gold and silver. Pizarro sent the three Friars away from Peru. Before sailing Minaya begged: 'Let us go with you to the stronghold of the Inca Atabalica (Atahualpa) to preach to him. If he kills us it will be a great good to us, and our murder will be the occasion for making war.'

Five days after leaving San Miguel Pizarro saw that some of the men were sullen. Pizarro thought: 'To cross these mountains,

to adventure up to the very camp of the Kingly enemy demands of each man that his heart be set high in faith and hope.' As at Gallo so now Pizarro wished men of like spirit to go with him, the others were but a drawback. He summoned the companions, he declared that only the wholly devoted must go forward. He spoke with utmost generosity, urging those who had any doubts or regrets to return to San Miguel. To all who now decided to leave him, land, and Indians to cultivate it, would be apportioned in equal share with the other inhabitants of San Miguel. However many or however few men remained with him Pizarro would go forward to pacify or, failing that, to conquer the land; he demanded the continuance of the journey. Pizarro made it possible for men of honour to return to San Miguel, he made it easy for them to leave him. Then he awaited the result of his offer. Only five horsemen and four men on foot returned to San Miguel.

* * * * *

Voice of English Henry V on the morning of Agincourt on the day of *Saint Crispian*:

. . . proclaim . . .
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; . . .

* * * * *

According to what the interpreters had said the Spaniards should by now be close to the royal encampment but there was as yet no sign of such a place. Pizarro sent Hernando de Soto to explore the country, and himself with his men marched for two days, and then waited at Caran for seven or more days. He wondered at Soto's long delay, for Soto often erred by being too speedy. Led by his natives, Hernando de Soto meanwhile had ridden for two days and a night, never stopping to sleep, pausing only to eat. He had crossed high ground; the Inca spies watched his ascent. Soto in these heights saw llamas, and fortresses of stone; the road was often but a path. On this journey he crossed a hanging osier bridge swung over an abyss, such a bridge as sags in the centre and is caught up at either end and secured to props; such a bridge as to-day men from Europe are led across blindfold, or sometimes carried over. The white mare and her master crossed the swinging-swaying

contrivance. When he reached the town called Caxa, the Indians, frightened by the horsemen, took to flight, but were reassured by Soto. On the lintel of the door of the House of the Set-Apart some dead bodies of men hung head downwards; three such bodies, that of a lustful man and those of the porters of the door through which the malefactor had gone to gain one of the women in the Store-house. One Voice says that the body of the woman also was exposed. Hernando saw other strange things: he was shown the house where Huayna Cápac Inca had lodged, rough thin sheets of gold and silver were fastened to the walls and, too, woven coverings, 'fine assilk.' Soto was told that the levy by the Inca Atahualpa on Caxa was an exaction payable in the persons of a given number of the sons and daughters of the inhabitants. Soto now returned to Pizarro and his return was either accompanied, or shortly afterwards followed, by an envoy from Atahualpa, come with presents, and to spy.

Pizarro, waiting at Caran, had ordered that there was to be no uproar with the Indians. Therefore the Spaniards here had tolerated the buffoonery of an envoy of Atahualpa. Although the Spaniards knew that the savage was trying their strength and eyeing their defences, yet here and there a Spaniard, at the Indian's request, showed his sword, and here and there another wrestled with the insolent joker. But when the fellow raised his hand and touched the beard of a Castilian, the insulted Captain fell upon the envoy and would have killed him had they not been pulled apart. The Aymaran dared to touch the beard, the godly attribute so long foretold as signal of the conquering strangers, and no Castilian tolerated dishonour to his beard, which, by his country's ancient law, the *Partida*, was protected from abuse.

Ancient Voices of Castilia join in the clatter in the square of Caran. They tell of the meeting convoked by the King that the case of the Cid against the shameless Beni-Gomez be tried. But lest a partisan of Beni-Gomez should dare to provoke Rodrigo the Cid by touching his beard, which touch must be avenged by blood, my Cid, for wisdom's sake, went to the Convocation with his beard safeguarded, bound up in a covering.

Dead, but sweet with balsam and embalmed, strapped

upright in semblance of life; dead, but bestriding the mare Babieca so, years later, the Cid's body had ridden to the monastery near Cardena. There a Jew, alone one moment with the lifeless hero, had touched the long beard. (A bitter Spanish saying of the people is that: 'To the dead beard is little respect.') For just as long as it took to draw forth, a palm's length from the scabbard, the sword *Tizona*: (*Yes, yes*, engraved on one side of *Tizona* and on the other side: *No, no*), for just so long the Cid lived again. The fearful slight to his honour caused my Cid's soul to re-animate the outraged body. The soul that runs in and about all the body is surely especially aware of that ornament of valour: 'Which all the gold in the world does not equal,' as later one, Huan de Castro, will say as he pledges the hairs of his face for the loan of a thousand pieces of silver. That is why the soul of the blessed Cid leapt back at the desecrating touch of the Jew.

The legend of the Cid's re-animation after death is witness to the powerful emotions of the Castilians, as also is the tale of that priest who had journeyed with the discoverers of the New World; he had returned to Spain, he was offering the Sacrifice. He looked up to the picture above the altar. It showed the Last Judgment; amongst either the blessed or the damned was the naked shapely body of a woman with petal-curving belly, and breasts like ripe papaya-fruit hanging upon the palm tree. Desire leapt up; a storm of lust shook him. Years afterwards he said of those fierce few minutes that he would rather again face an Atlantic gale, a hurricane, than have to bear once more the stress of that inward rage.

Recall also Francis, Duke of Gandia. A long procession bears the body of Isabel of Castille to Granada. Once there Francis, as Master of the Horse, must swear to the Magistrates of the City that this indeed is the body of the Queen. The coffin lid is lifted; Francis faces the Majesty of Spain and sees corruption. She, once so regal, decked, caparisoned, with diadem of victory and the pearls and emeralds of a New World, now quite unknowable and destroyed. Pierced by the passionate comprehension of mortality the courtier inwardly vowed to give up everything to serve only the immortal King. Saint Francis Borgia performed his vow up to the point of prodigy and miracle.

CHAPTER IX

THE MOUNTAINS ARE OVERCOME

The Leaving of Caran. The Journey to Cajamarca.

Now the Castilians left Caran. The River San Miguel lay behind them, and they were in need of water and of food. Often the host found the villages deserted by the timid natives, but even when the people remained at the cauldrons how slight must have been the meals. The only tamed creature besides the llamas and the dogs was a bird like a duck or a goose, called *nu-uma* because of the sucking noise it makes when feeding. In the thickets the Indians might sometimes kill birds for the Strangers, and rodents in the open places, in the houses as well as outside there were guinea-pigs and these were eaten. A lament is recorded that what would sustain a native family for several weeks was but a day's repast for one Stranger.

Pizarro, marching, thought he was in Asia, that the pagans were Moslems and the temples mosques. From here nearly up to Cajamarca the Spaniards found a dirty people, but the manner of the highlanders was pleasanter than that of the lowland commoners. Xeres wrote that between Caran and Cajamarca the Indians ate raw meat and fish raw; and that every month they sacrificed their own children and painted the doors of the mosques, and the idols with blood. That laughing, dancing, or singing they killed themselves for their prattling idols, or, being drunk, they asked one another to cut off their heads. For sure life here was not accounted a fig's worth.

Across the river beyond Caran were some Indians, and to establish if these were friendly or hostile Fernando Pizarro, with a few companions, at night swam to the other side. They questioned a Headman, but as he would not give information he was put to the torture; he then averred that Atahualpa had determined first to see and then to destroy the Christians. Wood was now cut and pontoons were constructed for the conveyance across-river of the remaining Spaniards. On the bank of the river a powerful chieftain was in command of five

thousand men; he told Pizarro that Atahualpa had fifty thousand warriors with him. Pizarro could not believe in such a figure until the chieftain explained, upon the Knots, that he counted from one to ten, from ten to a hundred, from a hundred to a thousand; Atahualpa had five tens of a thousand men. The interpreters, those same who had come from Tumbez and had returned to Spain with Pizarro, now translated what the Chief told of the warfare of Atahualpa, and of how the Inca had arrived at this very village and, angered at not finding him, the Headman, there, had killed four thousand men of that neighbourhood and given six hundred women and two hundred children to his warriors.

Pizarro sent word to the Supreme Inca by a native, come from San Miguel. His word was of this mettle: 'Say I fight only those who fight me; I am good to the rest. I will help Atahualpa in his wars and—if so he chooses—I will be a brother to him.'

Three ways lay before Pizarro, the road to Cuzco, the great road and shaded with trees; some of the company said that way ought to be their choice; and there was the path back to San Miguel, a course familiar to them and with assurance of water once they overtook the river; and the third choice was the ascent over the mountains to the camp of the Inca. The flesh of a man quailed before the heights to be surmounted; Pizarro called upon the spirit of the men. He said: 'Atahualpa knows that ever since I left the River San Miguel I have been marching towards him; unless I cross the mountains he will despise me. He will say that I have shunned the encounter; he will be prouder than before. We must go over the mountains to Atahualpa.'

Now, at the foot of the range, he said: 'I am not appalled at the multitude of Atahualpa's host; we Christians are outnumbered but sufficient for us is the protection of the Saviour. Every day we see miracles.' Pizarro told the men that their purpose and their end was to bring the Indians to the Faith. It is likely that an experience of Hernán Cortés now helped Pizarro, of Cortés who said that in the days when he trusted to the numbers and the arms of his men he was defeated, and that his victories came when, bereft of human help, he put his sole trust in God. 'Why should we be daunted because

outnumbered, for now God will help us.' And now the comrades succeeded: '*Hacer de tripas corazon*,' out of the bowels to make a heart; to take courage from nothing. They answered that Pizarro should choose the road and they would follow. Each one of them would show what he could do for God, and for the King.

After the days of marching from Caran, after the deliberation of Pizarro with his brothers, which deliberation resulted in Fernando Pizarro being left behind with some men and with the baggage, Francisco Pizarro moved on with sixty men on foot and forty men mounted: 'Follow me in good order,' Pizarro said to his companions, 'the riders must lead their horses.'

In some places the ascent was so steep that it was as though men and horses went upstairs. Seeing the horses so hard put to it some men swore by the sex-parts of God and the Virgin. The Spaniards expected to be set upon by the tribesmen from a palisaded fortress in the heights, but no one was in that strong place. Later in the day the Castilians reached another stronghold cut out of the mountain-rock and they admired the masonry of the deserted enclosure, and recorded that the master-builders and the tools of Spain do not achieve better buildings. Here, in the solid stronghold they passed the night, the Indians of the neighbourhood had fled, only a few women and children remained and a Headman who said that he did not know what the Supreme Inca intended, but he had heard that Atahualpa wished for peace with the Christians. From the stronghold word was sent back to Fernando Pizarro to follow.

Who has travelled from the sunny valleys and thence ascended into the Cordillera knows the cold of the night and the chill of the morning mist. The small hardy birds fiery-throated, no bigger than a moth, that, bred in these heights, cling to the underside of the twigs of low bushes, titmouse fashion, feel discomforted by the chill and the mist of the mornings which discomfort is shown by their cramped, sluggish movements so different from their busy darting hum later in the day. The hover of humming-birds about the flowers they feed from makes such demand upon the fast-fluttering wings, the poise in the air sets such a strain on the quick-quivering wings that

the hearts of humming-birds of necessity beat over seven times as fast as do the hearts of men—and the high beat of the blood is harmonious with the pulse of the heart. If they, bred of the heights, feathered, feel the rigour of the morning, much more so did the shivering horses, several of which were sick with the cold.

Pizarro went on without awaiting Fernando; the way was beset with difficulties; holes and gaps were hidden by ferns, in some places narrow ledges of rock were the only path, but the armoured men and the blown horses moved forward in the thin, tight mountain air. '*Echar los hijados*,' to 'throw up the liver,' to be exhausted, that was the experience of each one. The second night was spent on the summit, the host slept in cotton tents pitched near water which was too cold to drink until it had been warmed. 'No place in Estredamura is ever as cold as this,' the men said to one another and they lit fires. Here Fernando Pizarro and the rearguard joined them and from another direction came messengers from Atahualpa bringing llamas as gifts and asking when the Christians could arrive at Cajamarca; these men gave news of the war between the royal brothers. Pizarro said that Atahualpa's victories rejoiced him, he was glad that Atahualpa was powerful; enthusiasm fired him, and Pizarro told the envoys of Atahualpa that he believed that their sovereign was a great king and a great warrior but that they must know that his master, the King of Spain, is lord of all the Indies and the earth and of the whole world. His servitors are princes more powerful than is Atahualpa and his generals have overthrown kings greater than the Supreme Inca. 'I have been sent to proclaim God, and with these few Christians I have vanquished; the Chief of Puna could not withstand me nor he of Tumbes. To those that seek me as friend I will not be an enemy but I shall cross the country till I reach the other sea and none shall stop me nor prevail against me.'

Another day broke, and now the host is descending; the strain on the muscles is as great as during the upward climb. The Spaniards slept that night at a village in a valley of cultivated land. Here a Chieftain, Anapo, sent by Atahualpa, met the Spaniards; he had once before acted as envoy to them; this

time he came with some show of ceremony bringing native wine and cups of gold and silver. The maize wine served in the fine cups, the mutual courtesy, made the hour gay till, suddenly, the Indian envoy of Pizarro, returned from Cajamarca, flung himself upon the Apo, seizing and wrenching his ears. Pizarro shouted to his servant to let go: "Why do you dare to do this?" The Indian said: "This man whom you are receiving as a great Captain is not an Inca as he says he is, but a low spy pretending. Verily Atahualpa is making ready to fight you in the plain of Cajamarca; the town is deserted, tents and warriors and llamas are all outside the town. I should have been killed but I said: "The envoy of Atahualpa will be killed if I am." I was told that the Supreme Inca was fasting and could not receive me; I was not given the customary food. I told the Captains that your horses move like wind and spring upon the foe making havoc with mouth and feet. The Captains said: "Those horses are not armed and we can kill them." I answered: "Their skins are thick, your lances cannot pierce them. The Bearded Strangers hold balls of fire." The Captains said: "They have only two such thunder-throwers." My answer: "The Christians on foot are very agile, shielded with shields and coated against weapons." They scoffed: "The footmen are much weighted, not nimble as are we. They pull themselves up the mountains by the trappings of the horses." "They have arrows," I said, "that kill from afar, each of you will be a prick-spot." I said that the Christians have swords that cut through a llama; swords that cleave a man into two.'

Pizarro then let go the envoy of Atahualpa, giving him a shirt of Seville and a cap and the words: 'I will molest no one unless war be made against me; if war is waged I shall fight and win as I have done against Puna and against Tumbez.' And all the time Pizarro was considering, was balancing one chance against another, was—it may be—remembering the giant hairy spider he had seen in forest land, the bird-spider in the strong web of which finches are caught.

Under torture a Headman asserted that the mountain passes had been left unguarded so that the Strangers would adventure on to Cajamarca, where they could be trapped and destroyed at leisure.

Single file, the Castilians climbed up on to the last height. They slept upon a flat, and waited there for all the host to be assembled. On the seventh day of the crossing of the mountains they moved forward to a ridge overlooking Cajamarca. They gazed upon the stone town, and saw the green planted valley and the river; some of the men called out in joy: 'Granada! Granada!' But beyond the fertile fields was tent beside tent, thick as flowers in springtime. And the men knew that here they were opposed by an order, a capacity, a power hitherto unmet with; unexpected and of terrible import. Not the flicker of an eyelid, not the crisp of a finger must show the shock each man felt, not a back must be turned, no foot must hesitate; the eyes of their own Indians were upon the Castilians, who knew their Indians would rise against them did but a tremor weaken the Bearded. As in a circus a tiger-tamer must hold his nerve, his thought, his sensibility in check, because the smell of fear or of hesitation going from him to the nostrils of the wild cats would be signal for his death, so now the Spaniards must dissolve fear. Those one hundred and ninety men all were certain that this was a trap, an invitation to death; that the idols would be regaled by the sacrifice of their bodies and the bodies of their horses. But the three divisions moved forward in battle formation led by Pizarro on his horse. The science of the great Captain perhaps inspired their formation; the pikes in front, the fire in the wings.

Nearing Cajamarca a soldier, crammed with foreboding, might be moved from his brooding by the voice of the spine-tail bird sounded from its perch upon a rock with a note that breaks like the curt bark of a dog; and the strangeness of this far, foreign, awful Peru would, by the bird's harsh note, be magnified.

A Voice has said that it was at the hour of Vespers when the Spaniards entered Cajamarca, at the hour of sunset that would be; more likely it was at the time of Nones (the ninth hour) at three o'clock in the afternoon that the entry was made. Rain and hail began to fall as the Castilians entered the forlorn, the deserted town, no man came forward to receive Pizarro.

CHAPTER X

THE SONS OF PROPHECY

Hernando de Soto and Fernando Pizarro visit Atahualpa.

THE town had huts of clay as well as big buildings of clay; there was a house for the Women Set Apart, and a Temple nearing which the men put the sandals off their feet. In the centre of the town halls roofed over, such as might lodge soldiers, gave on to a triangular place. Two fortresses lay on the edge of the city, one was reached by a stairway from the town; the second fort commanded the town and was encompassed by a wall looped three times around it.

Atahualpa was said to be by springs of warm water about three miles distant. Pizarro determined with Soto that Soto should go to the Inca to invite him to the evening meal, and accompanied by fifteen horsemen Soto went off on his white mare. Soon afterwards Fernando Pizarro sought out Francisco Pizarro and, pointing to the little party riding away, he said: 'That number of men is too great to lose but not great enough for effectual resistance.' The interpreters had repeated the former assertions made as to the host of Atahualpa, forty thousand warriors were computed to be encamped with the Inca. Fernando asked permission to fortify the followers of Soto and on receiving it he galloped off with twenty more men.

As soon as Hernando had gone a messenger arrived from Atahualpa with instructions that the Spaniards should lodge in the town wherever they wished, the forts only were not to be used by them. On being told to remain in the town below the forts Pizarro thought: 'This is a trap for us.' To the messenger Francisco Pizarro said that he had heard so much praise of the Inca that he had sent his general and his brother to invite Atahualpa to eat with him.

There is in Peru a humming-bird that when drinking honey from a long tube-flower lifts its head straight, and then can hover drinking, its flaming throat eased now of the first strain of reaching. Its beak, once inserted, is in perfect conformity to

the shape of the flower's corolla. Very often Pizarro needed as fine an adjustment between his actions and the demands of the overhanging moment.

Meantime Soto had arrived at a water edge and saw suspended a bridge which he judged too frail to bear him and his mare. He sent his Indian interpreter, Martinello, across the suspended swaying bridge, and having ordered the Spaniards to remain on guard he clapped his legs against the mare's side and she leapt—so was said—the twenty feet of dividing water; water that served as a defence to the Inca and his people who were on the other side.

At the door of his dwelling, on a low stool made of gold, sat Atuhualpa; a girl on either side of him held a thin veil stretched before his face.

And now the many Voices tell the tale in differing ways and she who writes chooses that one which seems to her the nearest to the truth.

Atahualpa did not look up at Soto who was before him on the white mare. The scarlet fringe, the wreath of royalty, was on the brow of Atahualpa. Hernando de Soto said, and Martinello repeated in Runa Simi: 'I am a Captain sent by the Governor to greet you and to invite you to eat with him.' The Supreme Inca remained silent, and he did not look up—a Chieftain took the words from the mouth of the Interpreter and said them to the Inca. Then Fernando Pizarro arrived and Soto said: 'Behold the Brother of the Leader sent to speak with you.'

Atahualpa raised his melancholy eyes. The blood of forty-three of his brothers—the sons of Huayna Cápac—was upon his head, and that of three hundred pregnant women, his kindred, for he has blotted out all of his father's seed who favoured his elder half-brother Huascar. Huascar was on his way to his dark prison at Xauxa.

Atahualpa raised his bloodshot eyes. No one of his nobles had ever looked him in the eyes; instead the Lords and the Headmen cringed before him; perhaps he had never before seen into the eyes of a man, nor ever before felt a man's eyes full turned upon him. Now he beheld the two Bearded Strangers and it is said that from that instant he loved Soto. He

looked on Soto, first of the white men, the sons of prophecy; the men of whom his dying father had babbled, the men of whom the bloodstained godlings told, whom the bowels of the llamas designated, and the legs of the spiders. He saw for the first time men that did not fear him. Some Voices say that Fernando Pizarro, made impatient by the silence, the aloofness of Atahualpa, urged that the King speak now to those come from so far to see him, and that the Inca chid the strangers, complaining of the gold taken and of Chieftains dismayed by the Christians. Fernando Pizarro whilst he listened was looking out upon the tents and he reckoned that for every Christian the valley held twenty Indians; according to the Knots Fernando now much undercounted the number of the Peruvians encamped. Fernando made a mocking answer and likened the Indians to hens. 'But you have enemies and these we will conquer for you,' he said. Atahualpa answered: 'At four days' march I have enemies and it would be well for the Christians to help my troops.' Fernando could not contain his scorn and said: 'Ten of our horsemen would suffice to conquer the country; your Indians could help only by searching for their countrymen in hiding.' Xeres says that Atahualpa smiled; whether in scorn of the Spaniards or of his own people cannot be known, though Xeres thought the smile was against the Spaniards.

Then, in a winning way, Soto spoke of Christ to the Inca. The savage who interpreted had no word for *Caritas*, for Charity; between the mouth of Soto and the ears of Atahualpa most of the teaching was lost.

Hernando de Soto felt that this was a time for action, for a show of power. He braced his mare, he clapped his legs against her flanks, no spur was needed for this creature, the sound of the rider's voice made the blood speed from the brave heart, the inherited courage of the mares of Arabia rushed through her veins; of those mares that before being put to the stallion were made to undergo a customary *trial* of the desert. At this Trial a filly, mounted perhaps for the first time, was ridden over the wilderness, the heavy sand and the stony places; over the low ground and the high. When without rest she had spun many miles with her hooves she was put to the swim. After that

was the crown of her trial for having been brought to a stay she was fed, and by that feeding was judged. If she eat the barley, the beans, or maybe the chopped straw offered then her worth was established; she might carry on the good breed. If, fretful or dismayed, she did not take the food she might be traded to a townsman, but was not fit to share the fight, the travel and the tent of a habitant of the spacious places. The mare of Hernando de Soto went off at full gallop, a touch on her neck of the single rein held with a high hand and she spun on her hocks. She wheeled, circling as easily on either leading-leg; a rare quality. She reared, she was put again to the gallop, was drawn up suddenly, gathered on to her haunches, was reined in just in front of Atahualpa; a fleck of foam—it is said—blew on to his clothing. That show brought death to several who were ranged about the Inca. He made no movement at all, gave no sign even of seeing the rider, sat lost, it seemed, in penitential fast. But Atuahualpa afterwards, when a captive, told a Spaniard that men and women, for having shrunk away from the mare and the rider, had been punished by death.

Wondering if the wine was poisoned, the Spaniards drank from the golden cups tendered by girls; the Inca had ordered the maize-wine but he would not drink. 'I am fasting,' he said. Soto and Fernando Pizarro drank quickly as though they had no fear.

After that the two Spaniards rode back and, mustering their troopers, sought out Francisco Pizarro.

CHAPTER XI

SATURDAY, THE SIXTEENTH OF NOVEMBER,

1532

The night of waiting on Friday. The tardy entrance of Atahualpa on Saturday.

Not a leaf stirs, but by the Supreme Inca's command; that was a saying of the Four Quarters which by its repetition the Spaniards knew; authority flowed out from this impassive melancholy being on to the dull-eyed unawakened people. Not looking at his servitors, not speaking, he could indicate his command, 'As when, without visible sign or audible command,' said Soto, 'the two girls that had brought the maize-wine for us went back into the building with the cups they had first brought and returned with larger ones of gold.' Because of his fast the Inca had not drunk with the Castilians, but they had swallowed the wine quickly with an ejaculation against poison; they must not seem to doubt the friendship of Atahualpa. Indeed why should he poison them since he had welcomed them to Cajamarca, had sent messenger after messenger to invite them, as allies against Huascar, to come and clinch the final victory. Only last year Atahualpa had experienced the rub of war. After the blood shed at Canar Huascar had tried for a treaty but that had led to another battle. Atahualpa had been taken prisoner; he had escaped by a woman's help. Then had come the revenge of Atahualpa on the islanders of Puna.

Soto and Fernando Pizarro returned with the troopers to Francisco Pizarro, and the night fell. The as-by-flower-sprinkled valley and hills became as-by-star-sprinkled when the lights glowed in the tents of the savages; like the shine of the myriad medusæ gleaming at night in the Southern Sea. The Castilians were downcast, the mountains and the warriors were about them, and uncertainty and terrible reports came of the Inca's intentions. In case of a surprise, the men were to take up the positions that Pizarro designated. The Leader

ordered Pedro de Candia, one of the thirteen, to man the Fortress with the two small field-guns, the falconets, which had been pushed up the mountains. The three men with the arquebuse would be with him. Soto had command of one division of troopers, Fernando Pizarro was General of the second division. Francisco Pizarro with other chosen men would command the Infantry which should stay in the open halls that gave on to the triangular central place of the town. Francisco Pizarro summoned his captains and he said that Atahualpa would be ordered to swear good faith to God and to the two sovereign heads of the world, the Pope and the King-Emperor; if the Inca demurred he must be seized, unhurt, before the eyes of his people. He being captive the Indians would not resist. Francisco Pizarro would stake all on this promising chance. He trusted to the war-cry 'San Yago,' on the miracle of that cry; to the surprise; to the noise of the falconets, to the belching fire; these would confuse the thoughtless Indians. But the rush and the confusion must be dominated by the troopers; the horses must not overfall each other in the hurly-burly.

Then to hearten the men, Pizarro went round to those that watched by the saddled horses (the animals were bell-bedecked to add to the terror they inspired): 'Make a fortress of your hearts, there is no other strong place for you,' and: 'Maybe there are five hundred Indians to each one of us, maybe that by throwing stones alone they could overcome us, yet God protects those who serve Him.' The foot-men (now cleaning their daggers and polishing their armour) he exhorted to rely upon themselves, and to lean on God who had so often saved them: 'Show the courage that men of good heart show when the call is made upon them; hope that God will fight with you.' Each captain took strength from his sense of honour; each one held to his own proper particular honour, to the worth he had put upon himself, to the infinite meaning he put upon that which he had decided was right for himself.

The night was very cold; the horses grew stiff; under the starry sky the priests and friars all night made supplication. They prayed for the exaltation of the Faith, for the salvation of these many souls; they shed tears, they shed much blood by

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means of the discipline, the self-flagellation. They proved, with blood, the urgency of the hour, and the strength of their faith in prayer.

When dawn came the trumpets announced the new day, Saturday, the sixteenth of November, 1532, drums beat the *Diana* announcing the daybreak. In the open triangle Mass was offered and the men sang together the sixty-eighth Psalm, *Exurgat Deus*.

The men had a full meal; their hearts in the morning were high. But they saw that Atahualpa had moved his troops and disposed some troops at the foot of the mountain passes; there could therefore be no retreat along the way the Castilians had come. The hours trailed by; slow as a snake that, inch by inch, swallows the other living snake which is its prey, so the hosts slowly advanced on Cajamarca. Atahualpa took four hours to travel just more than a mile. The Spanish foot-soldiers in the open galleries hugged together whispering consolation to one another; some of them, the records say, were so frightened they could not contain their water. There was no noise, only from the Fortress the watchmen announced now and then the movements of the host outside the town. The spies of Atahualpa ran out with the tidings that the white men were shrunk against the walls in fear. Thus many men, before a sally, feel fear. So did the Emperor-King Charles V know fear when under the walls of Ingolstadt he shook and trembled in face of the outnumbering enemy. Yet in that battle he was so much in the forefront that afterwards his generals chid the victorious king for having courted death. 'We were very short of hands,' answered Charles.

Atahualpa on this Saturday is dismayed, undecided, wondering. There is none he will consult; he does not ask counsel even of Stony-Eye, that dreadful general with the pearl in his eye (so the Indians see the disease—the cataract he has). He is told that the Christians are afraid; that they are frail white creatures unable to scale the mountains; that they shiver with the cold and sweat with the sun, that they eat oftener than do the Indians. That they are few, so few, about a hundred and fifty only; there can be nothing to fear from them because the multitude of the Inca's men could choke and crush them, hug

and stone and smother them, overcrowd, unhorse, and overrun them, and by sheer weight of numbers, even if themselves unarmed, could mob and undo the Christians: even as the flimsy sexless forest-ants by their multitude overcome the armed, the plated armadillo. As men, therefore, the Christians are not terrible. But they are the likeness of Virá-Cocha—they are Sacred— they must not be killed lightly, that might anger Virá-Cocha, might displease even Supai, King of Shadows, since perhaps the Bearded are his darlings seeing that they pay no homage to the sun. And Huascar is still alive; imprisoned but alive; the war not at an end; nothing unlucky must be done. The bold eyes of Hernando de Soto have perplexed Atahualpa; eyes that look out straight and fiery; and the dancing white mare; the beards, the tale of the sharp swords and of the loud-voiced fire.

First, this message Atahualpa sends, and then that message; he says in the early morning that he is going to Cajamarca attended by thousands of armed men, since the Christians do not lay down or ever leave their arms. Pizarro's answer to that: 'Come as you will; I shall receive you as a friend; as a brother.' As a brother; the blood of forty-three brothers laughs at the Inca from the dust.

The next word that Atahualpa sends is: 'Let a Christian come out to me to escort me to Pizarro.' 'That is not our fashion, not our way; I cannot send a Christian for your escort,' Pizarro answers. Later again Atahualpa sends tidings: 'With men unarmed I shall arrive and stay at the House of the Serpent. The warriors will lie outside of the City.' And then, hours later, when the long day is fading, the procession stays half a mile from the walls and the tidings come: 'I shall not arrive to-night; I shall rest, I shall sleep outside of Cajamarca.'

Francisco Pizarro is staggered. This strain of waiting cannot be prolonged. Nor can be met another night in armour, another night of cold misery with horses bridled. This creeping Indian host, this slow, slow nearing, this waiting of every Christian at his hidden post; the troopers by their horses and the footmen in the unroofed halls; the silence broken only by the cry of the watchmen announcing the movement of the Inca host. Pizarro sends an imperative message that the

evening meal awaits Atahualpa in Cajamarca, and that the Christians will not eat till the Inca is with them.

Atahualpa came then. Left his warriors outside the walls, entered, it is said, with an escort of some five thousand men. Slowly as a sailing ship almost becalmed, so was the palanquin above the bending waves of servitors. They bowed over the passage, sweeping it, removing the stones, the straws even; they sang and to the Spaniards those seemed the songs of hell. Some of the vassals were clothed in stuff of chequered red and white; the Castilians were reminded of chess-boards. The Ring-Eared came; and men with hammers of silver and copper. The canopy over the golden litter of the Inca dazzled with gold and silver and with the feathers of macaws. Red-wreathed was the Inca, his ears buttoned with gold, a chain of emeralds fell over his shining garment. Perhaps that day he wore the gleaming prodigious garment which seemed to be of woven magic so unlike all other fabric ever seen. The garment that was made of the countless skins of bats: 'That those dogs of Tumbez were compelled to gather,' as Atahualpa later on explained.

The Christians remained in hiding at their posts. Atahualpa asked: 'Where are the Bearded?'

CHAPTER XII

THE CAPTURE OF ATAHUALPA INCA

Of Valverde and the Inca. Of anger. Of the capture.

ONE Voice says this, one Knot tells that: so the writer chooses amongst them.

Fráy Vincent de Valverde, Dominican, went forward with Filipillo the interpreter and read the formula of the Conquerors asserting God, the Pope, the King-Emperor; declaring Atahualpa to be a vassal chief. Valverde spoke afterwards, with many words, of Adam, of Christ, of the Trinity. Filipillo did not speak Runa-Simi easily, and Spanish words were used by Valverde for which there is no one Runa-Simi word. Filipillo surely too did not understand the Christian creed although he had been baptised. The Knots recorded that Atahualpa was perplexed, for although the preacher seemed to assert one God yet he spoke also of three, and three and one make four; so then he was announcing four gods, and Adam, and a King and a Chief-Priest (the Pope). Atahualpa began to weary of the second part of this declaration. He asked what manner of stranger was speaking to him and was told that Valverde was a *Wilka* (a high-class priest); a man different from the other Christians. All the records agree that Valverde lacked sweetness and clarity. Quite unlike Soto, who, on Friday, had spoken of the Faith and of the King, had stormed the heart, had been winning in manner Valverde gave words but not the spirit; the ladder reared from earth heavenwards, was of leafless wood, without sap or blossom; and the Son of Man, shown by Valverde, was without angels ascending and descending upon Him. The statement Atahualpa clearly understood was that an Overlord was being announced; angrily he said that he was supreme and would bow to no other king. Then he asked from whence Valverde had knowledge of the gods. The priest held a crucifix in one hand and a Bible, or missal, or a breviary in the other hand; he pointed to this book. The Supreme Inca had never seen a book and he reached out for it and held it to his

ear that he might hear the Voice which spoke of such strange matters. (One of this Inca's ears had been torn in battle against Huascar by the weight of the great ring that it held; that ear was wreathed so as to hide the hurt which was ominous of ill-luck.) 'What does it say?' the folk near Tumbes had asked when they saw the cock carried by the negro, and now the Inca wondered: 'In what manner does this thing speak?' When the book kept a mocking silence Atahualpa furiously threw it into the dust. Furious at being received by a priest, furious at the word *vassalage* uttered to him, Inca, by the low-born, the inimical Filipillo; impassioned by the silent taunt of the book the Inca cried out with exceeding lamentation: '*Atac Atac!*' The friar also gave a dreadful cry as he ran forward to pick up the book profaned. Some say that Valverde hastened to Pizarro and said that time was being lost in talk with the stubborn pagan whilst the enemy was rolling in at the gates; others tell that he called out that nothing was left to do save to fight: 'Fall to and I absolve you.' No one exactly knew what happened in those wild moments; Valverde perhaps did not urge the sword, but yet the Indians ever held him to blame for the seizure of Atahualpa. In later years this Dominican defended the rights of the Indians and was made Bishop of Cuzco, but for him the result of these minutes in Cajamarca was his awful death years later when Indians took him on a raft upon the sea and poured into his living eyes molten gold.

Pizarro gave the signal; the horses leaped forward; their bells jangled, trumpets dumbfounded and drums trounced the air; the cannons barked. The horses, stiffened by the long wait in coldness, became supple when their riders clapped knee to flank and cried out: 'San Yago.' Bred in the blood of war-horses that cry of a thousand battles, that call of eight hundred years.

The sweep was towards the Inca, to capture him; the Indians fled wildly away from the Spaniards, they even overthrew a wall in their panic; the troops outside the town also fled. Some say that the nobles who carried the golden palanquin stood their ground; all say that no Spaniard was wounded save only Pizarro, who thrust out his arm to parry the blow aimed at

CAPTURE OF ATAHUALPA INCA

Atahualpa by a Castilian. A very great number of Indians were killed and wounded; although they must have carried arms beneath their clothing they made no defence. Atahualpa was caught as he fell from the palanquin; a Spanish soldier seized the royal fringe from his head (and gave it long afterwards to a lesser Inca).

That night Atahualpa supped with Pizarro; he exclaimed: 'Such are the chances of war!' The sun had set, the long Saturday was over; Peru was conquered.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHAPTER OF ATAHUALPA

Of his captivity. Of the golden ransom. Of his sorry death.

Two thousand Indians were killed, says one Voice; ten thousand, says another; between then two and ten thousand bodies were cleared away next day; the wounded were gathered up. And when, in Spain, Vitoria heard the tale his blood froze with horror.

Atahualpa was allowed to have his women about him. When he supped one of them stood beside him whilst he held her hand. And did a pip or particle annoy him he spat it into her palm. If, by ever so small a spot, he stained the garment he was wearing, he rose at once and changed into another. He wore the red fringe of royalty, though not the particular *Borla* which Estarte, soldier, had snatched from his head.

Some of his mother's beauty graced Atahualpa, but his bloodshot eyes were unpleasing. He was whiter than were his subjects and more like the dawn; more like foam. Sometimes a Supreme Inca was dark of skin (Poma recorded some such), but the shadowed palace, the shaded palaquin, kept the skin of the rulers, from generation to generation, fairer than was that of the labourers in the open fields; as in the Far East so here the skin of the secluded did not need to put forth its dark paint of protection. Atahualpa's rank hair, like the hair of his people, was dark and grew roundly on the crown; a protection against their god, the Sun.

Lesser Incas were allowed to frequent Atahualpa; each chieftain as he neared the Supreme Inca carried a burden as sign of vassalage. The Castilians looked astonished at the indignity put upon his nobles by the Supreme Inca, who seemed barely to be aware of their coming and going. Each Castilian had his own worth and dignity; each one felt himself to be capable of great actions, the poems and plays of the day showed hidden in the homespun of every peasant a possible knight, a possible noble. Knightly lineage and the record from father to

son of honour and of service, were beautiful and graceful attributes, but the humblest man and woman in Spain were proud because of the triple glory of being Catholic, and reasonable, and born in some part of the Peninsula.

A Spaniard of Pizarro's force recorded an instance of the pride of Atahualpa. One evening Francisco Pizarro gave the Inca a delicate, a beautiful cup made of Venetian glass. The present had been carried from the Coast over the hot plains, up past the high tillage where at twelve thousand feet above the plain the Indians wrestled with the earth for root and herb; up to the nest of the condor, to the fourteen thousand feet of the Andes above Cajamarca. The ruler was told something of the nature of glass, which lovely stuff was new to him. 'Does the *Runa*, the people, drink from such vessels?' he asked. A Castilian, thinking that the Atahualpa was asking if glass, as such, was of common use, said: 'Yes.' Wrongly understanding that this perfect vessel of mingled sand and fire and breath was a thing vulgar, Atahualpa shattered the goblet.

The Inca enjoyed playing games with his captors; he well liked the pageantry and the problem of chess; he learnt quickly and he played skilfully. He also liked the chance of the thrown dice. Meditating in prison, he must have understood that he would never be delivered from these wonderful few strangers by his own generals and people. So the hour came, variously told of, when he stretched his rounded fingers up high above his head against the stone wall of a room, and showing the height and breadth and length of it he promised to fill that space with vessels of gold and of silver if he might then go free. The Spaniards scarcely believed that such a promise could be fulfilled, but a record was made of the price to be paid; soon afterwards Indians began to come in from the towns and hamlets carrying figures of men and animals, and vessels too of gold and of silver.

Huascar was at this time to be brought from Xauxa to Cajamarca. Always between Pizarro and Huascar, the true supreme Inca, there had been the purpose of agreement, but adverse events had constantly prevented so much as a meeting between the two men. Pizarro now thought to judge between the rival brothers and to build up his policy in accordance with

the upshot of Huascar's coming. Being warned that Atahualpa intended the death of Huascar, Pizarro told the captive ruler that he, Atahualpa, would be executed if Huascar did not reach Cajamarca alive.

As the remission of gold and silver became, at this time, rather tardy, Soto and another were ordered to travel to Cuzco to make sure that Atahualpa's boast was capable of fulfilment. When the Inca knew that Soto was to go he grieved, saying: 'This one-eyed man will kill me whilst you are away.' By one-eyed man he designated Almagro, who had now joined Francisco Pizarro at Cajamarca with a force which nearly doubled the number of the first-comers. Forgetting their past dissensions, Almagro and Pizarro embraced one another, but Fernando Pizarro scowled grudgingly on the new comers.

When, one evening, Pizarro paid Atahualpa his customary visit, the Inca sighed and drooped and lamented. 'What is the cause of your sorrow?' asked the Castilian. Atahualpa said: 'I sigh because you will kill me.' Pizarro, shocked, cried: 'Why should I kill you?' Atahualpa said: 'Because if Huascar dies I have to die; Huascar is dead of a sickness on the way between Xauxa and here.' The Christian, taken unawares, said: 'But that will not be cause of your execution; this death by sickness is another and an accidental affair.' Atahualpa allowed himself to be consoled, and when Pizarro had left Atahualpa sent a quick word along the road that Huascar must instantly be killed. So Huascar perished, whether, as some said, by being drowned, or by some other means, is of no moment; he died by violence and by the order of Atahualpa.

That Huascar's death followed that talk at evening was not known till later, but various reports reached Pizarro of the forces of Quiz-Quiz and of Stony-Eye waiting to deliver Atahualpa. The great Captain Chacuchima was supposed to be dangerous still. Filipillo, the chief interpreter, was diligent to prove the Inca a danger to the Spaniards (as no doubt he was); the people of Filipillo were enemies of Inca sovereignty, and a lustful wish towards one of the women of the ruler spurred Filipillo to bring about the doom of Atahualpa. Almagro considered that opposition to the Castilians must

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exist so long as Atahualpa lived. The full ransom had not been paid, would perhaps never have been all paid, for now the priests and the lesser Incas hid some of the treasure; much of that which arrived made but little difference to the heap in the room because the thin sheets of gold and silver were indeed not bulky.

Pizarro, with so small a force, back of the Andes, asked himself was Atahualpa preparing a revolt? Should he be executed, released, or sent to Spain? Reports of preparation for resistance were constantly coming by mouth of the interpreters. A personal matter also may have told against the Inca. Atahualpa, and many Indians of the New World, wondered at the white man's power of writing. That certain strokes, without configuring any picture, should conjure up for different people a same meaning seemed to them the height of magic. The Supreme Inca asked a Spaniard to write the word *God* on his, Atahualpa's, thumb-nail. As each Castilian visited him he showed the sign and each alike gave him a same reading. When, however, the Marquis Pizarro was shown the nail he could not read the word, Atahualpa saw his conqueror thus balked, the pagan did not hide his disdain. Had Francisco Pizarro minded his own want of letters he would have taught himself to read, the lack of book-learning did not hinder this man of desires. But the scorn in the eyes of the heathen perhaps stung the pride of Pizarro, and warped his justice.

Almagro still considered the life of Atahualpa was a danger to the Spaniards; there was at last some kind of trial and Atahualpa was charged with revolt against the Spaniards, with the murder of Huascar; as well as these, some foolish charges were made. The Inca lost his calm; weeping, he begged for life. That evening, hidden in a gallery, Pedro, the cousin of Pizarro, looked down and saw Pizarro weeping for Atahualpa. Afterwards a pile was built up in the public square. Atahualpa had told his women that he would return to them, but if he was to be burnt to death he could not return. For many days Valverde had urged the Inca to be baptized, and now again at the pyre he urged it, and promised that did Atahualpa become a Christian he should die the milder death of suffocation by

the *garrote*. It is said that the Inca was baptized; that he commended his children to Pizarro, and that he was strangled in the public square whilst the Spaniards prayed aloud for his soul; that the Indians lay face downwards, drunken with horror; '*Alpani Alpani*,' 'I turn to the earth, I die'; that the concubines made clamorous lamentation during the Christian funeral rites; that several took their own lives, strangling themselves with their hair.

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When Soto returned he was grieved and angry because of the death of Atahualpa, who should, he said, have been sent to Spain. A Spanish writer of the day records that had the Inca been sent to Spain he would most probably have died a few days after sailing because he was so *muy señor*.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LITTLE CHAPTER OF HUASCAR INCA

His overthrow. His death.

Now is the breaking up of the Four Quarters. Huascar had been ferocious both to his own people and to the enemy; afterwards Stony-Eye and Quiz-Quiz revenged themselves upon him by stamping out his women, torturing them before his eyes and killing his kindred and his followers. Then, although he was the true Inca, they degraded Huascar, mocking him as 'Eater of Coca,' and forcing him to eat excrement.

Huascar had lost much of the support which his Empire should have afforded him against the bastard Atahualpa, who was King of Quito only; he had offended many of the Lords because he had undertaken an unequal contest against the Dead. He saw the Dead swallowing up the Four Quarters. The humble were brought to the last verge of frugality by sharing food and drink with their dead, whilst the cost of the proud deceased made the Empire perilously top-heavy. Upon the land fell the charge of the retinues kept in honour of the dead Incas, the banquets, and the renewal of the clothing, the successive poets and keepers of the Knots. The prodigal virility of the Incas was a heavy weight, but as great was the weight of the increasing dead. Ambition had added to the costly splendour of the Supreme Inca, and of the lesser Incas. Every day all that the Supreme Incas had used or touched was saved and put away; his vessels and his clothing even his fallen hair and the parings of his nails. A special Lord had the charge of burning of certain of these things, it is possible that the vessels and the clothing were bestowed on kinsmen.

Huascar had been pulled down from his palanquin in battle; then all defence of him had ceased. The Incas for centuries had emasculated the personality of their people and the result was the doom of the royal brothers, of Huascar, and of Atahualpa. At the moment when each of them fell from his

palanquin the very source of the people's energy was destroyed.

At Xauxa, on his way to Cuzco, Soto had seen Huascar in captivity. Through Martinello Soto told Huascar that he and his companions were bound for Cuzco to see if Atahualpa's ransom was forthcoming: 'Take me with you or somehow contrive my escape,' Huascar entreated and promised that he would altogether surpass the ransom of his half-brother in weight of gold and silver vessels. Seeing that Huascar had been the ruler of Cuzco, that promise seemed likely to be true, but Soto had received exact orders from Pizarro, therefore he refused to liberate Huascar, but he promised to tell Pizarro of Huascar's royal promise. He felt compassion as he left Huascar, for the king fell into a dreadful gloom and foretold his own approaching death and the death also of Atahualpa which should speedily follow. The Indians later said that Huascar was a magician because in that hour of lost hope he foresaw what indeed came to pass.

This rightful Inca was taken from Xauxa towards Cajamarca supposedly at Pizarro's command, but the bastard Inca had him killed, or drowned, somewhere on the way, as has been told.

To Soto and the other Castilian as they entered Cuzco the people cried: '*Vira-cocha, Vira-cocha,*' for they believed that a prayer by Huascar to *Vira-cocha* had been heard and that the Bearded were saviours of the Inca Huascar. And the name *Vira-cocha* remained with the white men.

CHAPTER XV

A TRUE TALE OF LOVE IN PERU

Of Star of Gold. Of Alonso de Molina and Rodrigo Sanchez. Of Xauxa and General Chacuchima. Star of Gold is bride, then concubine.

THE youth Quilaco is to leave the Kingdom of Quito, to take a gift from Atahualpa to Huascar; those two royal brothers are not yet at war. The gift is a robe of feathers. Many months have been spent ensnaring numbers of birds and shooting others with small blow-arrows. The men of the forests were busy with killing. So always are the vampire-bats, the owls and the flies. Of the forest creatures some are formed to live by blood, others shaped to give out poison, as those snakes that rattle, and sometimes run erect between the trees; of their deadly company is the dim-eyed night-fly—that moth which leaves its hole to fly by dusk; it is lovely with a pale beauty like that of the night-flowering, night-scenting blossoms, but is frightful by its mortal stab of venom.

Quilaco was sent, with other messengers, from Atahualpa Inca of Quito to Huascar, rightful Inca at Cuzco. Those other older messengers were killed by Huascar's order and Quilaco was driven from his presence; Huascar said: 'These men are spies.' This Inca had a tight, a constipated face, as though his bowels were not moved by mercy nor by nature. His skin was dark; his legs were long; he was greedy for coca. The mother of Huascar had befriended Quilaco; now he went to her complaining, and she said: 'Huascar suspects me, and suspects his wife of spying; he sees a spy in every comer, and in every sojourner.'

On his arrival at Cuzco Quilaco had received drink poured out for him by a girl of royal blood. Poets sang of her cheeks, begonias blossoming on snow. Quilaco, from his forest lore, might, in thought, liken her to a spray of star-shaped orchids such as gladdened the trees near Quito. Her name was Star of Gold, her hair braided into plaits showed her to be nubile. Quilaco

was told that she was a daughter of Huascar Inca, her mother had been a present made to him when he was a boy. She had been poisoned to death by jealous other women of the then prince. Star of Gold, born just before the murder, had lived with her mother's sister; the *nusta* was now about fourteen years old.

Quilaco wooed Star of Gold by means of her aunt, for the girl was kept to her weaving. Quilaco sighed: 'I must return to Atahualpa with a threatening order from Huascar who summons him to Cuzco.' The guardian aunt of Star of Gold said: 'She shall remain maiden to await you so for three years; the auguries are bad and who can foresee what is to come?'

About now were captured Alonso de Molina, one of the Thirteen, he of the landing with the negro and the cock, and Rodrigo Sanchez, these two who had thought to find at Puerto Santo their Eden (as has been told), and who had remained there when Pizarro sailed northwards. They were taken prisoner by the Indians who sent word to Atahualpa: 'Shall we send the white men to Huascar?' For an hour Atahualpa considered his answer, then he commanded: 'Send them to Quito, my capital.' But the unhappy ones did not reach Quito, but instead were sacrificed in a temple.

Star of Gold awaited the return of Quilaco, but he was in the camp of the enemy, for now the royal brothers were at war. She saw the stars come and go in the heavens; she knew them and their shining as we the swallows and the blackberries; by the progress of the stars she counted the passage of four years gone by since she had filled the cup of Quilaco. The aunt of Star of Gold was dying and she was bent on having the Princess mated to another since already they had waited beyond the promised time for the return of Quilaco.

Every magic cure had been tried, and all the known herbs for the healing of the woman, but in vain. It was decided that her death must be hastened and she made no demur when the deft sorcerer arrived; he would end her days by strangulation. He entered her room and completed that which the tiny parasites in her blood had commenced; this he did in a way far

quicker and far less painful than would have been their way. Star of Gold, as well as her aunt, had consented to this method of ending the long sickness. Now the Princess made the customary offering to the handy Finisher, and dismissed him. She was glad that her aunt should no longer be able to arrange a marriage with some man other than Quilaco. Whilst the usual mourning customs were being followed the faithful Star cut off the plaits of hair which had been objects of so much ceremony when she had entered maidenhood.

Star of Gold painted her face with battle colours and clothed herself in the garb of a simple fighter. Some time before this she had obtained and hidden these disguises and now she sought the country where her lover was fighting against the supporters of her father—Huascar Inca.

In the battle of Janamarca she saw Quilaco, become a captain; he was near Quiz-Quiz, the great General that had been a barber. Soon she lost sight of Quilaco and therefore she searched the field and towards evening found him in a heap of wounded. She cared nothing for any other, but pulled him from the huddle and without blink or tremor she cut the arrow out of his wound; the jags and barbs made that hard to do. She stripped a dying man of his clothing; because meaner garments were more suitable for Quilaco than those which he wore, for she had determined to hide him in a deserted hut nearby, since none could tell which side would triumph.

Star of Gold dressed the young man's wounds with herbs; the look of the plants and their especial virtues she knew as well as she knew the stars, each star with its particular sparkle or its graver way of shining; each with its own colour of differing radiance.

Now she helped Quilaco to the hut and nursed him during six months whilst Huascar neared disaster. 'Who are you?' often asked Quilaco and she said: 'I come from this part of the Four Quarters; my name is Titu; ask no more.'

She did not yearn to fondle or caress him because such trifling pleasantness was not in her nature, and that because of the hard upbringing customary in this country. Passionate she would later be, but she had no bent to treat Quilaco as a fondling.

Titu told tales of the beginning of time when the animals

neglected to praise God, instead all of them said incessantly, every kind to the other, *Jol, Jol*. Then the flood came and put an end to the silly *Jol, Jol*.

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Titu sped about the country seeking news, and she went to Xauxa. In the square of the town she saw Atahualpa's great General Chacuchima (whose scissioned head was afterwards imaged on Pizarro's shield). Chacuchima had an army ready to deliver Atahualpa from the Castilians in Cajamarca. This general had but lately defeated a last remnant of Huascar's men. Huascar now was captive in Xauxa by order of Atahualpa.

The spearsmen of Atahualpa stood in the square with shreds of the enemy on their spear tips. On this lance was a foot, on that a secret part, and here a tongue would show in silence, and there a severed hand was spiked.

Whilst Star of Gold was looking about and gathering tidings Hernando de Soto with three or four other Spaniards rode into the Square. With the Bearded was Anda Marca an Indian; in the Square of Xauxa he cried out to Chacuchima:

When will you,
Chacuchima,
When will you, Quiz-Quiz,
be satisfied with the blood already spilled?

Chacuchima answered: 'The Bearded Strangers must liberate my master Atahualpa or I shall burn them alive.' Anda cried: 'The season of your pride is past!' The two Indians were about to fight one another, but Soto parted them and he put the army of Chacuchima under the orders of Anda. Then Chacuchima was tied to one of the horses and taken to Cajamarca; he would have chosen rather to be strapped to a jaguar.

Titu saw the power of the two Spanish captains; saw that sparks flew from the heels of the horses, saw fire flash from the eyes of Soto's golden stallion and heard the song of the stallion loud as the exaltation of the sounding sea-shell and of the trumpet. This writer likes to suppose that Soto was mounted on a golden stallion blazed boldly white; white-stockinged, white-maned and white-tailed. Such a yellow-golden horse would be a descendant of the horse of a Moor defeated in

Spain. A *Caballo de oro*; an *Isabel*, its name a tribute to the Queen, and itself of a kind so splendid that only the *Hidalgo* might possess such a creature. Titu beheld the four-cornered cross-shape which Soto held up above the pagans. And knew with certainty that the power and the morrow were on the side of the white men and that one of these could hold up a hundred of her kindred. Still disguised, she returned to the hut where for six months she had hidden Quilaco; she said to him: 'The feathers of the aigrette have left the Incas; they have passed to the heads of strangers. To-day I have seen new gods. The shadows of Supai are licked up by the flash of their eyes; the sun is but a distant lord whilst they tread the kingdom. Their feet spurn the earth but when they are not carried like Incas they ride creatures which eat men and gold.' Titu said: 'The power of the two Inca brothers is broken; invoke now the foam-coloured gods, for our former words are become but the idiom of echoes!' At that Quilaco felt despair, for he was bound up in things familiar to him. Urgent and importunate, Titu succeeded in persuading Quilaco to travel towards Soto. They met later, near to Cuzco, and through Martinello Star of Gold told the Castilians all the tale here written. When she related the cutting of her hair and the painting of her face Quilaco cried out again and again in surprise. Soto listened gravely and when the tale was ended he called to a priest. Soon afterwards the lovers embraced the happy Gospel and were baptized. Star of Gold was named Doña Leonor, and Hernando was the name now given to Quilaco. Soto dowered them with beautiful Spanish clothing and they were married; likely this was the first Christian Indian marriage to be celebrated in Peru. Two years later the bridegroom died and Doña Leonor became the Barragana of Hernando de Soto.

FOREWORD TO THE CHAPTERS OF DON PEDRO DE ALVARADO AND LA SIN VENTURA

ON the 15th of November, 1533, Pizarro entered Cuzco and that date was a year to the day since his entry into Cajamarca. Marco Inca, a brother of Huascar and a Chieftain of Cuzco, received Pizarro, who took possession of the city in the name of Charles V, King of Castille and Leon.

In 1534 Pizarro was disturbed by the news that Don Pedro Alvarado, Conqueror and Governor of Guatemala, had landed in the North of Peru. Pizarro ordered Almagro to speed against Alvarado.

And here follows a tale of Alvarado.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHAPTER OF DON PEDRO DE ALVARADO

DON PEDRO DE ALVARADO is dying, the year is 1541. He is not fifty years old, but he is the Governor of Honduras and of Guatemala. He has wealth and power and dignity; love attends him. In spite of all this he adventured until this last adventure which has led him up to the very brink of death.

He had been fighting on a hill; from high on the hill an Indian rolled a great stone down upon him, or else the horse of another Spaniard fell over on to Alvarado. Now the hero is bruised and broken. 'Where do you suffer most?' asks one of those at the bedside because Alvarado moans often and none of those about him thought to see this warrior so grieved because of hurts. Don Pedro de Alvarado answers: 'My pain is in my soul.'

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Falling, falling, like the rocks hurled down by the Indians fighting on the hill, so in his fever Alvarado sees his past, lump-like, stone-like. He sees his acts being hurled down against him; his acts rolling down to the abyss into which he too is falling.

The first vision does not wound him; it is like an ingot of gold, an ingot full of Voices. The voice of the trumpets, the voice of the drums, and a declaration: 'We go from Cuba to the unknown.' Alvarado, twenty years old or so, is sailing in the galleon *San Sebastian*; ten ships behind him on the water.

Then, in Mexico, drums and trumpets, trumpets and drums, but of another quality from those in Cuba: white plumes waving over enemy faces painted black and red. The Indian enemy is with bows and arrows, lances and slings, and with the two-handed sword, but these are not sharp as are the Spanish swords. The Indians are armoured in quilts of cotton. Face to face, foot to foot, Alvarado is fighting these men: 'There are so many Indians to each one of us that the enemy could overcome us with dust alone.'

On this plain of battle, with utmost labour, some few cannons had been dragged. The balls beat down the enemy, but still their ranks are but dented. As a stone, thrown into water, parts the water but for an instant, so now the cannon-balls, for but an instant, make a parting in the massy surge of the warriors. '*A la la la! A la la la!*' dreadful ululation of the Indians as they throw grass and dust into the air to mask the fall of their wounded. Every Spaniard, in secret, must think: 'We shall be overcome.'

Till from behind the enemy, unseen of the enemy, onrush of sudden Cortés with the cavalry. Then the scattering of the Indians. After that the binding up of the horses' wounds with the fat of the dead Indians, and for the Castilians' wounds also a binding of some kind.

And now comes a memory hard as stone; Alvarado would like to hold it up before God: 'For here, Lord, is the excuse of my hatred.' The memory is of Mexico where, soon after his arrival, Alvarado has seen Indians cooped in cages, fatted for a coming festival. Then, with disgust, with fear perhaps, the Spaniard's stomach turned and his heart became callous.

'Don Pedro de Alvarado, what do you see now and hear? You smile in your fever, you forget the hurt of your soul.' Alvarado is smiling because he sees again in Mexico the friendly fat chief of Cempoal. Five captains have come from the Emperor Montezuma to Cempoal to collect tribute, therefore the Fat Chief trembles. Rooms are prepared for the five captains and chocolate for refreshment. The captains are too proud to look at Cortés when they pass him, too proud and great to cast a look at whom was the first white man to near them. On their heads is piled shining hair, they hold sweet pink flowers and now and then each captain smells his nosegay.

The Fat Cacique gave plates of silver and gold and fine mantles and breeches of feathers to the Christians. Gay and gay it was to be so cloaked. To the supporting cotton web was sewn each little feather; a mosaic of feathers, light, warm and beautiful. Shining in crimson and yellow and blue, in such a manner might angel be garmented. Angel-like, bird-like; happy the birds to be clothed so lightly, so warmly, so coolly.

Then the Fat Cacique said: 'I will give you the best of our women.' But although the body demands a woman Cortés answered: 'We cannot consort with pagans; the women must first be baptized.' Immediately then Cortés speaks of the human sacrifices, wholly abominable, and also the defilement of youths and their appearance in women's clothing; these things must cease.

To the Spaniards the unnatural vice of the men was the vilest sin in the land. 'Your gods demand this defilement; we will hack down your gods even though we die.' At that the Fat Chief cried to the people: 'Go arm yourselves—defend the gods. Ourselves we dare not touch the gods; you Bearded Ones will do so to your ruin.' Alvarado, in his feverish memory, recalls the dash of Cortés, of himself, and other fifty men. The steps of the temple were rushed, and images hurled down; dragons and monstrous dogs, and other idols of form half-human and half-beast. Against the Christians were reared up warriors, and pagan priests wrapped in black. The priests had cut their ears in penance and their long hair was matted with blood. An Iberian muttered, 'They smell foul'; another answered: 'Of sulphur, of rotting flesh and of blood.'

After the onslaught priests gathered up the fragments of the idols; and brave as when he had burnt his ships, yes even the ship San Sebastian, so now brave Cortés burnt the idolatrous shard.

The temple was purified, four of the eight pagan priests were clothed in white, the Spaniards raised an altar. Cortés ordered the four Indian priests to attend the altar and to watch the burning candles. To the old lame soldier Juan de Cordova Cortés said: 'You shall be the hermit of the church and shall keep guard over all.' On the following day the women chosen by the Fat Chief were baptized; they did not cling to their idols, the Bearded were their gods. These women of Cempoal were ugly women and Alvarado did not accept one. A Spanish captain obtained as concubine a woman christened Doña Maria, and after he had left the New World, Cortés himself took her and she was worth a province to the Spaniards. She learnt Castilian. She knew the tongues of many districts and was interpreter to her new people. Often she gave the

Christians warnings and signals, often she saved them from disaster.

On Alvarado in his fever stones fall again, but these are precious little stones, these are the remembered women of the conquest.

There was the daughter of the blind chief Zicotencate, the blind Aztec enemy of the Emperor Montezuma. With his hands the blind man had searched the face of Cortés, then he said: 'Make treaty with us, unite yourselves to us by taking our women.' 'Till you give up your gods and your horrible sacrifices we dare not touch your women,' said Cortés; to which Zicotencate answered: 'We ancients cannot be the first to forsake the gods. We cannot make an end of sacrifice, for the oracles have declared again that human blood is needed to sustain the sun, and as well the men sacrificed are of another tribe.'

Cortés said to the Spaniards: 'We must break these gods as we did those at Cempoal.' But the Franciscan friar urged: 'The people will make new gods; it is useless to fell the images; the heart of the idolaters must be changed; the mind must receive the Trinity.' Alvarado in half dream remembers that he joined his voice to that of the friar; and that he had said: 'Let us accept the women and baptize them because they have no love for the foul gods—but only for the Christian men.'

Tenderly Don Pedro remembers that on him was bestowed the daughter of the blind chief and that was because Cortés already possessed a woman of Cempoal and must therefore refuse the gift offered by Zicotencate. This Doña Louisa brought Alvarado a dowry and presents made by all the provinces; she bore him two children. Beatriz de la Cueva, sacramentally married to him years afterwards in Spain, never had a child.

'Beatriz, Beatriz, how will you suffer my death?'

Don Pedro calls back to mind the courage of such Spanish women as were with the conquerors in Mexico; the advice to them of Cortés: 'Rest you with the friendly Indians whilst we press on to Mexico,' and the women's answer: 'We go with our husbands; if they fall we fall.' One woman especially he remembers who groomed and saddled her husband's horse and

did sentry duty in his stead. She gathered roots of amaranth for the healing of wounds and she nursed the sick.

Alvarado dreams of his burnished-red, his autumn-blazing stallion, again he gallops the glinting creature to and fro for joy of victory at Tacuba. He wears or carries flowers he is so joyful. Cortés frowns: 'Roses are not plumes for warriors! [The wanton flowers surely were oleanders, the rose-bay, the rose-laurel with their tough lance-shaped leaf.]: 'Alvarado's merry ways will provoke the foe!' But the words of Cortés are cut by the enemy-message pleading for peace.

'Where do you suffer most, Don Pedro de Alvarado?' 'I suffer in my soul.' And to dispel the remembrance of slaves wrongly gotten, of the question by torture made for trifling reasons, of disobedience to the Bishop of Guatemala, Alvarado conjures up instead such pictures of Mexico as may ease his deathbed.

He sees Captain Diego de Ordas, bad rider, good walker, looking with excitement at Guaxocingo, the burning volcano: 'I shall climb to the summit.' No Indian will accompany him, so the captain goes alone. He stands by the crater and in the firelight sees the city of Mexico; he the first of all the Christian host to see the city. Ordas will outlive the siege of Mexico and the *Noche Triste*—the Sad Night, the night of retreat, and he will take as trophy to the Court of Spain this hour lived by the burning crater. The king will allow Ordas to quarter the volcano on his blazon.

'What arms we conquerors gained! This fiery mountain of Ordas; and Cortés quartering the heads of seven conquered kings—(the Cid himself, on his great day, conquered but five unbelieving kings). There is too that strange escutcheon which bears Almagro's eye, the eye granted as device to Juan Roldan.'

Then away from heraldry to the sound of the voices of Spanish soldiers nearing the city of Mexico, nearing a vision of urban beauty greater perhaps than ever man beheld, nearing a whole more beautiful than ever man destroyed. White temples and white towers that rise from the blue waters like

massy clouds, like cumulus banked-up in a summer sky; boats sailing in and about the city, and birds flying here and there; floating gardens, fruit and scent and colour, and paintings on the temples and on the palaces, bold strokes depicting gods and beautiful gold-painted living youths being prepared for sacrifice. The Castilians then cried out to one another, the one asking: 'Am I bewitched or do you also see a city in the water?' And the answer: 'I see a spectacle come out of *Amadis*. Beautiful as a scene in *Amadis*.' So going towards Mexico the talk was, for a time, of Amadis of Gaul and of how when the Knights rode abroad, the battle-cry was: 'God and my country!' A horseman remembered that sometimes the heroes called on 'God and Reason', as when Galaor, the brother of Amadis, a man preferred by some as being less prone to weeping than was Amadis, preparing to fight the giant Albadon, called out: 'Monster, you shall be overthrown, you shall be destroyed by that which is my power; by God and by Reason.' So the soldiers talk of Amadis, talk of how women have mourned the imaginary hero as though indeed he were their kinsman, of how, reading the passage which tells his death, a man was known to faint. And Voices from Spain praise Amadis; Loyola, and Theresa of Avila. Francis I, in prison beguiling the dreary days, and Hurtado de Mendoza, historian, and the gatherer of a library to which he made Philip I heir; Mendoza, sent as ambassador to Rome, leaves behind him Sallust and Tacitus and takes only *Amadis* and *The Celestina*. Yet Cortés, some years after he has destroyed this dream-like city of Mexico and has dried up the waters of this 'Garden of the World,' will plead at the Court of Spain that all books of chivalry be banned from the New World. Already inebriated by new liberties, by gold, by power, by novelty, the Spaniard must not be further giddied by potions of imagination. *Amadis* is too ideal, too romantic, too prodigious to be fit reading for New Spain. And now to Alvarado in his fever comes again sight of the city of Mexico 'beautiful as a scene in *Amadis*.'

'Where is your greatest hurt, Don Pedro de Alvarado?' 'The hurt is in my soul.' Now Don Pedro's memory snatches something out of Mexico, a deed of mercy, a precious shining stone

to show the Lord, a thing wherewith to buy off the anger of the Lord. 'Do you remember, Lord, my deed of mercy? Do you remember the Spanish soldier strung up by order of Cortés because the man had robbed the hut of a friendly Indian? That was the discipline, the rule of Cortés. I cut down the thief and saved his life, Lord, when he was at his last gape.'

That memory is linked to another of the anger of Cortés, and of his cold voice. Fearful voice never raised in anger although the grave mild eyes would flash and a vein in the forehead and a vein in the neck of Cortés would swell. Cortés swore then: 'By my conscience,' and his wish was: 'May you repent this, may you repent this.' Now in his anger Cortés asks: 'And had you given permission to the worshippers to dance, Don Pedro de Alvarado?' 'Yes, sir, I gave permission.' Then the furious question—which the Lord God also furiously may ask: 'Then why did you cause those seven hundred nobles in the temple, those seven hundred dancers of the Flower Dance, to be massacred?'

After the massacre is clamour of Voices, raised against Alvarado, the pen and voice of Las Casas and of others that say: 'Alvarado ordered the murder that he might take the gold of the temple.' 'But no, Lord God no, not so! Avarice was, on that day, not the prompter; fear perhaps was.' Fear which whispered: 'Here is your chance, strike first, strike first. What matter that you kill such men as these? They are tigers, they are the eaters of living man.'

(Strange bodies of the men of Mexico, so pliant, so easy-seeming, and yet strong and greatly enduring.)

To dying Alvarado the temple dance takes on a different look, the dance and the massacre. For afterwards, during the siege of Mexico, Alvarado had learned, surprised, that the men of Mexico would starve without laying hand on fellow man. 'It is only the flesh of our enemies that we eat; this we do to come by his courage, his virility.' And rather than give up their monstrous gods these men had willingly died. 'Supposing that such had not been slaughtered but, instead, converted: supposing they had become Christian as the graceful women had become!'

All these souls lost now, so Alvarado supposes, and he, because

of this, is in anguish and moans the text with which the Bishop of Guatamala had but lately appalled him: 'The blood of him that is killed by daylight shall be demanded of the slayer.'

Before he sleeps Alvarado hears other voices. The Tlascalans, those unreliable allies feeble in battle, have flocked in to rebuild the burnt city of Mexico. By day and by night they do not cease to sing; music and building and song are altogether.

Don Pedro de Alvarado died. Because she that writes loves the brave she will keep wake beside him; will tell his deeds. Will take up arms for him against Bartolomé de Las Casas who ill-judged him; will make excuse for this sinner as did the Bishop of Guatamala, as did the Dominican Betanzos. Will add dole to the mourning of Doña Beatriz, widow of Alvarado.

Recall now the laughter that sounded so often round about Alvarado; the easy jokes by the camp fire, the readiness of these Spanish soldiers to laugh. The defeat of Narvaez, newcomer, upstart rival of Cortés, had afforded the loudest laugh, for the cause of this defeat was the shimmer of the fireflies. The two armies were encamped to fight, the moon shone; some clouds rolled up and muffled the light of the moon; in the gloom the fireflies glimmered. The soldiers of Narvaez, paid men, and ignorant, had never heard of fireflies, so now they threw down their arms and ceded because of the sheen which they took to be the shine of many muskets.

Tonatiu was the name by which the Mexicans called Alvarado, *Tonatiu* the Sun, the Cheerful Shining. That was because of his glad look, his beauty, his reddish hair, his pride and his splendour. After daily Mass followed a game with Montezuma and his nephew. They played with golden balls aimed at a golden manikin. With affectionate malice, Montezuma said: 'I will not let *Tonatiu* score.' There was a shout of soldier laughter because his men knew the exaggerations of Alvarado.

And now the Voice of old Bernal Diaz, follower of Cortés, in palliation of Alvarado: 'The Mexicans did not kill the wounded Spaniards that fell prisoner, but carried them off to the pagan gods to be sacrificed whilst yet they were alive.' Bernal Diaz

was the soldier who watched the sacrifice of seventy-two Christians and excused himself for having had a sensation of fear when he saw the hearts torn from out the Spanish breasts and offered to the gods. Diaz, who for ten nights, consecutive, heard the cries of the Spanish prisoners and heard the drums. On the eleventh day the last Spaniard was sacrificed. Alvarado too must have heard and seen these things, and feared them with a hardening heart.

Charles the Fifth of Spain walked in his garden: 'Who is that?' he asked of a courtier. A man of about thirty years of age was nearing him. 'That, Sire, is Don Pedro de Alvarado.' The king frowned; Bartolomé de Las Casas had aspersed the name with blood. But after *Tonatiu* had spoken with the King Charles allowed him to kiss his hand, and exalted him to a governance in New Spain. After Don Pedro had gone Charles said to the courtier: 'This man is not guilty of many of the charges made against him; look at his walk; look at his face!' 'Look at his walk,' so had been the order of Pythagoras to his disciples, for none that walked without grace and rhythm might join the followers of Pythagoras, because the walk expresses the soul.

When young the mythic Cid leaped some seventy feet and to match it was the *Salto de Alvarado*. Bernal Diaz denies the truth of the leap, but Garcilaso, whose father served Cortés in Mexico, tells of it as being true, so does Gomara. Pillars were erected on either side of the gully to mark the jump. The Spaniards, because of insurrection, withdrew from Mexico and on that *Noche Triste*, that Sad Night, Alvarado attempted to rejoin Cortés, but the Indians had destroyed the bridge Cabrera. Dead and dying in the river were stacked up against the sides of the gully; Alvarado took a running leap, thrusting his spearhead into the mass of the dead and vaulting the chasm which the bridge had spanned. Twenty-five feet wide the leap was said to be. 'Son of a god!' exclaimed the Indians. One or two Spaniards tried to follow Alvarado, but they fell into the chasm and were lost. Garcilaso, marvelling at Alvarado, wrote that 'It seems as if God who had that great work for them to do, endued this gentleman and others with abilities of body and

mind proportioned to so great an enterprise.' Garcilaso is speaking of the Conquest of the New World. Garcilaso lingers on that theme and tells how, spurred only to maintain a boast, Alvarado—with one end of his cloak over his left shoulder, the other held tight under his right arm—and holding his sword in his left hand, walked the ten feet or so of a beam of wood thrown out from the tower of the great church in Seville. Some repairs had been needed to the steeple and a scaffold was to be erected.

Nimble and footsure was Don Pedro at the prank in Seville, and too, when as a youth, hunting, he and his young companions stopped by a well to vie with one another: 'Let us jump the well.' 'It is too broad and deep,' yet one or two young men cleared the well at a run. Don Pedro laughed: 'This would be a jolly standing jump if I dare do it.' From the brink he jumped, landed on his toes, and then sprang backwards across the well.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CROWNED HEADS OF HORSES

The Convergence on Quito of two Indians and of four Spanish Generals, A.D. 1534. The irruption of Cotapaxi. The Trick of Ovando.

‘JESUS, Jesus, Jesus, send me here my purgatory!’ often so pray Christians. ‘Will not the expedition to Quito count for Don Pedro’s purgatory?’ Voices answer: ‘He did not make that journey in penance. He was bent on gaining wealth. We do not know that he even offered up to God his patience, his resignation, during those unholy sufferings.’ So far the Voices. But meritorious or not meritorious for love of the courageous, this writer will recount the Expedition and the sufferings. Strange affluence of warriors towards Quito; as Valasco tells it, so is seen the affair—like a queer game.

The two Indians who figure here are *Ruminavi*, Stony-Eye, and Quiz-Quiz, once friends, now enemies. When Atahualpa was taken by the Spaniards, Stony-Eye fled up to Quito full of greed and of fear. He would seize the kingdom, he would save himself. Quiz-Quiz went against him marching from Cuzco to Quito to defend the rights of the dead Atahualpa. Quiz-Quiz will find his death in this fray over Quito and so will Stony-Eye.

At this very same time Pizarro also is pricked to conquer Quito. He sends that great captain, Sebastian de Belacaçar, also Hernando de Soto is sent, and later he is ordered to attack Quiz-Quiz.

Charles the Fifth had granted leave to Pedro de Alvarado to conquer places on which other Spaniards were not bent. Ignorant of this business of Pizarro, and thinking that Pizarro was on the coastlands of Peru, Don Pedro—accompanied for the most part by gentlemen at their own expense—went from New Spain towards Quito. And now in 1534 Pizarro, advised of Don Pedro’s expedition, sends Diego de Almagro to oppose him.

Quiz-Quiz was a great man. He was probably of the *yana-cuna*, the serving people, he had served the Emperor Huana-Cápac as barber; *barber* is the root of his name. Carefully he

had trimmed the hair and the scanty hairs of the small beard of the Inca, and this nearness to the royal person had been the cause of the rise of Quiz-Quiz, who for thirty years was a governor.

Counsels of Quiz-Quiz against the Christians were weakened because he remembered the last words of his master, the Inca Huana-Cápac, when he had murmured of the coming of the sons of Vira-Cocha. 'These men will be invincible, they must be ceded to,' the dying man had said. Quiz-Quiz sent a spy to watch the forces of Almagro, but instead the Castilians, by this spy, obtained information of Quiz-Quiz so they made haste towards the camp of the Indian general. This hurry over the rough mountains caused the horses to cast their shoes, hardly a horse but had lost a shoe. In the great heights the unconquerable Iberians, at night, re-shod their horses by the light of torches. Shod them, probably, with gold or silver since there was no iron. The last that was known of Quiz-Quiz is that he had in his camp a vast following of men and of women, a legion of women that hampered him. And that he advised Palon, a lord of the family of Atahualpa, to seek now the friendship of the Spaniards. Some said that Palon called Quiz-Quiz *coward*, it is certain that Palon, in fury, pierced the breast of Quiz-Quiz with a lance, and that then the warriors fell on Quiz-Quiz and cut off his head. Often the Indians were divided against themselves, as on this day, and no one could trust any other.

As to Stony-Eye, he waged war especially against the horses of the Spaniards, ordering that pits be dug and gins be set. The Indian spies of Belalcaçar often saved the Spaniards from falling into the gins and again and again the march that had been planned was diverted to avoid the pitfalls; nevertheless, horses were all too often killed. Near a place called Tiocaxas, with horrified amazement the Spaniards saw fulfilled the taunt of Stony-Eye, the heads of many stricken horses set on pikes along the way. Scissioned the shadowy sable head of some Don's horse, *el negro*; and a proud head of creamy colour that showed a pure Arab descent; someone seeing it would wring his hands and moan: '*La perla! La perla!*' Here was a piebald, the *moro*, which, against the common expectation, had not changed colour, although taken all this far from Spain; there hung the

head of a dark roan, the much prized *Alazan tostado, antes muerte que cansado*, the sorrel-coloured horse which will die sooner than tire. And these heads of the once so-brave, so-patient, in derision had been crowned with wreaths of flowers and with leaves.

Here, near Tiocaxas a great wonder saved the Spanish host marching under Balacaçar. The Spaniards were outnumbered, weary, badly placed, divided in counsel; some said: 'We should return to San Miguel,' others said: 'We must fight it out.' Stony-Eye might make sure of victory. But at night the great burning mountain Cotopaxi overflowed. This was the second fire-flood of recent date, for Cotopaxi had belched flames on the eve of Atahualpa's captivity. And now, remembering some prophecy, the Indians fled, and Stony-Eye from that hour was defeated. In the morning the uncomprehending Spaniards saw miles of ashes covering all the grass, saw that the enemy had gone; they feared only for their hungry horses. But beyond the burnt land the Spaniards found a royal resting-place with store of food, and here Belalcaçar rested with his army. On the other side of Cotopaxi lay the host of Alvarado ignorant quite of the nearness of fellow countrymen; the fiery flood brought starvation on his horses.

The last that is known of Stony-Eye of Ruminavi is thus: he is amongst the Women-set-apart, amongst virgins that had perhaps been destined for Atahualpa. Stony-Eye is telling the women about the Christians who are nearing Quito, men that command thunder and that send death by lightning which they carry in their hands. Men with beards, and foam-coloured faces, their immodest genitals marked out by jewelled cases, for this had seemed to Stony-Eye the purpose of the gay bag, the cod-piece of the Captains. At the description of such novelty the simple virgins laughed. And Stony-Eye caused all the women to be murdered. Forsaken by the Indians, defeated by the Spaniards, Stony-Eye hid his latter end in a snow-covered height of Andes. Ruminavi the height was called, hard and cold as Stony-Eye—Ruminavi.

Of Hernando de Soto there is nothing that I shall tell here, but instead, of the comedy of the chieftain Otavalo, who

thought to seize something for himself out of this time of tumult. Advancing to a province, that lay next to his own, he aped the manner of the mounted, terror-making Spaniards. This he did by seating his men on llamas as though they had been on horseback. Llamas were never ridden in this country, but were used only for burdens. The simple Indians were hoodwinked by Otavalo's trick and that the more easily because Otavalo had sent women and children running ahead crying out that the mounted Christians were in pursuit. Otavalo by this trick obtained spoil of his silly neighbours.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAD JOURNEY

The terrible journey past Cotopaxi. The horses' footprints. The march of Alvarado against Almagro. The Castilians will not fight one another.

ALVARADO in Guatemala had called on his friends to accompany him to the Northern part of the Inca's kingdom. Dons at their own expense joined him, several of them took their wives, even children went. There were some who followed for a wage, and the brothers of laughing Alvarado went. They sailed to the Bay of Caraquez in Equador and thence, without guide, without interpreter, without knowledge of the way, they crossed desert plains, went through forests and over the Andes to stay at last at Rio Bamba about a hundred miles from Quito.

At first, in the plains, they nearly died of thirst. Would have died had not some countryman led them to great canes called *ypha*, the hollow stems of which hold the dew so that in the lower thick part was store of several gallons of water whilst at the top the stem tapered finely away. Now, and later again in the mountains, the starving men had to kill and eat some of the horses. After this time of misery they found gold and emeralds, and weighted themselves joyfully with the metal and the stones. But later, in the heights of the Cordillera, they were again hungry and cold. The eruption of Cotopaxi, which had so well served Belalcazar, was the doom of many of Alvarado's men; the dust and sand from the fiery mountain buried the sparse food of the horses, and after that came a fall of snow.

Now the travellers suffered the dreadful mountain sickness, the *mareo* (or sea-sickness) so called by the Spaniards, the *veta* or vein of the Indians, *veta* because the Indians thought that the sickness was caused by a poisonous exhalation from veins of metal in the mountains. Their mistaken conclusion was based on the fact that this distress was come upon in parts of the mountains where metal was known to be. The men of Alvarado

had with them no natives to solace them with coca; the Indians and negroes he had brought from Guatemala succumbed to the hardships in greater numbers than the Europeans. They suffered without any conception of the cause of this frightful sickness; some did not much complain but others bled from the pores of their hands, from eyes or nostrils, ears or mouth. Vomited too and even fell unconscious; the horses also were sadly oppressed. The blood of these strangers to the Andes was powerless to support them in this cruel thin air. But the blood of the mountain-people, almost three times thicker than theirs, is builded with such enormous increase of red cells that by their virtue is gathered and retained whatever oxygen in the air is available. From a wounded Andean this providential blood oozes thick as a syrup. The cold was so extreme, the wind so dry, that the flow of blood was cut off from the members that were a little separated from the heart; frozen fingers, accidentally jerked, painlessly dropped off the benumbed hands.

Starved, over-weighted, the Spaniards threw away the emeralds and the gold, unable any more to bear the weight. Of those first Spanish women to come to the Four Quarters one died here. 'Go on, go on with the others,' she had urged. 'You may be saved if you move with the rest; carry one of the children if you can.' The husband of the woman could not carry even the younger child; rather than leave them he sat down, beside his wife and the two children. They died so and were covered by the snowflakes.

Meanwhile General Belalcazar had accomplished his mission by the conquest of Quito, and the flight of Stony-Eye, and now he went to Rio Bamba to rest after the conflict. To his surprise he found Almagro. Almagro reprimanded Belalcazar for having left San Miguel and pushed on to Quito instead of awaiting further orders of Pizarro. Upon that matter the two generals had a bitter quarrel but, when peace was restored, Almagro explained to Belalcazar his own mission and how that he was moving in the direction of Quito to frustrate the reported coming of Alvarado. The Indians said to Almagro: 'Wait here, for no bearded man could cross the mountains without

going to Rio Bamba by way of Chimbo.' Waiting so, Almagro passed the time in frays against the Indians, and from a prisoner he learnt that several hundreds of Christians had attacked a fortress to the rear but: 'Impossible for Alvarado to have crossed the mountains at that point.'

Now, after five months of agony Alvarado with the survivors of his host reached a valley. But on the Inca-highroad Alvarado saw the ruinous imprint of horses' hooves. 'So we are not the first.' 'So we have come too late!' Seven horsemen sent by Almagro in search of Don Pedro detained them. Then Alvarado heard of the conquest of Quito and was shocked by the knowledge that, all unknowing, he, king-favoured Alvarado, had disobeyed his Emperor, that he was trespassing here since other conquerors had won the country—that the frightful sufferings of his expedition were waste, and that the wealth he had expended was money lost.

Swiftly he decides that, having erred in ignorance, he will not withdraw; he will press on and conquer Almagro. Alvarado then liberated the seven horsemen, who rode straight back to Almagro with the almost unbelievable news of Don Pedro's arrival at this point beyond the mountains. Almagro, knowing his men to be inferior in number and in mettle, resolved to fall back on Cuzco and to leave Belalcaçar to deal with Alvarado.

And now Filipillo added one more betrayal to his guilt. He crossed the river to the camp of Alvarado and revealed the determination of Almagro to withdraw. He showed Alvarado the wealth of the kingdom of Quito and Peru and promised that working with the Indian chieftains, one of whom now accompanied him, he, Filipillo, would make all victories possible; from end to end of the Four Quarters Don Pedro de Alvarado would be acclaimed the Huira-Cocha. 'Go to-night,' he said, 'and overthrow Almagro.'

Yesterday, of a sudden, the mind of Alvarado had been voided of hope; to-day, of a sudden, surges expectation of kingdoms and of wealth so that Don Pedro cried: 'I shall not await the night; we will go now.' With unfurled banner, Alvarado and his fighting men advance over the few miles that separate his camp from that of Almagro.

Don Pedro crossed the dividing river. His men marched now

on soil patterned with violas and gentian that grew almost stemless, constrained to this economy by the harshness of the heights. The yellow and red and purple of rigid, stalkless, starry-shaped flowers gave the effect of a vestment embroidered, or of a sheet enamelled, rather than of that geranium, silene, veronica and daisy-like flowers all in process of growing. But when the Castilians faced one another these even-Christians, these fellow-countrymen could not kill one another. Should they that for eight hundred years had gladly spilled the blood of unbelievers now cause the flow of blood baptized! The speech of Estremenos flowed from the rival forces, for indeed most of the men in both armies were from Estramadura. They spoke peace to one another. Their voices were gentle to one another as the sound of doves come in summer from Barbary; of turtle-doves that rest in the olive-trees of Estremadura, doves ~~that fly~~ from Africa to nest in Estremadura; so that the summer-air is full of their cooing and of the song of the cicada.

Mingled with the talk of the Spaniards is the ghostly Voice of Erasmus, telling of the just, of the necessary consent of the people, of the consent of the people which is the origin of kings; telling his ideal Christian prince how terrible is war, how specially horrible is the war of Christian against Christian; Christ in both camps; fighting, can it be, against Himself.

And so a truce was made and Don Pedro de Alvarado was bought off at a great price. The worthless life of Filipillo the Interpreter was spared by Almagro, who ceded to the plea, for him, of Alvarado. But Filipillo will once again betray Almagro and that time he shall be quartered whilst yet alive; from the dust he will confess his treacheries. He will confess that he was the cause of the death of Atahualpa because the witness he had borne against Atahualpa to Pizarro was a lie. That he had lied to hasten the death of the Supreme Inca so that he, vile Filipillo, might possess one of the women of the Inca Atahualpa.

CHAPTER XIX

REMORSE

Of remorse; of Vicente de Las Casas and of Domingo de Betanzos;
and again of remorse.

DON PEDRO DE ALVARADO was not alone to suffer in his soul. Uncertainty and remorse vexed conquerors, and captains and friars. Cortés, uncertain as to the final arbitration in the matter of Indian slavery, makes a legacy in atonement of possible wrongs; several conquerors and newcomers to this far Western world will do the same. Even in the homeland, various men, that had taken part in the sack of Rome, provided in their last testaments that the goods which they had stolen from the citizens of Rome be restored.

Some of the wrongs done by Alvarado were afterwards righted by the Bishop of Guatemala, who, by Don Pedro's last testament, administered his estate.

For of all the Indians the only ones who might be enslaved were the so-called Caribs, fighting men and man-eaters. But Alvarado winked at injustice when on the bewildered faces of gentle Indians the terrible letter *C* was branded. He promised that when he should become free of debt he would no longer tolerate this forbidden traffic in slaves, but he delayed to free himself of debt.

Nor is Alvarado exculpated by the Voices of the two Chieftains of New Granada when in a plea to Pope III they do admit that 'If perhaps your Holiness has been told that we are bestial you are to understand that this is true inasmuch as we follow devilish rites and ceremonies.'

A friend of Alvarado who loved him, as also did the Bishop of Guatemala, was Domingo de Betanzos of the Order of Preachers.

The last meeting of these two was on a road in Guatemala. The Friar Betanzos, who was Confessor to Don Pedro, was leaving the country which Alvarado was entering as Governor. Don Pedro, mounted on a chestnut pacing-horse, wore silk;

and waving plumes; he was perfumed with amber, behind him came a retinue. Fasting and travel-stained, the friar was on foot, as was the custom for even the aged bishops when they made visitation. *Motolino! Motolino!*—poor man! So in Mexico the Indians had acclaimed the ragged first friars, and knelt, with Cortés, to kiss the habit. Perhaps Don Pedro on the road remembered that he had not fulfilled the penance put on him by Domingo de Betanzos that he must give in restitution a crimson cloth of velvet to an altar. Stricken by fasting, Betanzos, when aged but twenty-five, was grey-haired, for he had chosen the harsh life of a solitary hermit. But a friend of his childhood, a Dominican, entreated him: 'Become a Dominican: for those advanced in perfection the solitary life may be the best life, but the souls of beginners in perfection gain by life in a religious community.' Likely the Voice of Solitude, strong in the Spanish psyche, took up the lines of Luis de Leon:

' Dichoso el humilde estado
del sabio que se retiro
do a questo mundo malvado
y con pobre mesa y casa
en el campo deleitoso
con solo Dios compassa,
y a solas su vida pasa
ni envidao ni envidiosi.'

Betanzos joined the Preachers and became Founder and head of the Dominican Order in the whole of New Spain, a man spent in service.

Vicente de Las Casas Dominican moves to and fro in the life of Betanzos. As a layman Las Casas experienced the failure of his plan of emigration to the New World, of a colony to be governed by himself. His phantastic Order of the Golden Spurs was proved 'more suitable to the pages of *Amadis* than to the hard New World,' as mocking Voices said. His ideals proved illusions, the human frailty of Spaniards and of Indians was revealed, and the massacre by Indians of the Colony he had founded drove Las Casas to a cloister in Spain. In this retirement the Friar Betanzos ministered to Las Casas and urged him to consider his own soul and to see to the business of his own salvation. And to the argument of Las Casas, the priest

answered: 'It may be, señor, that you are not the instrument chosen by God for the betterment of the lives of the Indians.'

Las Casas pressed that he could not yet put aside his worldly preoccupation for he had written to the King and must await the answer. 'And of what profit will that be if you die before the answer comes?' Betanzos urged the *one thing necessary*, and later, in that friary, Las Casas received the tonsure at his hands.

Las Casas went from the cloister and returned to the West and crossed backwards and forwards during many years, for he lived and worked to a great age. He did both good and harm. Good to those native of the New World—he was styled *Protector of the Indians*—but harm to Africans, harm to Spanish settlers and injustice to the honour of Spain. To save the Indians from heavy labour, in the mines especially, Las Casas urged the importation of Africans, each one four times as strong as a copper-coloured man: at his plea the awful traffic was given the royal approval. And years later his quill-pen wavers because of this. As to Alvarado, as perhaps to Betanzos, so to Las Casas comes remorse, not scorch of remorse as to Don Pedro, but rather the shadow of an uncertainty. Las Casas regrets that he had caused the importation of Africans, he writes of himself saying: 'That this cleric judges himself to have been guilty of inadvertence.'

But in his last testament, by which document Las Casas looks sorrowfully on Peru, country which had chanced always to be just beyond the help of his hand, country over which he yearned, he writes no more of the African tragedy, but writes that, on account of crimes committed against the red men, 'God will let loose on Spain His dreadful wrath unless she do much penance.'

The Saints of Peru will be prompted to do the penance; to make the atonement.

A Spaniard, in a market-place of Africa, wept to see divided a man from his wife, a mother from her child and to see the negroes shipped in chains across the ocean. He blamed himself for weeping because the bondage would result in the slaves

being taught the Faith and this would be a good far greater than their anguish. Somewhat so might Time have watched the merchandise foreseeing this present, when the sons of Ham flourish in the rich places of the New World, flourish and procreate more than in Africa; grow like plants, smother the elder sons of the countries, push them from the paps of the sea into the back-lands. And in the Islands are no copper men, but many black men.

* * * *

Perhaps to Betanzos also came remorse, or it may be that smaller men used his bodily weakness for the advantage of their views. Betanzos, it seems, signed a paper by which he made amends for possible errors of judgment with regard to the natives. Las Casas was one of the witnesses.

But however that may be let the last thing be told of Betanzos and Las Casas be the gay story of the conversion of the warriors of Tuzulutlan—the Land of War, that part now called Vera Paz.

Betanzos gave his permission and his blessing to the undertaking of Las Casas, which undertaking had many safeguards. Without shoes, without money, the Dominicans were to make the people Christian, but no other Spaniards were to enter the country for five years, lest there be scandals. After that the people, who were never to be ill-treated and whose own liberty of person was to be absolute, should be vassals of the King of Spain and pay a just tribute of gold and silver of maize and of cotton.

Four Christian Indians who traded up and down from Santiago de Guatemala and who knew various tongues were taught a poem made in the Spanish fashion as far as the tongue of Zampula would allow. During eight days and far into the night the merchants sang the angelic story: here they were full of threat and frenzy, and there of tenderness or of glory. From a hollowed wooden instrument, the *templanasta* was drawn melody new to the warriors. Tambourines and castanets made merry because of the Child, timbrels pulsed and bells rang out the Virgin: little bells on bracelets were shaken to the Gospel words. The Chieftain pressed the minstrels: 'Tell me more, teach me more.' They said: 'Only the Fathers can explain the

good news.' 'Who are the Fathers?' 'They are clothed in white with something of black, their hair is cut to a crown round their heads; they do not eat meat nor value coca nor gold. They care not for cloaks of feathers, they are not wedded, they do not consort with women. They kneel before fair images, night and day they sing praise of God.' The Chieftain had a spy put upon the friars in the province where they were and as everything that the minstrels had said of them was found to be true he sent for the Dominicans and all was well with Vera Paz.

* * * * *

'Where do you suffer most, Don Pedro de Alvarado?' 'I suffer in my soul.' Lope de Vega sang the song of Don Pedro, and of many others that desired to change their ways, desired to follow good counsels but who put off the hour of amendment:

'I made my Lord to wait
wet with dews before my gate.
The frost of my ingratitude
has chilled His Feet that bled.
How oft my Guardian said,
"Soul, from thy window see
how long He waits for thee."
But to that voice of sorrow
I replied,
"To-morrow I'll unlatch the door."
But when to-morrow came
repeated as before,
"To-morrow; and to-morrow."'

CHAPTER XX

THE CHAPTER OF DOÑA BEATRIZ

Whose tale was told by Antonio de Remesal in the *Historia General de las Indias Occidentales* whilst Garcilaso de la Vega recorded the festal evening.

DOÑA BEATRIZ DE LA CUEVA is the lately married wife of Alvarado, now Governor of Guatemala; she has arrived with him in New Spain and here a great welcome is given to Don Pedro and his bride; for days and nights there is joy and dancing. The gossips say that the young women who have arrived with Doña Beatriz have come to New Spain to be married; the Spanish Dons are elated at the news.

In a great hall the Indians are dancing, showing the hunted deer, showing the sway of the water-rushes, translating their occasions, their beliefs by the dancing of their feet, by the swing of their bodies. The Conquerors sit in the hall watching the dancers; the Spanish girls, with Doña Beatriz, from a balcony look down upon the men. New wine for old bottles, young women to be wedded to the ageing Dons. One woman, low-voiced, asserts that she has not sailed so far to marry an old rotten fellow. 'Look at that one, like a malefactor with his ear slashed off.' 'See this other that has lost his eye to an arrow.' 'Holy Mary, that grey-beard there is lame; I am not for such as he.' But other maidens more worldly-wise take up the whispering: 'We have not come so far to marry them for pretty looks, but to be vested with the rich estates they have gained. Never mind their fevered faces nor their hacked-slashed bodies; because of their past hardships they will die all the sooner and we shall be free to wed according to our fancies'; so from behind the jealousies talked the maidens.

But in spite of rustling fans and in spite of dulled senses, one Conqueror overheard the talk of the damsels behind the lattices. Down below in the body of the hall he loudly repeated the conversation. Then he stamped out of the building and the next day was married by a priest to his well-born Indian concubine, by whom he had had children.

But now is no dancing nor tittering behind the lattice, because in a Province, where the ground is black, Don Pedro has died of mishap. The heavy news is carried to the capital and here is outcry and lamentation. 'He rid us of the vexatious puma,' say the Indians, and all night long they will repeat that threnody. Frantically, all out of measure, mourned the widow Doña Beatriz and she desired that all about her should be black, sable as the place of his death. 'Bring slime from the dark bed of the river and make a stain. Paint the dye over the halls and passages, the kitchen and the courtyard, darken the rooms; let the towers of the house be steeped in pitch.' So she ordered, so was done. She sat in a darkened room, not even a taper to light her. During the first days of dole she did not eat nor drink nor sleep; she would not hear words of consolation. Mourners took up the cries of the Doña distraught, such a Moorish-sounding outcry as shocked Fray Pedro de Angelo, come to visit Doña Beatriz.

The friar found the widow unreconciled to the will of God. He lacked wisdom and told her: 'God has two punishments: the great chastisement which is the deprivation of grace and of Heaven, and a lesser chastisement which is but the deprivation of things transitory or goods, or children, husband, honour or health.' Doña Beatriz should not, he said, so grieve over what was a lesser affliction. At those words the lady rose and bid the priest be gone: 'If this great harm has been done to me by God He can do no worse—and I care not what more He does.' The friar grieved for many days and wept over his words, and at the manner of their reception; but Doña Beatriz told her friends of her anger as though it were a glory to her.

For nine days following there was no cessation of dolorous clamour. Of those nine the funeral rites filled three days during which time the rain fell in alarming downpour by day and by night. Meantime the Viceroy debated with the Bishop, the Mayor, and the two Registrars of the City as to whom they should now have as Governor. Finally, Dona Beatriz was asked to be Governor in Alvarado's stead, and she assented: *La Sin Ventura Doña Beatriz—The Ill-Fated Doña Beatriz*. Then she drew her quill through 'Doña Beatriz' so that The Ill-Fated was her name.

At this time the capital city, Santiago de los Caballeros, was plagued with miseries. When first it was built, wild beasts had fallen on the town, and now hounds, fierce and less shy than the wild animals, persecuted the flocks. From the pastures those hounds drove away the brood mares, the herds of cattle, and the sounders of swine. Such bloodhounds, and wolf-like shepherd dogs from Spain had no fear of man, for men had been their meat. They had been whelped of bitches trained to track down fugitive Indians, trained to tear to pieces those on whom was to be avenged a terrible death. And that because the Indians had feared death at the teeth of the new-come animals more than by any other means. Las Casas had tales of these hounds more terrible than can be stomached. Now that the country was peaceful the dogs turned their ferocity against the flocks; they sometimes tore out the hearts of ewes and of lambs whilst leaving uneaten the rest of the body.

A law was passed that the hounds must be kept indoors. After that, mischief entered the herds, for although there was pasture enough the cattle fell on newly planted precious fruit trees sent by sail from Spain. The cattle strayed and trespassed so much that now valuable creatures were reckoned to be vermin and a legal clause was formalized whereby any man might shoot down another man's horse or mare, cow, pig or sheep if such a beast should escape its proper enclosure.

The malice of men, also, made life nearly unendurable. Strangers come into Santiago thieved so continually that now the use of silver at *galas* was prohibited in the city. Merchants cheated their patrons; the servants of the Government stole gold and silver from the mines and defrauded the king of his fifth. Next came fire. Sparks from a forge in the centre of the town burned down some buildings. The removal of the forge was ordered in vain, so the city suffered a second fire from the same cause.

The new laws humanely determined in Spain were constantly violated by the Colony; a general disobedience reigned. Even the religious processions were a scandal, no order was kept and there was screaming and fighting in the streets as to which should go first, the statue of Saint Joseph or that of Saint James. Seemingly the townsfolk had suffered almost every ill,

but so far their flesh had been untouched. Then a Spanish doctor-surgeon-herbalist became infamous in the city. It was recorded that in a year more Spaniards died at his hands than had been killed in ten years warring in New Spain. Within twelve months hardly a man he had visited had escaped death, so that in the autumn this, the only physician, was forbidden to attend the sick. By the following spring, the need of a doctor was so great that an edict was published obliging the surgeon-herbalist to search his conscience and to act honestly according to his knowledge. At the same time the community was warned that from now onwards those that called for the doctor's help must do so at their own risk; the law would no longer intervene nor would the surgeon be fined for any misadventure to the sufferer. At this troubled time the brother of Doña Beatriz was made Governor in her stead.

In the fall of the year was an earthquake, accompanied by a flood. On the night of two-fold calamity *La Sin Ventura* and twelve women with her made no move to escape the rocking house. Outside the house a red cow frightened away such as neared it; the flood rose. Doña Beatriz and the women went to the oratory. The widow clung to the nailed feet of the Victim; she wept in repentance. Doña Beatriz and eleven of her companions were dead before the dawn. The twelfth escaped and it was by her that the last house of those others was made known.

Hundreds of people in Santiago perished by flood and by earthquake. Those that survived held that the rebellious murmur of Beatriz the Ill-Fated had angered God and brought about the great catastrophe. The people clamoured against the honourable burial of her body.

Throughout the hours of earthquake and of flood the Bishop of Guatemala had served the city valiantly. He ordered now that the burial of Doña Beatriz should be with honour, and he accompanied her body to the tomb.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ASSASSINATION OF FRANCISCO PIZARRO, GOVERNOR, A.D. 1541

Of oranges. The *Men of Chile*. The effigy. The foxes. Pizarro's coat-of-arms.

LIMA, unfortified, laid out on the same noble plan as other Spanish cities in the New World, is beautiful; a noble frame to Pizarro's last works. He is about sixty-five years of age or older, strong and kind in government, his developing genius for order resembles that of Hernán Cortés. Pizarro's face is less morose than in the past, although he still has the set and joyless look worn by the men-of-destiny, by those that take upon themselves to do: 'That which is determined.' who, themselves 'not clean,' are the actors of the great cleansings; of the great punishments or reappings; of the great upheavals, and to whom is woe.

Pizarro refuses to understand the threat to his head from certain uneasy tragic figures in Lima, and in other places. These are the *Men of Chile*; the son, and the followers of Almagro.

For lack of understanding, for lack of a clear map of the country, a cursed war had divided the Spaniards. Together they had fought a long mortal battle against the Indians in Cuzco, then Almagro had penetrated Chile since the south was awarded to him; there his men had suffered frightful hardships. When Almagro returned to Cuzco, Francisco was in Lima; Almagro fell to arms against Fernando Pizarro, was captured, tried in secret and sentenced by Fernando for rebellion, for treason against the Crown. At first aged Almagro cried out against such rigour, but before long he regained his calm, and made his will, leaving half of his possessions to the Crown. He was garrotted in prison, then his severed head was exposed to shame in the public square. His followers were so poor that several of them in Lima now owned but one cape which they wore by turn. They lurked about Lima suspicious of Pizarro,

who had no grudge against them. Doña Iñez, the sister of Atahualpa, had comforted Pizarro's bed and so, more lately, had the Doña Angelina, daughter of that Inca, for Atahualpa had left his dearest relations to the care of Francisco. By each of these royal concubines Pizarro had a child. The outcome of his conquest was very sweet to Pizarro in his late age. He determined that the new capital should be a centre of learning and of grandeur. The arrival of trees and seeds from Spain, and of cattle, the upspring of many good things, caused Pizarro only to laugh when he was warned of danger; his own content and the contentment of the Indians and of the Castilians about him blinded him to the misery of the *Men of Chile*, with young Diego, the son of Almagro, and Juan de Rada at their head. As for them, their only consolation was that Fernando de Pizarro had been put into prison in Spain because of Almagro's execution.

The first orange tree, brought from Spain, had fruited; Pizarro was admiring the growth, remembering surely the fruit sent years before from Darien for him and his companions starving on the coast. And now Juan de Rada came up and spoke of weapons and of coats-of-mail. But still Pizarro could not believe the ill-will to be real, got angry only that he should be considered an enemy, and declared that there was peace between him and the men of Almagro. The oranges were better proportioned to this happy time than vain bitter words; he gathered oranges and gave them to Rada; the parting between the two seemed to be friendly. A judge from Spain was at that time on his way to Peru to adjust matters, but by calamity he was shipwrecked before reaching Lima, and then the friends of Almagro in despair determined to be revenged by the murder of Pizarro.

So, after the day of the gift of oranges, Pizarro, in effigy, swung in the great square of Lima, and even then the Conqueror laughed and thought such warnings were but a way to extract fear-money. There hung the ghastly puppet dressed like Pizarro in black coat and white hat. That had been the style of dress worn by his hero, Gonzalo de Córdoba; Pizarro had adopted the fashion of The Great Captain.

And now because many little foxes came in from the country

to die in Cuzco, the Indians whispered that soon the Leader would be killed.

The sum of Pizarro's life had by this time been figured in the splendid symbols of heraldry. Charles V has granted to the Marquis a coat-of-arms. In one quarter it shows a sable eagle crowned and carrying two towers and the words: 'Which Towers we carry as device.' Charles V lends to the coat his own brave words, *Plus Ultra*. In the royal grant is written that Pizarro may show blazoned the town of Tumbez: 'Which town you found in Peru,' so runs the document. And he may show the 'Lion and the Tiger as porters of the principal gate to guard the entrance.' These are the very jaguar and puma that fawned on Pedro the Greek when he landed with his sword and the wooden cross. On the shield the sea is shown and boats of the kind seen on the coast of Peru. On one of the borders live stock like sheep appear and the words: KAROLA CAESARIUS AUSPICTO ET LABORE INGENIO AC IMPENSA DUCIS PIZARRO INVENTA ET PACATA. Charles Cæsar—under his auspices—by the labour, ingenuity and outlay of the leader Pizarro, discovered and placated. The wording of the grant continues thus: 'Afterwards, pursuing your service you returned to this Province of Peru to conquer and to populate it. At your own cost and embassy you levied many horsemen and men on foot with whom you conquered and pacified and subjected to our service, and to the Royal Crown of Spain, many tribes of the said Province of Peru, and put into Peru some other peoples, Christian Spaniards. . . .' The patent then shows that Pizarro made subjected many chieftains and especially Atabalipa Inca of Peru by whose imprisonment came large sums of gold and silver. The chieftain Quiz-Quiz and six other chiefs are named as having been conquered. The King tells that Pizarro took the towns of Cuzco and Xauxa, and Cajamarca, and other towns as well with utmost labour and peril. Many times Pizarro subjected his own person to danger of death as the King's loyal vassal and servant; even now, at the time when these arms were being created, Pizarro was suffering and labouring in Peru and in the Islands of the Sea of the South. The King recognises the value and the ennoblement that have accrued

to the Crown; the gold and silver and the precious stones. Therefore Pizarro may have the escutcheon painted in the courts of his house, on the walls and wheresoever he wishes. The escutcheon is to be divided into three parts.

On the escutcheon Cuzco is pictured with a crown suspended above the city and the red fringe of the Inca. Below on an azure field a lion holds the letter *F*. In Spain this colour when shown in heraldry is symbolization of justice, beauty, charity and loyalty. Around the quartering with the City of Cuzco are the words: *LABORE MIO FIDEM PRE OCCULIS HABENS TOT COMPARA VIDE VICIAS*.

Below on a red field is a grey lion crowned with gold and fettered round the neck by a chain of gold. This is the symbol of Atahualpa. Atahualpa is shown again below, but in kingly guise with coffers of gold and circled about with seven gryphons on a green field. Each of these chained creatures has a blue banner in its paw and they are symbols of the seven Peruvian Chieftains subdued by Pizarro.

The helmet is mantled by a foliage of blue and gold, the crest is a lion with a naked blood-dripping sword.

Sword of Pizarro, made most probably in Toledo or in Bilbao, so supple that it could be laid, curled like a snake, in a circular box hilt to point, heel to head; formed of iron buried first that the baser part rust away. The steel of this sword, made red hot, had been whirled round in winter-wind until it became, as the founders said, just warm only as a cherry, warm and flushed like a pink summer-cherry. Or, if not thus chilled by winter blast, then, like the swords of Othello (kept in his chamber,) the steel had perhaps been tempered in the ice-brooks. Better metal is not cast even beside the waters of Pharpar, beside the waters of Abana.

The keen sword of Pizarro will companion his last hour. And nearly three hundred years afterwards an Englishman will wield it. Spain will give this sword to Sir John Downie, the reward of courage; with it he will fight the French at Seville. Downie three times shall charge the enemy at a bridge, shall be wounded, shall know that he must be taken prisoner. But that the sword be not dishonoured by falling into the hands of

the French, Downie will throw back to his followers the bright blade of Pizarro.

Soon after the gift of oranges to Rada, soon after the swinging of the puppet, Men of Chile from the stairs of the Governor's house, surprise and overcome the few defenders of Pizarro, and rushing into his room they attack the Conqueror, who has not time to more than half draw on his metal waistcoat. He flings it aside, kills two men with his biting sword, sees his half-brother Alcantara and two courageous pages die at his side. But Pizarro, shedding his years with his blood, defends himself like a youthful hero. Rada cries out in alarm: 'Time is passing; the Tyrant must be killed.' And now against Pizarro he hurls a Man of Chile. The men interlock, Pizarro kills the adversary, but his own throat is deeply wounded; he is full of wounds. He falls to the floor crying out: 'A confessor.' Instead of being allowed that consolation, he is beaten down with a heavy vessel snatched from a table. But just before that foul final blow, Pizarro, dying, traces with his blood a cross on the board of the floor, sighs, 'Jesus,' and kisses the cross.

Secretly, hastily, come a few, still faithful, a man of Estremadura, and an African servant with his African wife. Pizarro's body is habited in his dress of a Knight of Alcantrava and is wrapped in the coarse sheet of the Negro. Secretly, hastily, the darkness of the night to help and, as well, some few men sent from the Bishop of Lima, the body is taken to a small church nearby. Only the Bishop's intervention had prevented that the head of Pizarro be severed and exposed. Without pause for holy funeral rite, Francisco Pizarro is laid under a slab of stone; then the faithful-to-him slip back into the night of Lima.

POSTSCRIPT TO BOOK II

ROBERTO LEVILLIER, historian, dates the Second Epoch of the Spanish Conquest as from 1542. The fights between Spaniard and Spaniard are over, the New Laws, perfect by intention, catastrophic in application, sources of civil war and of rebellion against even the Crown, have been modified, so that although by law the Indians are protected, yet the interests of the settlers are also safeguarded. The Conquerors become founders, and the soldiers become feudal freemen. New lands are discovered, as that of Tucuman (in middle Argentina) by an Expedition sent southwards from Cuzco.

The imperial vision of Charles V sweeps over seas and mountains, deserts and valleys, over Peru, and Chile and Tucuman. Cities evoked by this vision are planned to be seats of Christianity and of Government. The Sea of the North, the Atlantic Ocean, must serve the new lands lying towards the Pacific Ocean, and therefore a port must be created on the Rio de la Plata. The vision of the King is shared by his great servant, the Viceroy Toledo, but its fulfilment is not consummated for about fifty years. Command after command is given to found a city or to make some place strong for safety. Sometimes the desired town remained unbuilt, the order set aside and forgotten, or sometimes village or city was created only to be destroyed by the Indians. But after both the seers are dead three cities within three years will be raised in Latin America, one of which is New Madrid (in Mississippi) founded in 1592.

When the age of commerce comes there will be lost even the high intentions of the rulers of the Peninsula towards the Indians. Till then the ideal will remain that which it has been from the start: to give the primitive people the manners of men, the Castilian tongue, and the Christian faith. The Spaniards will wish to blend the races. For the clean blood—the *Limpieza*—is not a matter of race but of creed.

Families, the head of which had never mixed his blood with infidel blood, could be honoured by one (or more) order of nobility which was withheld from those whose head had once mixed with Moslem or with Jew. But the Moorish and the

Hebrew races rejected Christ whereas this people of the New World was but Gentile and ignorant. The sons of Peru gladly became Christian, and as soon as an Indian woman had been baptized no Spaniard hesitated openly to live with her either as his concubine or else as his wife. To her children the father gave his name and made provision for them. Greed all too often caused the newcomers to be cruel and unjust to the Indians but nevertheless they sought to be knit to him by faith, by language, and by blood.

On Thames, Francis Bacon scorning such brotherhood with Indians, said it was worthy of *Amadis de Gaul*. He said he trusted that such would not be the way followed in Saxon America; he said that the rulers of Castilia ought to study the *Commentaries* of Cæsar.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER I, BOOK II

Fray Juan Hurtado, O.P., with thirteen other doctors of the University of Salamanca discussed as to whether the Indians were capable of receiving the Faith or whether they were too low in the scale of humanity. The doctors all signed a series of conclusions the last one of which was that the Indians were human beings endowed with reason and capable of becoming Christian and that whosoever should obstinately uphold the contrary and erroneous view should be burnt to death as a heretic (Bartolomé de Las Casas, *Historia de las Indias*, Lit., III, Cap. 99).

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER II, BOOK II

The *Complutensian* was printed in 1514, but not issued until 1522. The first published Bible was that of Erasmus issued in 1516.

In the United States of North America, in especially the State of Louisiana, the Law of Alphonso is still to-day in force. See James Brown Scott, *The Spanish Origin of International Law*.

In the Square of Cuzco in 1781 a descendant of Túpac Amaro Inca will be executed for rebellion. Jose Gabriel Condorcanqui, had taken upon himself the name of Túpac Amaro: he was supposed by the Indians to be the Inca of two hundred years before who now had returned to Lima. His two sons died with him. Jose Gabriel was the descendant of Juan, the daughter of Túpac Amaro Inca.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER III, BOOK II

The song of the blood of Balboa is logical because the saline properties and the osmotic pressure of blood and of sea-water are the same.

Montaigne in *Of Glory* says: There is the name and the thing; the name is a voice which denotes and signifies the thing; the name is no part of the thing, nor of the substance; 'tis a foreign piece joined to the thing and outside it. So far Montaigne, but this affair of the naming of Peru, and in other cases also, seems as though the thing and the name have a mystical kinship.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER IV, BOOK II

The descendants of the Incas, the gentlemen of Peru, greatly urged the beatification of Ignatius of Loyola and vowed to have him as their Patron. See *Anales del Cuzco*, 1600 á 1750, Imprenta del Estado, Lima, 1901.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER V, BOOK II

The English poet was Christopher Smart; he thought, or hoped, that the English would be the first to grow the horn.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VII, BOOK II

It is of interest to know that Garcilaso de la Vega, writing of the disease, put *fig-like*. Dr. M'Cluskie of the Pathological Department of the University of Glasgow generously wrote to the author and said: 'The *fig* sickness and *verruja* are probably identical. The nodules in *verruja* resemble raspberries in the skin and may bleed freely. In addition, not infrequently the *verruja* condition affects the blood producing *oroya* fever (called after Oroya outside Lima), a very severe and frequently fatal anæmia. Both conditions are transmitted by a small *night-flying* insect. So far Dr. M'Cluskie. The author, when in Peru, was told by some Indians at Verruja Point on the Andean railway to Oroya that flies come out of the sore. When the author wrote to Dr. M'Cluskie about the *fig* disease she did not tell him the locality of the Spaniards' distress which locality is other, in climatic conditions, to the high Andian Oroya district. Dr. M'Cluskie is the authority on *verruja* and he discovered its identity with *Oroya* fever.

POSTSCRIPT TO BOOK II

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VIII, BOOK II

The author believes that the soul runs in and about all the body and Nelson will say that he is certain he has a soul because he can feel, still appended, the arm which he knows is missing.

'We have lost our souls with our beards,' had sighed the courtiers around young Charles V, when they, out of deference to the King's young smoothness, had shaved away the proof of their virility.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XI, BOOK II

The Psalm the Spaniards sang is Sixty-seventh in the Douai translation of the Bible. According to the Authorized Version, it is the Sixty-eighth Psalm: 'Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before his face.'

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XIV, BOOK II

In the 1890 edition of Dr. E. W. Middendorf's German-Quichuan Grammar-book called *Runa Simi oder die Keshuer-Sprache*, this passage occurs as a modern instance: 'Als die Spanier nach Peru kamen,' etc., 'When the Spaniards came to Peru,' etc., and the current Quichuan rendering is: *Huiza Kochacuna tawantin Suyuman chaya mujtincu*, etc., words evocative of legendary and of recent history. And, on sugar and other estates, till recently, perhaps even to-day, Indian labourers, in the evening, would ask their European masters' blessing saying, on their knees: 'Huira cocha—bless us in the name of the Trinity.'

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XV, BOOK II

To-day the word *barragána* is obsolete. In Hernando's time it denoted, both in Spain and in the New World, a concubine. In the New World such were called *Doña* and they had some dignity in the eyes of the Indians and of the Spaniards. But they had no legal rights, nor had they the sacrament of marriage. *Barragána* did also denote a lawful wife, who, because of her low birth, was not entitled to the civil rights ordinarily conferred by marriage. The children born of this American concubinage

took their father's name and often made high alliances. The daughter of Doña Leonor (Star of Gold) born to Soto carried his surname. Only one concubine to each sinner, and that concubine to be first baptized, such was the rule. The bar to actual marriage was, probably, the Conqueror's ambition to wed, on his return to Spain as a rich man, some exalted Spanish lady.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XVI, BOOK II

and the mention made of Amadis de Gaul and *The Celestina* it is of interest to know that the crudeness of the latter did not shock anyone but that the readers of this period were at times shocked by the rapturous writings of John of the Cross and of Theresa of Avila. Luis de León complained of this and wished that, instead, they might be shocked by contemporary works of fiction.

On a level with the fire-fly error was the mistake made by some Spaniards in Mexico. They had never seen flamingos, and when first they did so they mistook them for armed sentinels. Outlined against the sky, standing beak in air, they looked like *soldados*, which word became their name. Washington Irving thought that these birds—*Phœnicopterus*, or *soldados*—were also the origin of the *sceptre-monks* reported to have been seen by the early explorers.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XIX, BOOK II

The word *Carib*, *Canibales* is a word introduced by Christopher Columbus and it originally designated a warrior nation of the West Indies; afterwards the name was extended to designate *man-eaters*.

The concluding poem is translated by the author from Lope de Vega. There is a translation by Longfellow.

BOOK III

THE SAINTS OF PERU

The Period of the Experience of the Holy Ghost: Of the Triad

‘Manibus o date lilia plena.’

Æneid, VI, 883.

‘O give lilies with full hands.’

.

‘And for those who are aiming at perfection there
is the proposed and rational gnosis the foundation
of which is The Sacred Triad. Faith, hope, love;
but the greatest of these is love.’

Clemens.

CHAPTER I

BIRTH OF A HERO

Of the birth of Martin de Porres. Of energy: baptism of Martin.

MARTIN DE PORRES was born in Lima in the month of December, 1569; in Lima December is a month of early summer; in the sign of Sagittarius Jupiter rules. The mildness of November ripens into the soft warmth of December. Nor bite of winter nor satiety of summer troubles Lima, that City of the Kings. A mist refreshes the growing plants: no heavy rain will fall; rain has, indeed, no part in the year-round of Lima.

Lima has been dedicated to the Three Kings because the three stars, delta Orionis, epsilon Orionis, and zeta Orionis in the belt of Orion, had swung into the heavens above the place chosen for the building of the city. It was said that by the happy influence of those stars the climate was propitious; the citizens contented. But the Indian chieftains in their retirement laughed because they held the site of Lima to be ill-chosen.

Ana Velasquez *libre*, Ana Velasquez freed African slave from Panama, bore a love-child to Don Juan de Porres. On the day of its birth she carried the child across the street to the Church of Saint Sebastian to be baptized, reborn of the Spirit.

Martin was the name given to the boy who, although a bastard, bore the family name of his father, Gentleman, and Knight of the Order of Alcantara.

In this storm-coloured, this cloud-coloured one, three Continents took share because, in America, the lust of Europe quickened the womb of Africa, and so was born the son of an enslaved, and of a conquering race. Spirits of light, and spirits of darkness also are concerned with the coming of this great soul, a soul obscured by heritage of shadowed flesh.

* * * * *

The Voice of an Angel which Voice says: 'In thorny places I watched lions satisfied and asleep; and on cliff-tops and

mountain-sides have over-watched rocks and flints, and I considered in the lions at rest, and in the unmoving stones, their power, their energy, their vigour of position.'

Afterwards is the rousing of the lions, their power no longer secret, hidden, latent: and the rock crashes down the cliff-side in vigour of motion. I rejoice in other shows of power: in the force, the energy of union of particles coming together, conjoined, adapted, turned so to vapour. I see that to form this icicle, or that snowflake is engendered an outgo of power as great as that which the fall of the rock down the high cliff engenders.

Again I watched power; the inert power, the vigour of separation of a man asleep by a woman asleep. Suddenly his awakening and their passion. The man; the woman; and the power of their union great as the one-ing of particles in water-drop, close as the cohesion of crystals.

I watched the life resultant in the womb, the point in the circle, the cell become a child: saw the vessel of life, the cell, the seed; seed of leadwort equal with seed of leviathan. In the womb first was the plant, then fish, then fowl, and later, without scale, fluff or pelt, unprotected, so the child-form of life. At about the seventh moon of this life the Spirit, above the waters of the womb, moved upon the life and from that over-shining arose coherence between the substance of the child and the Spirit.

Afterwards I watched the child being born of the black woman.

I, that had watched the birth, saw now the Baptism, the rebirth *ab immaculato divini fontis útero*. I saw the activity, the energy, the force, the power of the sacrament—how that five times the dark spirit was out-chased, driven forth, exorcised; by breath of priest; by salt; by spittle; by the sign of the cross; and by the Name of God.

Then the breath of the priest three times was blown on the face of the child that the good Spirit come; the sign of power made on the forehead where thoughts will be, and on the heart from whence shall spring his manners. The blessing that went

with the sign-of-the-cross was by the name of God, by the charity of Christ; by the power of the Holy Spirit: the same blessing was put on the salt, which salt was in the mouth of the child. (But men, even the faithful, have but little understanding of the vigour, the energy, the power of the sacrament. Nor even do they know of the salt that it has its own natural life, nor know of its capacity to increase this crystalline life.)

Again, on the forehead now, the sign of the cross made, and a prayer for light, wisdom, knowledge. Then, by the purple stole, with gravity of penitential purple, the child-in-arms symbolically is led to the font. With purple, red sobered by blue, blue that colour of the skyey distances and of the sea's profundity. By spittle and by touch in the pattern of the Cross are opened the ears: *Ephphatha . . . Adaperire*: and the nose blessed for odour of suavity, odour of sweetness.

Then, on the breast and on the shoulders, I saw put, cross-wise, the oil of salvation. And now the gravity of purple laid aside, exchanged and replaced by the shining stole of white and that because the Spirit is moving over the water by the naming of the Trinity and by the seal of the cross.

And I saw the child crowned with the chrism of salvation; and peace given; I saw the symbol of the white garment, and of the burning light; a nuptial was spoken of, and the saints: Live for ever and ever, was said, and: Go in peace, and: Amen.

CHAPTER II

THE CHAPTER OF INCA AMARO

The City of Vilcabamba. The execution of Amaro by order of the Viceroy Toledo.

PORRES is a growing lad, a growing lad, up-standing, out-spreading, whilst away to the East the high city Vilcabamba is fallen; the Inca Amaro is near death, the golden god, Punchau—the Day—is taken from the high place of oracle. Thirty years of resistance to the Spaniards is ending. Tito-Cusi Inca, of the stem of Huayna-Cápac, had been baptized with many of his subjects and Tito had kept the peace. But when he died the Augustinian Father was blamed: ‘Why had the Mass not prevented Tito’s death?’: ‘Kill the priest in your own way,’ the succeeding pagan Inca, Amaro, or great Serpent was his name, had said. The Friar Diego Ortiz and the faithful *mestizo* Martin Pando died terrible deaths—and afterwards the Viceroy’s messenger, Anaya, and the Indians of his following also were killed.

The fringe was on the brow of Amaro; the royal parasol had shaded him; from the Cloister of the temple of the Sun the Virgins and the *mama-cuna* lamented his departure from the high mountain city, to fight the Spaniards in a valley. The women stood in the graven-stone gateways. They cried ‘Ai-Ai-Huau!’

Little stairways led from place to place: stone steps everywhere overcame the up-and-down of the city. Guinea-pigs and lizards ran here and there unaffrighted; silver-back, sturdy, short ferns and begonias pushed out from the cracks of the rocky places. Years before the day of Amaro old Inca Manco had escaped to the mountain city of Vilcabamba. Manco who had said, despairing, when from the fortress called *Gorge-thyself-tiercel* he had been unable to drive the Castilians from Cuzco: ‘It is in vain that we fight The Bearded since, in the sky, a Princess stands with a Child in her arms, and she puts out the flame-torches that we throw upon the straw roof-tops.’ In this City of Vilcabamba was gathered the remnant of the

Women-Set-Apart, here was a school for the Wise Men and the poets; the soothsayers and the magicians harboured here; the sun too had honour and Supai King of Shadows. The grave ancient sundial stood recording time, child-like the fountains leaped and sang. The craftsmen might watch humming-bird and butterfly, and company of little parrots, and show them again in metal and in pottery. As a jewel lying between the breasts of the beloved so was this city beautiful between the cones of Machu Picchu and Huayna Picchu. Crag and steep loomed above the city; chasm and gorge and ravine were below; and the river. To the East was forest and beyond that snow mountains, to the West were heights naked of trees, but green with moss and rough grasses. A hundred aromatic herbs sweetened the awful splendour of the place, the terrible magnificence was eased by the day to day loveliness of the amaryllis. And from terrace to terrace and from narrow to narrow went the stone steps, here three or four, and there ten times as many—such stairways as give the sense of a city seen in a vision, such steep stairs as promise to lead the dreamer away beyond desire.

In June of 1570 the women, for four days, hurled rocks and stones upon the victorious Spaniards climbing the narrow path up towards Vilcabamba; then there were no more stones and the women were faint. Amaro was brought into the city a prisoner, and later he was led captive away.

'Achaca achacau!' so lamented the women. The god Punchau was taken away with Amaro, the god that had spoken oracles ever since the seventh Inca, Jahuar or He Who Weeps Blood, had sent the god to this mountain fastness. Then the city was burnt, raised, destroyed by the Indians, and by the Spaniards. And the lore and the tongue of the Incas, their signorial rights, their knowledge, their power and their magic perished with Vilcabamba—Ai—Ai! Ai—Ai!

That same month the Spaniards will found a new city, a Christian city, they will call it San Francisco de la Vittoria.

It is September of the year 1570. The Viceroy Toledo is in Cuzco. There is stir and ruffle in the streets; there is anguish

in the great square; and contention round the figure of Toledo. In his soul perhaps no contention, in his adamant soul, because justice, to show to Cuzco an incorruptible inflexible Spanish justice, was Toledo's steadfast determination. Dante had seen holy creatures in Paradise, flying, chanting, fashioning in flight the letters D and T, spelling afterwards by figure: *Diligeti justitiam* the opening words of the Book of Solomon's wisdom: 'Love justice, you that are the judges of the earth.' Toledo at this hour could love justice only. 'But is he not a Christian? Has he not a law of mercy?' Amaro asked in prison. Toledo's inward vision is bent perhaps upon the terrible justice visited on Gonzalo Pizarro by the upright La Gasca. The brother of Francisco Pizarro, fellow-discover of Peru, for sedition, for *Lese Majesté*, condemned and executed. The wrongs of the Spanish settlers, the intolerable pressure of the New Laws, and his own vanity pricked Gonzalo into rebellion: 'Your dangerous star is in the ascendant, wait awhile' had been urged, but: 'Neither sun nor star, I swear, can stop me.' Gonzalo Pizarro, to whose sweat, to whose search was due the finding of the River Amazon, justly condemned and executed. The Amazon called *Márañon* by the Voices of those who had sought it, because *máraña* is the entanglement of a skein, a tangle of silk; a snare; an intrigue. Orellana had stolen the laurels of Gonzalo; by pushing on alone, against Gonzalo's orders; by deserting his leader; so had Orellana found the passage to the ocean. But the anguish, the inspiration, the original attempt were to the honour of Gonzalo—yet this man for sedition had been executed.

And the justice of the Vaca de Castro had decreed death for insurrection to young Diego de Almagro el Mozo, barely twenty years old and full of just complaints and bitterly aggrieved. For justice therefore Prince Amaro also must suffer the consequence of his acts against the dignity of Spain.

The execution in the square below the Toledo's palace is delayed because at the feet of Toledo kneel now the priests that pushed in procession through the crowd following the Inca. They have come to beg mercy for Amaro, for Amaro who is young, who is newly baptized, who is the last supreme Inca. The Archbishop of Mexico is here; a Friar of Our Lady of

Mercy; a Prior Augustinian; a Dominican Prior; a Franciscan Friar; a Jesuit, and a lay priest; all are on their knees. From the staggered multitude outside come angry exclamations, 'A'ka! . . . Atatau! . . . Atatai! . . . Anchui! . . . Akaya!'

The priests have risen from their knees; Toledo has sent one—Soto—to ride furiously to bid the executioner, a Canari Indian, be speedy. A Voice said: 'So thick a crowd that if a ball had been thrown from a balcony it would not have landed on the paving-stones.' Spaniards and Africans swell the multitude: the Spaniards are weeping, and Soto spurs and spears his way up to the Canari Indian. Amaro is trembling, is ashen; his women follow him. The priests Bar Zana and Cristobal de Molina are beside him. They know his tongue, they have converted him and have baptized him with his two daughters. They reach the raised place where Amaro will be thrown on his back and beheaded by the Canari Indian. The priests, as one afterwards said, 'Help him up the steps to glory,' for they do not doubt that Amaro will go from Baptism to Paradise. On a step Amaro stops, and turns towards the multitude and makes a sign by raising both his hands. An instant ago his voice was so faint the priest at his right hand could hardly hear him, but now his voice peals out, he is strong, he is royal. '*Oiari guaichic*,' he commands.

He who has known, at sea, furious concourse of foaming billows stayed and brought to peace by weight of oil thrown from the ship's side, he alone can image the calm above the outcry, the spread of silence by the sudden stilling of the great multitude. 'Not a leaf stirs.' . . . Amaro calls out: 'Men of the Four Suyos, the Four Quarters, know that I am Christian. And Christian I shall die. I and my ancestors adored the Sun, the god Punchau, the sacreds and the stones; the rivers, the mountains, and the vilcas, and all was a lie for these things are not God. And I and my ancestors lied to the people when we said: "The Sun has told us."'

'And when we said, "We spoke with the Sun," that was a lie. For the sun did not speak. Neither did Punchau speak. For Punchau is but a golden image of the day and that which is venerable about Punchau is the heart of the Incas, the heart

of my fathers, encased in the image of Punchau.' Those who heard the words of Amaro made reports at variance one from another and none, to-day, can be certain what that Prince said.

Amaro then said something to which one of the priests seem to demur. For the Prince told parents not ever to curse a child: 'Punish, do not curse; to me my mother's malediction has brought death.' Then Amaro, gaily, praised the Trinity and suddenly the Canari Indian pulled him backwards and killed him with the sword. And now, from the root of being, from the very root of the race came shriek of mandrake, up-torn.

Ai-ai! . . . achaca . . . achacau!

Ala alala, . . . acacallau!

Imaisonkoraj! . . . Imasonkolla!

So out-cried the crowd—(*sonko* is the heart).

All the Church bells rang out in dole. Toledo, from a window, had seen everything. He had failed in mercy; he had failed in wisdom; as seen in Christ his justice was, perhaps, a failure.

Lequisamo, a Spaniard, slept by his royal Indian woman; behind him lay his youth as a *Conquistador*; upon his heart lay heavily his feeling of a common Spanish guilt towards the people of Peru, not for conquering the Indians, but, as he thought, for having turned them into thieves and idlers, even although they had been baptized. Before him lay his death a-bed and in old age; a death rare for a Conqueror, for most of them had already died of fever or of wounds. Lequisamo never now threw a dice or held a card. Bedevilled dice each spot of which was an insult against God. The single spot made to curse God, and the two points to mock Our Lady. Three spots to taunt the Trinity, and four to scorn the four Evangelists. Five spots to spit against the wounds of Christ and six to imprecate the days of God's creation. He was poor now, but as *Conquistador* his share had been in the great gold spikey image of the Sun from the Temple in Cuzco. And he had gambled it away in a night of dicing and so the proverb: 'To

play away the sun before it rises' had come into the Spanish language.

Now Lequisamo leaves the bed, for there is a strange stir in the air. He goes to the window: on the pike-top he sees the head of Amaro, very beautiful in the moonlight. Already in the evening Spaniards remarked how death had beautified that face. The body of Amaro had lain first in the house of his mother, and then in the Church, for Christian rite; but the head was here because the Inca had been enemy of the King of Spain.

The Indians prostrate in the Square were worshipping and adoring the head of Amaro. They groaned: '*Achaca! . . . Achacau! . . . Ananai! . . . Huau!*'

CHAPTER III

AFFINITY

Childhood. Anemones

LITTLE Martin is growing up: his mother often beats him because he spends upon the poor the money she gives him for marketing, and he dares to return to her with an empty basket and a tale of outstretched hands.

Don Juan de Porres was obliged to travel to Equador: at his arrival at Guayaquil his uncle, Captain Don Diego de Morando, went down to the river to greet Don Juan. 'But who are the *Mulátos* with you?' he called out, surprised to see Martin and his sister Juana, one on each side of Don Juan and clinging to his hands. Don Juan said: 'They are my children by Ana Velasquez, and as such I must support them and give them a sufficient education.'

In Guayaquil Martin learnt to read and to write and that town on the river was the home of Juana until she was married. Don Juan needed to go to Panama, but before sailing North he returned with Martin to Lima, and entrusted the child to Ana, saying: 'You must care for the boy and he must be confirmed, and apprenticed to a barber-surgeon.' So Martin was apprenticed to a leech, a *Sangrador*, and the youth learnt to treat ulcers and wounds as also to cut hair. He accepted from his teacher the least possible money and gave away most of the little he earned: he lodged with Doña Miguele in a house called *Malamba*. (This house will become a hospital and will be named after Martin.) One night Porres asked the *dueña* for a candle, and suspicious she spied upon him, but was ashamed when she saw him kneel weeping before a crucifix. After that, to make amends, she told him to take a candle whenever he might need one.

* * * * *

In the ocean are anemones, are shell-fish, alone each to itself, and yet each ignorant of itself; ignorant of all beings: the dimness of this unknowing is lightened by touch alone. In the

ocean, on the land, are other creatures with more affinity, with more relation: by touch, by scent, by hearing, they belong to the things about them. Then is man, with extended affinities; he receives, he gives out, is aware by the senses; aware by the affections, by imagination, and by thought. Beyond carnal man is the spiritual man; the saint. He is not circumscribed by self-hood, his affinities are extended. He is affined by means of his will-full desire, and by charity; by love, by agape, he transcends the limitations of time and of space.

A lemon-tree was the first creature to show that Martin was overcoming distances—differences—to show that he was becoming affined. Martin planted such a tree in the garden of Doña Isabel. The lemon-tree is more spare of blossom, more spare of fruit than is the orange-tree: in the spring a few thin big flowers are its portion. But the tree that the dusky-one planted gave such bounty of fruit that it was the talk of the neighbours; it gave, they said, all the year round and at all times abundantly. Even, Voices said, it outlasted the natural lifetime allotted to such trees.

CHAPTER IV

THE LITTLE CHAPTER OF FRANCIS DRAKE

Of how Drake angered Callao. Sarmiento's ship and of Sarmiento the author of the *Historia Indica*. The fame of Drake.

MARTIN as a boy must have heard one day in 1570 angry talk in Callao and in Lima. One sailor pointing to the sea might cry that twelve vessels had been cut from their moorings: 'They are adrift now to be blown sea-wards or shore-wards according as to how the wind will be.' A second scaman will deplore the rifled treasure of the galleons—the gold and the silver, the cloth and the linen. 'But yet we could not be expected to have guarded the ships since never before has assault been made upon peaceful hulks.' The women hugged together grieving over the bitter lesson given to Callao by the first pirate in the Southern Seas.

In the City of the Kings young married women of quality say with scornful voices to the Viceroy Toledo: 'Since, sir, the men cannot keep watch, nor guard our Spanish treasure from the heretical English thieves, ~~we have formed ourselves into a~~ guard and we bring you our service.' They know that the Viceroy, although broken in health, is vigorous against the marauders.

In the palace the grandees, mortified by the loss of the ships, assert to one another that the strangest thing about the thieving navigator is that he is not, as might be expected, a plebeian sailor; instead, he is a lord of the English island (for so they mistakenly assume yeoman Drake to be). Another adds: 'The maroons were his helpers in Darien, those Ethiopian slaves who escaped from slavery, together with their sons.'

A Voice, inspired to speak of Drake, and loosed of time, might have told how, after the *Te Deum* of Balboa, sung because of the Sea of the South, Francis Drake, marching from Darien, leaned out from the tree he had climbed, and, at sight of that same sea, yearned to God to lend him life that he might sail,

were it but once, upon those waters, in an English ship. The Voice would tell how Drake, afterwards, had passed through Magellan, had kissed its earth with rapture, had heard the Indians of the Straits hail him '*Jesus*,' for so they named the infrequent sailors, Spaniards, or men of Portugal.

Sailing now from Callao Drake's seamen will complain: 'We are satiated with plunder.' Sarmiento de Gamboa, historian, navigator, chases Drake through the Southern Sea, but vainly. The Viceroy Toledo has given Sarmiento his instructions. All aboard the Spanish ships shall behave as Christians. The men must not take goods from the Indians against the owners' wish: instead, they must befriend the people and give them fish-hooks, buttons and beads of glass. Rule Sixteen obliges Sarmiento, should he come upon Francisco Drake: 'The English pirate who has committed the robberies and injuries known to you, you must try to take, kill, or destroy him at whatever risk.' Sarmiento knew, so in this Rule Sixteen is recorded: 'How important it is for the service of God and of His Majesty, and for the realms, that this pirate should be captured and punished. Our Lord, in Whose service this is to be done, will give you the strength to do it.' But Sarmiento did not capture Drake.

—Sarmiento sailed on *Our Lady of Hope*, and the ship *Almirante* sailed beside her. Sarmiento's orders to the officers on the *Almirante* were that, should the *Almirante* fall in with Captain Francisco the English pirate, she must show her lantern so as not to go separate and apart.

Also Sarmiento commanded that, aboard, quarrels be avoided. That when punishment was due, it be given without more talk and ado than was needed for the finding of the true fact. 'If it should happen that the infliction of punishment is necessary it is better to chastise with the sword than with hard words. Because from the sword follows amendment and much good; and, too, the men feel less agrieved.' Prayers were to be said in the morning and by evening, and every night, before dark, the *Almirante* was to come within hail of the Commander's ship, which ship would draw near to the *Almirante* so as to communicate to her the name of the Saint whose memory the coming day would honour. And by night the *Almirante* should

follow the lanthorn of *Our Lady of Hope*, and by day should follow her banner.

The ageless Voice could tell of Sarmiento that those men who sailed under him willingly suffered all pain and would go to any place in his service. Could tell how he would wait, astrolabe in hand, until, by the lesser sight of the astrolabe, he saw the sun arise. Then he would instruct his navigators, telling them to free themselves of dependence on the compass, but of the astrolabe would say: 'This is the most perfect the most exact dial for all parts of the meridian altitude.'

From some city the Inquisition banished Sarmiento, judging him to be a black magician because he used astronomical rings. In another place in the New World Sarmiento was publicly rebuked for an 'Act of Superstition'; he had shown the palms of his hands to some old woman. 'Look; here is traced the death of a Prince,' he said, and that was said before he was involved in the execution of Amaro. In Mexico Sarmiento was flogged because of some strange image that he carved. Star-crossed, so Sarmiento must have held himself to be; crossed and often dis-astred.

The ageless Voice could tell of Francis Drake, that, not long after the rape of Callao, just out of sight of the Pacific Ocean, he will die of disappointed hopes, and of heartbreak. 'He was repentant,' Spaniards will affirm, but, Raleigh, less charitable, will write that Drake was repulsed, through his own mistake, near Nombre de Dios, and that he died of sorrow. Raleigh will record that Drake and Cavendish, as soon as good fortune left them to the trial of their own virtue, came to a same dark end.

But it was written of Francis Drake that: 'The very wind of his name would clear the seas before him.' And, along the shores of the Pacific, hundreds of years after the passage of Drake, some Peruvian mother, admonishing, in Spanish, her unruly boy: 'Be good, be quiet or Drake will come!' And such another will threaten, saying: 'I will give you up to Francisco Draque when he once more returns.'

CHAPTER V

THE VOCATION

Martin joins the Dominicans. His humility.

MORTIFIED by fasting, by nights spent in prayer rather than in sleep Martin, aged now fifteen, went to the Dominican monastery and the Rosary and asked of the Provincial, Father Master Don Lorenzana, the privilege of being received as a humble tertiary. Father Lorenzana, together with the Community, bestowed the poor habit. Amongst themselves the friars said that Martin was worthy of the higher profession on account of his knowledge of medicine and of letters. Don Juan de Porres, irked by the lowly place, the humble duties, said: 'Martin is my son, he bears my name and shall he not be received as a brother-professed?' To which the Provincial agreed; he said that Martin being *muláto* was no impediment to his making the Solemn Vows. The sinister condition would, in the usual course, bar a man for service with the Government, but for the service of the Church Martin being bastard and cross-bred was of no moment. However, for the sake of sacrifice and humility, Martin would not accept the profession of even a lay-brother.

Martin served thus for nine years in the Monastery of the Rosary. His dearest care were the sick that he nursed in the hospital which formed part of the monastery. And then, by a very special and unusual privilege, he was allowed to take the solemn life-long vows whilst still he remained but a tertiary—a *donato*. During the whole of his religious life Martin wore a white habit and black *cappa* or cloak. At that time the scapular and the hood were not a part of the Dominican tertiary habit. So now, aged thirty-one, Martin became professed-tertiary and never was advanced to any other rank.

The humility that was so intimate a part of Martin de Porres made him sometimes appear to be a fool. In the presence of a priest he would not sit; he was thankful for blame and for abuse; he kissed the feet of the brothers because he saw priests, as by their office, glorious. He saw himself, as indeed some

called him—a dog of a mulatto. No food was too poor for one who, in his own valuation, was of less worth than any slave. The slaves and the lowly people were of but little account. Why should Martin count for more than they? Martin's flesh must have been rent in two between Spanish pride and African degradation. Sprung of a Knight, of a Hidalgo; sprung of a slave; born out of wedlock, the conception of him a sin. 'Is it not enough that you are a *muláto* must you be also a thief?' he will cry in a reproach to his sister. Martin needed a constant humility, for otherwise he would have judged harshly the lack of zeal of the friars and of the people; and, grown older, he had to ward against pride, for if many abused so too many flattered him calling him 'Son of a noble Spaniard: Friend of the Archbishop. Friend of the Viceroy.' A gay sense of proportion sweetened the day-by-day humility of Martin.

But the grace of Martin's humility was that he knew the reality, knew the awful worth of persons. He surely saw persons divested of their plumes, their gay apparel; divested of their still more wonderful flesh and bone and, finally, by vision stripped to the formal soul. Such a perception of persons would entail in the beholder an attitude of reverence. As to his vision of himself it must have encompassed the frightful disparity that lies between the soul and God. Martin by the spirit would behold his lack, his null. Maybe that, like Angela de Foligno, he contemplated the power of God-head and, astounded, apprehended Its movement, Its inconceivable descent towards men—and towards all things.

'I have thought of an escape from our need. The sum required is not very great, may I tell your Paternity?' Martin, eager, is on his knees before the Father Provincial who is harassed because of the needs of the sick of the Community. 'What is it that you propose, my son?' 'That you shall sell me for a slave. I shall fetch a good price because I am strong; I shall at last have served the brothers instead of being a cumber. My labour here is not enough to give me right to the food I eat. I need a master who shall treat me as I deserve instead of with benignity.' Don Lorenzana answered: 'I judge we shall be best served by keeping you, so, in obedience, Martin no more of this idea.'

CHAPTER VI

THE CHAPTER OF TORIBIO

Diocesan synods and the Runa-Simi language

WHEN Martin was working in the Infirmary nursing the sick and acting as barber to the friars, Toribio became Archbishop of Lima.

The King, because of the learning for which Alphonso Toribio was famous in Salamanca, had named him Archbishop: Toribio had not taken Holy Orders until after his fortieth year, and he hesitated to accept the quickly succeeding preferments for these were not in accordance with his desires, but, having considered the matter, he accepted the Archiepiscopal dignity. In his own words, the conclusion he came to was that Christ had said: 'I am the Truth'; and that He had not said: 'I am well-being. I am custom.' During his years of office the Archbishop convoked thirteen Diocesan Synods and three Provincial Councils; the following are some of the decisions made at the Councils:

That Ethiopian slaves should not be prevented from marrying: so married, the man and wife must not be separated for any long period, the law of natural marriage was to take precedence of the convenience of the slave-owner. Brother and sister married to one another according to Indian usage, did such become Christian, were to be parted; such a union could not become a sacrament. But if two Indians, not brother and sister, had married according to their law and one became a Christian and the other did not the pre-Christian marriage was to remain binding.

Clause thirty laid down that a priest should persuade Indians to go to Mass clean in their person; the priest must instruct them to keep their houses as human habitations and not as the mews of beasts. The Church Festivals should be splendid with music and song because by such the Indians were attracted and rejoiced.

The delinquences of priests (somewhat as with Sarmiento's

crew) were to be punished by corporal rather than by spiritual penalties.

But a priest that lost more than fifty golden coins at cards or with the dice was to be excommunicated. Toribio decreed that women of Spanish-Indian descent might become nuns and live with the Spanish sisters.

The Archbishop ordered that widows should not follow the ambitious custom of too extravagant mourning in their houses; rather should they seek consolation in the offices of the Church. No decrees, however, altered the customs of the unruly daughters of Lima; the showy trappings of mourning continued to be displayed, as did also the wearing of the *tapada*, which fashion the Archbishop opposed, but of these matters more will be said elsewhere.

Catechisms and prayers were to be taught to the Indians by the missionary friars and priests, not in Latin, nor in Castilian, but in the Indian tongue; for this purpose Toribio made a dictionary of the Runa-Simi language. A fully-grown Indian was not to be baptized until he knew the Creed by heart; only the very aged or the dying could be baptized ignorant of the Credo. The early missionaries used the word *Pachacamac* for God; later on the word *Dios* was given, and that is in use to-day.

How hard was the task of Toribio when he sought to convey a spiritual teaching by means of a tongue that holds no absolute terms for abstract ideas, nor even for groups, nor time, nor colour. Herd and swarm, flight and crowd, could be expressed only by adding the plural to the particular, as for example: a herd of llamas, *llama-cuna*, *cuna* being the word denoting plurality. For a swarm of ants—*sisi-sisi*, ant, ant. For a flight of bees—*koiru-koiru*, bee, bee. Did one wish to speak of an army, he must say: 'Many vassals taking up arrows going with axes.' For 'conspiracy to murder' the many-worded term will be: 'Three and four men agreeing together.—"We wish to kill him; this we will do," they said.' Speaking of law and justice, the speaker's phrase would be: 'The command of such and such an overlord.' And by such a sentence as 'The command of the chief ——' was denoted every successive government. As of freedom there was no conception, so for freedom there was no

word, and gratitude needed a laboured explanation. How hard to turn from the power of the Castilian tongue to such a special poverty. The Castilian tongue, with its so particular wealth in the designation of the idea of mass, conveyed by the generous *lo and la*, by the *Todo lo*, the *wholly that* by which a man is able to express a universal, an ideal conception. *La caridad—all the charity: la honra—the sum of honour.*

Toribio travelled three times through his Archdiocese of 18,000 miles. Often he went on foot, and that although for the greater part of the year he was fasting.

His first visitation cost him seven years of travel. He journeyed with a Spanish servant and two Indians. Once on a narrow ledge Toribio walked behind his mule, the foot of the creature failed and it fell over into the sheer abyss, but the Archbishop pressed on to his destination.

Toribio's next absence from Lima lasted four years; the third time that he went to the far places he was away for three years, and that time he died in his toil.

Toribio caused roads to be made and he built schools and hospitals; by him thousands of Peruvians were baptized. He gave everything, he asked for nothing from the Indians excepting to believe and to be good. He journeyed poorly-clad, but when he celebrated Mass, often in the open or in some rude building, the Archbishop was sumptuously vested, mitred and magnificent: until they came to know the charity of Toribio, the Indians had run away in fear of this strange splendour.

Toribio was buried in Rome; he was canonized some few years after his death.

And the Voices give a new greeting as from son to father: 'Ahue Maria! Taitay' that is: 'Hail Mary! Father,' 'Ahue Maria! huankey' to brother; and so to sister, or friend; and from other Voices the greeting from one to another in the time of the Incas: 'Do not steal, do not lie, do not be idle!' And the answer: 'Be it likewise with you!'

CHAPTER VII

THE CHAPTER OF THE DOG

Life is restored to a dog. The Devil's Advocate objects to the miracle. "The beasts . . . draw men to God."

INJUSTICE to himself did not trouble Martin, but he was wounded when people were wronged, and when animals were treated cruelly.

There was, in the Rosary, a father whose injustice to Martin had caused murmur in the monastery; one day some friars were surprised to find Martin at the feet of this priest. 'Why did you do that?' they afterwards asked of Porres. He said: 'Because I am thankful to this father for showing me my faults; he is right to punish me, for he knows that I am unfit to be with you. I dare not kiss his hand, but I kiss his feet; the feet of a priest.'

At the Process for Martin's beatification a certain story of a dog was told over and over again by those who had witnessed the wonderful event. And many of the townspeople, at the Trials repeated the tale that they had heard for the first time on the very day it happened. The details were not in each case the same, but the fact remained unchanged. Many of the witnesses spoke of Martin's indignation because of the dog, but one witness said: '*Fray Martin chid with love.*'

There had lived in the Rosary an old dog; it had been there for eighteen years or so. Its master was a friar that was in charge of the kitchen. He had been kind to the dog, but as it became old he neglected it and now it was full of sores and wretched. One day this brother called to an African slave to kill the animal and this was done. The negro was about to throw the body into one of the open drains that ran through the great courtyards of the convent when Martin, passing along, saw the bleeding body and chid the Ethiopian for having killed the creature. 'Take it to my cell,' he ordered, and laughingly the African obeyed him. Then Martin reproved the dog's owner: 'After so long a service and so much devotion, is this your

gratitude?' Porres went to his cell and shut the door. Later in the day the dog was seen; its wounds had been dressed, it was alive and frisking. Other witnesses said that Martin was seen doctoring the dog and that suddenly it lived. For sure it grew sleek and happy and when, by fidelity, it was inclined to return to its master the *muláto* was heard to say: 'Do not go back to where thou hast been ill-treated.' After that the dog never approached the kitchen, but instead avoided its former owner.

The Devil's Advocate made much of this story; he did not question the truth of the miracle because of the great number of persons that witnessed to it; instead, he held the prodigy to be useless, and he said that to work so great a miracle on behalf of a creature without reason was not far from being impious and a scandal.

Those defending the cause of Porres had ranged the story under the virtue of Faith, an ardent prayer made in faith must have been cause of the wonder. The Voices raised for Martin said that God does not allow useless miracles, and that such things happen in answer to prayer and to prove the sanctity of the saints, who, strange though it be, were often knit up in wonderful ways with the unreasoning brutes. One witness would remind the court that innocent people have kingly power over creatures; had not Isaiah said that in the spiritual kingdom of Christ a little child should lead the lion and the sheep? A second witness recalled to the Devil's Advocate that eighth psalm wherein David sings of man crowned with glory and set over the works of the Lord, where he sings of the sheep and the oxen, of the birds of the air, of the fishes that move in the paths of the sea. All these, sang David, were put under the feet of man; of man that is a little lower than the angels. The witnesses agreed that they had seen come to pass the vision of Isaiah and the Song of David. 'And do you forget,' asked someone: 'that to Sancto Machario in the desert a hyena came with its blind cub and that Machario spat in the eyes of the cub and restored its sight?'

This story of the faith and charity of Martin in his dealing with the old dead dog might bring to remembrance the promise, 'Men and beasts He shall save,' and as well the second saying of the Egyptian Papyrus wherein Judas asks of Jesus:

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'Who are they that draw man to the Kingdom?' and the answer: 'The fishes of the sea, and the beasts and whatever there may be beneath the earth, and the birds of the heavens, these be they that draw men to God: and the Kingdom is within you.'

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHAPTER OF JUANA

Of the Sister of Martin. Of discord. Of dogs. Obedience or Charity?

THERE was a cool, a misty morning when the hibiscus, the rose-mallow, was pushing out of its green sheaves. One kind of double-petalled mallow in Peru blooms white in the morning, but towards midday it grows pink, by nightfall it is scarlet; then the flower withers into purple, its cycle complete and its seed secure by means of bird or of butterfly. The frilly double flower falls at night. The bush is left to its abundant buds. But double, and changing thus in colour, or single and constant to one only shade, the hibiscus has but a day of blooming, and the cared-for mallow has no sweetness of scent such as graces the wild white forest flower.

On this misty morning in a country place near Lima Juana, the sister of Martin, and her husband were surprised to see Martin nearing them. He walked carrying a tall staff such as a shepherd carries, and, according to his custom, he wore his hat slung behind his shoulders, that hat which he had lately pawned in Callao so that he might buy bread for a soldier. His two rosaries, one of which fell from his waist, the other from his neck, swung as he moved. Dominican brothers in Peru wore their rosaries so, and Martin's hand often sought the beads on his thigh. He walked bent slightly to one side; later it was thought that this stoop had been owing to the chain, which at his death was discovered fastened in penance round his body.

Juana and her husband, and Katalina the child, were standing by the mule-cart in which they had but lately come from Lima. They were re-packing the cart with the provision brought, for they had purposed to spend the day in pleasure. The brilliance of the hedges of genista and the blue-green look of the sugar cane could have delighted Juana, but she was indifferent now even to the dart of the humming-bird, to the bell-like blossom of the daturine. The man and woman were reharnessing the tired mules to the dusty cart; their hard words

hung poisonous in the air; they had quarrelled bitterly. Katalina mutely wondered at their sudden hate.

Martin is gay, he comes as one to a festival, a cake of fine flour in his hand. 'I bring you something for your feast,' he says. 'The Peace of God be with you; I come to regale myself with you.' He seems not to know of the misshapen, of the malodorous thoughts, yet they had assailed him in Lima and caused him to be here. The man and woman are too angry with one another to bear with reproof: Martin must win them with gaiety before he is able to instruct them. But after they had talked together Martin upbraided them, showed them the self-love that was sundering them, and showed them the root of their discord. 'You are losing the grace of your marriage,' he said, and Juana and her husband said that that was true; then each of the other asked forgiveness. Soon afterwards, some of their invited friends joined them and in the shelter of a golden broom-hedge they all ate joyfully together.

Juana, an uneasy woman, asked a friar next day: 'How could Martin have known of our quarrel?' The brother answered that Martin on the day before had not left the monastery.

The lives of Martin and of Juana were constantly interwoven, and Katalina loved her kinsman and was loved by him. Juana had many faults, but she was generous and quickly forgave Martin for having given her dowry to the poor. A rich friend had entrusted him with a sum of money which was to devolve upon Juana when she married, but the nakedness of the poor had caused the mulatto to spend on them the money destined for his sister's dowry. A merchant of Lima was told of the girl's loss and he re-endowed Juana.

'Juana, thou must do a kindness.' 'What dost thou want, Martin?' 'The Father Provincial will not allow me to have sick dogs in my cell nor in the courtyards of the monastery. He has told the novices to chase them out of the grounds or else to kill them. Canst thou set apart a room where they can be, and where I can feed them once a day and tend those that are sick?' 'But they will fight one another.' 'No, sister, they will not fight.' 'But what of that fierce dog that at one time was always with thee?' Martin answered: 'Juana, when he came to me all

torn, after a fight with another dog, I led him by the ear to my cell and I laid him on an ox-skin; I washed his wounds with wine, and rosemary water, which I had held in my mouth to warm: I stitched up his wounds. He suffered and he growled. "Be patient," I said, and he did not bite me; after a few days he was cured. Then he went everywhere with me but was jealous of those that came near me: he would jump forward and growl; once he nearly bit a friar. I said to that friar: "Brother-dog has not lost his fierceness; the next time that he offends he must be sent away from the monastery." Again the dog nearly bit a man and then he had to be chased away.' Juana said: 'I will take thy creatures.' 'The creatures of God,' said Martin. So he brought eight dogs and some few cats to Juana's house. Also he brought a bitch which he had fed for many days in the Church of the Rosary; the creature would not leave the new tomb where her master had been laid. Every day Martin had taken food and water to her and had marvelled at her faithfulness, but now he led her to the house of Juana. Amongst the animals brought to Juana's house was a pretty cat with a bandage on its head, a red cat that had come to Martin with a wounded skull. He had bound the head quickly, playfully had made a trim bow of the bandage and said: 'Now go, little red sister,' and flicked the creature with finger and thumb.

On the day after the arrival of the pets Martin hurried to Juana's house: heavy his day stretched before him, well-ordered, but overweighted with duties. Juana ran towards him and after having greeted him complained that the animals were troublesome; fighting, and barking, and vomiting. She said that they must be loosed into the town, that they were horrible, full of sores, and without reason. At that Martin scolds the creatures: 'My friends, you must not be troublesome to those who look after you; you must go into the square for your natural needs: you may shelter in this one room, but you must not nose into other rooms.' Then Martin fed and doctored the animals. The next day Juana ran to meet her brother, the dogs outstripping her. 'But they are wonderful, thy creatures. No noise, no dirt; gladly will I keep them.'

At a later time Juana gave Martin a room in her house for

the reception of some men with infectious diseases: the Prior had forbidden him to harbour such as these in his cell. Once Lorenzana had found a wounded Indian in Martin's own cell and then the Prior punished Porres, who suffered the punishment in silence. But afterwards the Prior sent for the mulatto and asked him why he set his instructions at nought, thus violating holy obedience. Martin, humble but eager, made answer: 'Because I cannot understand how charity can take a second place. O! will your Paternity explain to me, does Obedience indeed rank before Charity?'

'Martin, thou hast only one woollen shirt and one tunic; I shall give thee another of each.' 'Juana, wouldst thou rob me of the sweetest part of my poverty, that part which is called necessity? When I wash my shirt I have a tunic for my modesty, I have all that I need.' 'But people will despise thee.' 'The poorer the religious so the more is he to be esteemed.' Juana said no more, but she knew that a merchant had given Martin three woollen shirts for the use of every brother in the Rosary. Martin had accepted these because he had seen a friar wearing a linen shirt. 'Is your Paternity ill?' Martin had asked. 'No. Why do you think so, *Fray* Martin?' 'I thought some weakness might be the cause of your breaking the Rule which obliges us to wear woollen shirts, and I am the Infirmarian.' The priest answered that he possessed no woollen shirt and could not afford to buy one.

For all his insistence on the Rule, Martin was sometimes wisely indulgent. An old father, Martin, and a younger friar, who afterwards told the tale at one of the Trials, were walking together in Lima when a priest of another convent passed them. He was young, good-looking, slightly foppish, his tonsure was merely indicated, his habit was of too fine a texture for the Rule; he swung along jauntily. 'So these are the young religious! In my youth . . . How can it be allowed?' so grumbled the old Dominican. Martin lightly said: 'But your Paternity would frighten young lusty sinners whilst he that passed is likely to seem pleasant both to the reckless and to the high-born; God is perhaps well served by his gay look.'

CHAPTER IX

THE CHAPTER OF KATALINA

Her testimony at the Process for Beatification. The *manta*; The wedding-garment.

KATALINA, the daughter of Juana, gave much testimony in Lima during the examination of Martin's cause for Beatification when his words and his actions were put in the balance against the virtues of faith, hope and charity.

When Katalina was about to marry the chemist, Nicolas Veltran, Martin went to the Governor to tell him of the wedding. Martin was careful of the members of his own family as well as of every other person; he sustained Ana, his mother, and gave to Juana when she was in need. For love of Martin the people of Lima delighted to fill the wedding-basket of Katalina. The Governor gave a roll of linen, the Archbishop was amongst the benefactors. Gaily, here and there, Juan Macias and Martin went gathering the bridal gifts. Two dresses in cloth of Castille were given and some 12,000 pesos, which sum the Archbishop increased; two surgeon-barbers were amongst the donors, even the Ethiopians, the sellers of fruit, gave substantially from their poverty. Of this bounty Martin, as must have been foreseen by all who knew him, withheld a part for the suffering, and, Katalina being sufficiently dowered, he bought an African slave for the Rosario, which bondsman should wash the clothing of the sick.

Juana, soon after the marriage, almost caused a quarrel between bride and bridegroom, but Katalina remained loyal to Nicolas. Martin was in the country and no one told him of this threat to the new home, but he had inward knowledge of it and wrote to Katalina upholding her in her loyalty, for he had a great tenderness, a great respect for the state of marriage.

Katalina told of the charity of Martin towards the festal sacrament of marriage; something like this she said: 'I had been invited to a Banquet. The hosts for their honour's sake would make the feast a great feast; you know how in

Lima we are willing to forego the necessities of daily life as long as we are able now and again to make show of an honourable prosperity. I should go wrapped in a *manta*, but my best one was no longer new: it had lost its lustre, had become dismal. I examined my clothes, then I envied the amaryllis and the humming-bird, and I cried whilst I cleaned and garnished our formal grand-room, and I wished fiercely that I myself be garnished. For I was young and pleasant to see and, too, I could not brook the shameful appearance of poverty in public.

'From the room in which I was working, a room on the ground-floor, I heard the voice of a negro calling aloud from the courtyard. His cry came through the long, open, door. I went to him and he laughed and said: 'Brother Martin has sent me to you. I have seven *mantas* here,' and he laid down a square box, 'they all are soft and pliant and overwrapping; they shine like the dark of the night. Doña Katalina has but to choose the one that seems most pleasing.''

Added to the laughing voices in the courtyard of the African and of Katalina, comes the Voice of Gregory the Great. He also is talking of a wedding-garment. Of a man at the marriage-feast not dressed as is fitting. 'Not lack,' he says, 'of baptism is meant in the parable nor lack of faith, for failing those the man would be left outside the gate of the King's demesne. But love, love is the wedding garment. Charity is the only vesture wherein we can appear comely.' 'This sable manta,' muses Katalina, and Gregory says: 'Every garment is woven upon two beams on an upper and a lower beam; our love for God, our love for man the beams.' Katalina praises Martin's present. St. Gregory says: 'Love is the wedding-raiment; the needful marriage-garment it is love.'

CHAPTER X

ROSE OF LIMA

The story of Santa Rosa of Lima, who lived in that city when Martin de Porres was a youth. Approximate dates, 1575-1605.

IN Lima in one house are two women jealous of one another. To her beautiful grandchild the older woman grumbles: 'Why dost thou leap up when Rosa is called, slighting me in whose honour thou wast named Isabel, I am angered by this constant "Rosa! Rosa!"' And the child's mother scolds her if she runs towards those that call out 'Isabel!' 'Wilt thou never learn that Rosa is the name I chose for thee?' The child Rosa-Isabel is troubled by the angry women.

Rose trees had been brought by sail from Spain, for such are not native to Peru, nor lilies either. In babyhood, in the shadow of her cradle, the infant's face had imaged to the mother a rose, a phantasmal flower, and therefore the child was often called Rosa, although her baptismal name was Isabel. The neighbours whispered to one another: 'Strange, un-Christian name, never was saint or martyr styled Rosa.' 'She should be called by her baptismal name, Isabel.' 'To name her Rosa is no better than humming-bird, or butterfly.' 'O no! remember St. Rose of Viterbo.'

Rosa's father, Captain de Flores, though poor and unimportant, was sprung of a distinguished family in Toledo; her mother, who was of unmixed Spanish blood, had been bred in the New World. Rosa had many brothers and the family lived in poverty in the City of the Kings.

From her first years Rosa inclined to heaven; her merit was that she followed her destined way: when aged but five she sprang out of her surroundings apart and consecrated.

It happened thus: she and her brother were playing together; he threw a handful of dust into her radiant long hair. Rosa was not vain, already she had shown horror of vanity, but she was clean, delicate even. She wept as she shook her hair free of the dirt. The boy taunted her: 'Why this trouble? Dost thou

not know that a maiden's hair is often the occasion of sin? Instead of glorying in thy hair, be wise, value it at what it is worth.' Rosa shivered; she cut off her hair; she vowed her body to be Christ's.

Her body and all else for Christ, and in the house she was angelic to her own people; she nursed her brothers when they were sick and she sewed for the little community. She was so industrious that she had been seen to faint at the frame. She was so obedient to her mother that that fretful woman grew impatient of the obedience. She once made a trial of Rosa's docility; she purposely showed Rosa an upside-down way of embroidering and told the child to flourish the satin in that fashion. Then she left Rosa and forgot about her. Hours later the child was still at the work. 'But these flowers are misshapen; monsters, but not flowers.' Rosa said: 'I too thought the flowers ugly, but I could not embroider them otherwise without disobeying you.'

Many things frightened Rosa: her violent mother, who, because Rosa was beautiful, pressed her to marriage, and the ten brothers who tormented her because of her holiness: 'Thou wilt end in the dungeons of the Inquisition.' 'No one else prays like that. Thou art a hypocrite or else thou art mad.' 'Run, Rosa, run, *La Santa* is after thee!'

One brief gleam of understanding lightened her girlhood. Toribio, Archbishop of Lima, put his hands on Rosa to confirm her. He had never been told of the girl's little name of endearment and in the church there was rustle or exclamation when the Archbishop said: 'Rosa must be thy name.' He spoke as one that read on the stone of the Revelations her real name, the name that in the eternal knowledge tallied with the spiritual being of this virgin kneeling before him. Toribio knew *Rosa* to be her appellation as though that were indeed her secret and her eternal word.

Rosa is full of spiritual health: in the body mystical she must compensate for sinners—they are the parts diseased. Rosa must be as new blood in the veins, blood that both sweeps away and builds up: must be as a whole lung that breathes for the useless lung.

The greedy, hard and hasty children of Spain had forgotten

that sin was cause of the death of God, so Rosa, sleepless scourged and fasting, sounded anew the cry of the innocent. She begged of each guilty person to assent to his own salvation. Rosa wept as she prayed for the English, now weakening in the faith: she prayed more especially for the Indians of Peru. Those Indians, when she died and when she was canonized, turned to her with love and understanding: long ago, in distress of eclipse, this people had proved the worth of the tears of virgins.

Rosa made war on the beauty of her face, of her hair, of her hands; that which might have given rise to thankfulness gave rise instead to mortification. Rosa was not in need of this self-killing, so her daily death must have been offered in extenuation of the luxuriance of other women. Perhaps for the disobedient Spanish women of the *tapada*—that alluring three-quarter face-veil adopted from Moorish women, the veil that showed but one eye. In Lima the *tapada* is not worn for modest cover, but Messalina-like, to abet adultery; so it will be forbidden by law.

Viceroy after Viceroy, Archbishop after Archbishop will oppose the wearing of the *tapada*, in spite of which great ladies, led at least once by a Vicereine, will find means to circumvent the decrees. They will sulk at home rather than go with face wholly uncovered. At last fines, imprisonment, even exile, will enforce the statute against the *tapada*. Neither on balcony, in chair, nor in carriage shall it be worn; and least of all in church and in the church processions, exciting lust and troubling the devout.

‘Woe to the women that make kerchiefs, upon the head . . . to hunt souls!’

As in Babylon, likewise in Lima.

So lusty are the men, the women so concurrent that it will be necessary to make a law in Lima prohibiting co-habitation in church, cloister or cemetery. Forfeit of gold, or of the lover’s sword, will be exacted for such indecorance. Great is the vanity of the women of Lima, they wear the *basquina*—the hooped skirt, of ankle length, with gold—hundreds of pounds’ worth—sewn on to a gaudy dress. Below the *basquina* are the pearl-embroidered shoes. But in this city pearls are seen on the shoes

of even lowly women and men have them sewn on their buskins and upon their hats. A widespread ambition is to wear pearls as big as the *Pater Noster* beads of the chaplet so as to outdo those whose pearls are but of the *Ave Maria* size. Between the Spanish women and those of Inca blood, married to Spaniards, is such rivalry that only pain of excommunication will arrest their lavishness.

Rosa's mother said to a priest: 'Rebuke my daughter, who angers me by refusing, gently refusing, to wear a coat I gave her; it is a coat finely embroidered.' The priest answered 'Rosa is called to things lovelier even than this coat.'

Isabel wore a circlet of roses; some have said that she did this to please her father, who liked to see the flowery crown; others have thought that the wreath was to cover dreadful spikes—such spikes as Rosa's Lord had worn. Once the child's brother pushed her chaplet with a swift playful dash. The agony made the girl cry out, then she wept or fainted, so that her secret was revealed. And this because Rosa was enthralled, enraptured, ravished by love, as though she were already soul disincarnate freed of the earthly winter. 'In the likeness of His death'; therefore Rosa would have pain in her food and bitterness in her drink. Towards the end of her life she ate and drank hardly at all.

She passed nearly all her hours in the garden hermitage. This hermitage was a few feet long, a few feet broad; it was furnished with a seat, a table and a cross: 'It is big enough for Him and me.' The gnats congregated here, but they did not trouble Rosa; instead, she laughed to see them gay in the beams of the sun, and she called on them to praise God. Nearly all her hours were spent alone in this narrow place, although she slept indoors. She allowed herself but two hours for sleep. 'Sleep—the hardest desire of all to overcome,' she said. Sleep threatened her sometimes when she was at her prayers. She gave, it was said, twelve hours to prayer and ten hours to work, sitting for many hours at the fine needlework which she sold for her parents' upkeep or sometimes gave for the use of the Church. During those ten hours she also cared for the garden: it flourished abundantly, so that she was able to sell flowers and fruit. If sleep threatened to overtake her when at prayer she

would sling herself on to a cross-beam and, upheld by thongs, Rosa continued to pray.

The bed of Rosa was so cruel that she never overcame her own terror of it, but shivered and trembled before she lay down on the spikes and the shard. Sometimes a Voice reminded her that the Cross was harder, more narrow and more frightful than her bed.

Every week she retold in her flesh as much as might be of her Lord's pain: with scourging, with thorns, with carrying of a heavy cross, she re-enacted the sufferings. Here, in this garden in Lima, the hours at Golgotha were echoed, were shown in the flesh of a girl.

As hazel-nut reminds the lover, the poet, of the shade of his lady's hair, as violets befit her unpolluted flesh, so in the cry of the curlew the lover of Christ may hear the lament of mockers that are lost, and he sees in the crossbill, the redbreast and the passion-flower—the *granadilla*—little puppets of the passion-play which is played without end. Rosa did not look to the outward world for symbols; instead, by the ardour of her soul and the obedience of her body, she became, herself, the victim.

Isabel de Flores was deft and delicate for others; self-wounded, she cared for the hurt, and she made small children fresh and pleasant by the washing and the mending of their clothes.

The girl saw that her mother fretted all day, for she was nervous of the mosquitoes and the scorpions, of the *aire*, too, that contrary current of air to which the Indians trace so many ills, for they say that the *aire* may shiver glass, or paralyse a limb, or shrivel up a human face. But when, in the evening, the captain returned to his wife, she, leaning on his arm, went out to walk gay and unafraid. Rosa, by nature also nervous, thought: 'I should be frightened of nothing since He to whom I am vowed is with me by day and by evening.' From this thought she derived courage. A bull driven towards the place where it was to fight and be killed attacked the carriage in which Rosa and her mother were seated, and that day Rosa, because of her trust in Christ, was not afraid. Nor was she when the Dutch sailed into Callao and were reported to be marching

on the City of the Kings to raid and to sack Lima. Rosa, short-skirt, bare-arm, awaited their coming in a church, ready to leap on to the altar and with her body to screen from enemy assault the Blessed Sacrament.

Rosa, as has been said, sold the fruits of her garden because her parents were continually poor. The plants here thrived more than is usual and gossip said that when Rosa called upon the flowers to praise God with her they raised their heads and poured out sweetness.

Why wonder? Why disbelieve? Each creature seeks its own good and avoids harm: thereby the impulse of the daisy to fold her petals over her golden heart to protect it against the night chill, the night dew; the impulse of the sensitive plant in her recoil. Creatures and plants respond to their good, and are sensitive. In company of one another, little beings, the goldfish and the tadpole, survive a poison longer than does solitary fish or frog, and in company will recover more quickly from a hurt than does a lonely sufferer. And two roots, growing in glasses near to each other, will be prolific more quickly on the side nearest the neighbour than on the side left solitary. Sensitive so to each other, impulsive to sun and dew, to webby-cloud and touch of chill, the growing things are penetrable also by That which caused them to be, so Rosa stirred them because she was full of God.

Rose-Isabel had three pots of rosemary, the bushes shaped like crosses; of these, she gave one to Father Loranzana, her confessor, and one to the Vicereine; one plant Rosa kept. A few days later the plant of the Vicereine withered in the palace. The lady Hurtado de Mendoza set great store by the rosemary because of the giver; she was troubled when the plant withered and sent it back to Rosa asking why it had drooped. For some days Rosa nursed it and when again it was green and crisp she put a picture of Mary Magdalene at its root and sent it back to the palace. 'Such as these cannot live in the pomp of palaces nor in the traffic of the world; that is why it wilted.' There was a plant of basil upon which Rosa lavished much care. She cherished the herb because it was to gay a feast of the church; suddenly she found the basil uprooted, shrivelled as though by

blight. Then to her sadness came the reproach: 'I wear Rosa in the secret places of My Heart and that because her heart is all My own. Why dost thou deplore the loss of the basil although I, Flower of the Field and Lily of the Vale, am left to thee?'

Rosa walked empty-handed in a procession in the Church of the Rosary. It was Palm Sunday; to everyone else in the church had been given a hallowed palm; she was the only one to be without the blessed symbol. And she thought: 'By God's pleasure, I shall overcome this regret that no palm by the priest's mortal hand was given to me. Art Thou not the magic Palm-Tree embellishing the desert of Cadiz? Thou wilt give me one of Thy branches and it shall not wither.'

In the Church of the Rosary soon after that Palm Sunday came ecstasy and the words heard: '*Rosa*, of My heart, thou art My spouse,' and she was wedded in spirit. A joyful, unexpected earthly witness to the words inwardly heard soon followed. It happened this way. One of the brothers of Rosa made a ring for her, perhaps she asked him to do so in symbol of her secret nuptial; it was a golden ring with a diamond, and 'Jesus' was graven outside. 'Inscribe some words,' she pleaded of her brother; he paused with the tool, then of his own genius caught the words she had received in ecstasy but that she had never spoken. He inscribed: '*Rosa cordis mei tu mihi sponsa esto.*'

Dionysius the Areopagite—lover of God—conjectures the holy secret by symbol of the Divine Obscurity; to Richard Rolle the experience is as by sweetness and song; Plotinus apprehends It as signalled by the beauty of fire; Rosa guesses at God by the presentment of betrothal.

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The mother of Rosa had a cock which she saw as a creature sees a creature; gay and coloured, useful with the hens. It grew sick. 'It must be killed; we cannot afford an unprofitable beak.' The girl sang to the cock:

'Geekarikée, geekarikée,
healed thou must be.'

And soon after it flapped and crowed and throve again.

Father Lorenzana at the garden-gate saw the cock with a deeper vision—as a gift of God. To him it was a hieroglyph

signifying something other than itself; something over and above its gaiety and the trumpet of its call.

But Rosa knew the cock, and the gnats, and all else, dipped in the Divine Mind from ever to ever, sprung of the imagination of God.

Gnat in the garden stings Father Lorenzana to the blood; gnat in the garden dies to the bird. Rosa dies to Christ and Christ for men: endless wheel of life laid down, taken up, passed on. By the creatures not freely upgiven, but, because of love, freely offered in the Godhead: freely offered by the saint.

Mouse in the wardrobe, rat in the store, gnat by the prick—troublesome: but yet the being of each is in God. Between Rosa and the midges, between Martin and the rats, between San Francisco Solano and the birds—the oneness is God.

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Every man suffers in his own circumference, within the circle of his individual destiny; so the sailor is drowned, so the soldier is slain, the merchant is defrauded in trade. And by the same law, the rare, the spiritual person is assailed by evil spirits, is buffeted and wounded by weapons of the ghostly.

Every day during her last years Rosa knew utmost desolation of spirit and such a solitude as Lope de Vega had phrased:

'Without light: since the sun weeps the rood;
without voice; because dying the Word;
without earth: for all is blood;
without air: since all is fire;
without fire: for all is flood;
without water: since all is ice:
in the utmost solitude.'

Rosa was engulfed by darkness, nullity, absence of God; a ring as of ice seared and encircled her. Every day the despair was new. For she was without memory of former despair, without memory of former consolation. Rosa was wholly plunged in the very moment of torment, immersed in that kind of terror and desolation that children and animals do feel, because they imagine no escape and can foresee no alleviation. Such overwhelming fear as someone saw in the small unlovely eyes of a sea-turtle. Which creature had been taken from the serenity of

its native waters and bound to strong logs. Naked, copper-coloured men carried the turtle towards the blazing beach.

Rosa's torment was angelic, it came of angels sinister: she glorified it by her resignation. But although she would have blushed to be free of pain, because Christ had suffered, yet she often prayed that this trial of the spirit be not permitted. Each time it came as prime as though it had never been before, but after the torment came healing, light and warmth. She that had been cold and in tornado of weeping, found summer and the light.

Questioned by the philosophers, the theologians of Lima, about these sufferings and these joys succeeding, about these airy escaping touches, this vibrance of light, Rosa, her eyes lowered, kept silence.

A woman that had known the joys of dense flesh, touch on the womb, and the spiral rapture; a poet that had known stir of enthusiasm, inspiration invading; neither woman nor poet could define in words the moment of passion.

Far less could Rosa make clear the rapture of union with God.

Rosa, answering at last, turned to the sun as image of the good that befell her. She said: 'When I receive the Eucharist it seems that the sun descends into my breast. . . . By the sun comes light. By light is the colour of flowers, the colour of waves of the sea, the shape of the stones on the hill, the sweetness of fruit, and the song of the birds. Even so all joy comes through Christ.'

The Voice of the girl Rosa attuned to the chorus of the great, to Voices of the past. Plato declaring the sun image of the good, Spenser declaring the sun image of God, Dante acclaiming it as symbol of the Trinity. God the Life-giver. Christ the light-giver. The Holy Ghost the heat-giver. And the Voice of Austin of Hippo, who himself had been of the Manichaeans, tells how that those heretics, as they look on the sun which is plain and common to beasts as also to men and which everyday rises and sets, exclaim: 'This is the Lord Jesus Christ!' Then the Voice of John Chrysostom that announces his Spirit Lord as the fulfilment of all the foretime worship to the sun; Christ the Sun of Righteousness: *Sol Invictus*.

Out of desolation, and freed from the spirit of nullity, Rosa found herself again in the embrace of Life, it was, she told these learned men, as though she had never been reft. She felt this ardent movement of love as a river running without hindrance, with speed and violence seeking its issue to the sea. Rosa said: 'There is a glorious torment of the soul when it throws itself into the ocean of goodness and sweetness. There is a joyful transformation of the self into the other. One of the graces of this narrow narrow union with Immensity is a staidness of the soul in God.' She spoke boldly of a feeling of entire purity, the virtue of the soul at one with charity, the fulfilment of the command: 'Be ye therefore perfect.'

The learned asked Rosa if the words that she heard, but which were not audible to others, fell on the ear as do common, spoken, words. She could not say how the words reached her; she knew only that she understood.

Over the mines of Porco in Peru at seven one morning in the year 1553 had been seen as it were three suns (the great natural sun imaged in the air and reflected), blood-red all three, and most fiery. Rainbow-arcs united and clipped these terrible planets to lower crescent moons which faced one another: one moon was blue, the other was in variety of colour. A planet, with a plume or jagged dagger of light, stood outside the encircled apparition. Many dooms soon after came to pass.

But Rosa saw her auspicious Love in apparition even more resplendent; circle within circle, ring of sun and ring of moon: rainbow, moonbow, prism and aurora. 'I saw, in the light of union in tranquil contemplation decoration of majesty and of splendour: iris above iris, arc within arc; colour and lustre as never seen on earth: having no like on earth. Its faintest parts more shining than the sun . . . and the symbol of the Lamb.'

As Jonas in Nineveh, so was Rosa in desire; she said that had she been a man she would have gone loaded with chains barefoot through Lima crying out: 'People, have pity on your souls; have pity on them.' 'Those who do not love God have no hearts—or else they must be ignorant of God.' She sighed: 'I would make a net of my bowels to catch sinners.'

'Little Rosa is waiting for your Paternity,' a sacristan

announced to Father Lorenzana. The friar answered: 'That one that you call *little* will soon be known throughout the world because of her greatness before God.' Lorenzana believed that Rosa, by a steep, short way, without having gone through death and purgatorial fires, whilst indeed she was yet in the body had reached a beatific state of union with God. He said that at Mass sometimes her face was radiant as though she already wore the body glorified.

Love made of her a poet and the sister of all creatures. Every evening, for perhaps an hour, a nightingale sat close to her and bird and virgin sang a part-song. This is Rosa's lyric:

*'Paxarillo Ruysenor,
Alabemos el Senor,
Tu alaba a tu Criador:
Yo alabare a mi Salvador.'*

'Come and join me, nightingale,
Let us sing our loving hail,
thy madrigal to thy Creator:
and I shall magnify my Saviour.'

When the bird left Rosa she sighed: 'My chorister has abandoned me; praise be to God who is with me always.'

Now that her thirtieth year was approaching she could no longer live divided by the flesh from God; in verse she poured out supplication to her angel to cleave the sky and to tell her Belovéd that she was languishing, deprived of sight of Him: 'Beseech Him to take me.'

'I live depriv'd of life,
I die of this delay,
this tardiness of death.
O native of the sky,
climb quickly there and say,
"I die of this delay."

'Why does He linger so?
Desired of my desire,
Oh! habitant of heaven,
beg Him to come in haste
to me, who all on fire
am tortured by desire.
Quia amore langueo.

VISION OF PERU

'Ay de mi!
Midnight has struck.
Still is no sound of Him.
Heavy my heart through this delay,
my sight grows dim.
He tarries elsewhere,
He is far away,
Ay de mi!'
.

According to her wish, Rosa died.

Then, happy as the first Ayar when he stood in canopy of rainbow on the hill above where Cuzco will be, and sang the Song of Chamay:

'I am satisfied;
I am rejoiced.'

So now Father Lorenzana:

'O Rosa, happy the authors of thy days
and the hour when thou wert born.
Happy and blessed those that knew thee
and that had some place in thy heart.'
.

The Voice of Ignatius of Antioch speaks of the death of the Lord that: 'Mystery of a cry wrought in the stillness of God.' Voices say: Rosa is martyr, she is participant; trophied with wounds of redemption, see the Word again become flesh! 'Cry wrought in the silence,' and Rosa is of those that take up the Cry, take up the mystery of death-redemption, she is of those that are Eucharistical. Real as the Spring of the year is this re-enacting of the death of the Saviour, this continuance of redemption, this making good what was lacking in the death of the Lord.

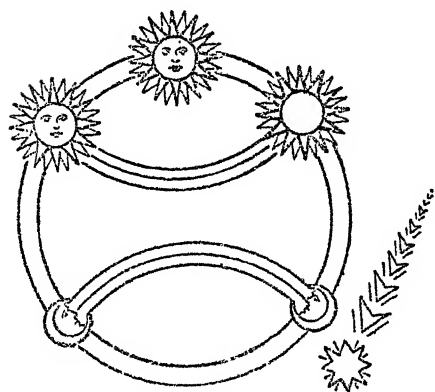
Nard-scented nest of the Phoenix, myrrh-scented tomb of the Lord annointed, and the up-spring, the newness is for ever and ever.
.

The sanctity of Isabel de Flores was established and her feast was set in the month of August. She had worked on the frame device of flowers in silk and gold thread; she had cherished flowers and flies and birds. From now onwards in Peru the house-martin will be named *Rosita*. She had washed the clothes

ROSE OF LIMA

of the poor to make them pleasant. She had purified hearts, she had healed, had comforted all in as far as she might. She had taken pain and given pleasure and now she was proclaimed Patroness of the City of the Kings—Patroness of the New World.

She is represented wearing a coronal of roses and beside her are a nightingale and two of the hare-like *viscacha*. The Indians of her many prayers understood her awful sanctity, her immolation. The Spaniards, for whom she had offered many prayers and done much penance, appointed that on the last day of August her yearly feast should be celebrated by a bull-fight, and that it be the greatest bull-fight of the year.



Planets in Porco

CHAPTER XI

DISCIPLINE

Of the undisciplined flesh

AT about the time of Rosa's death the holy, wonder-working and moneyless one, Martin, was confronted by himself. For years the natural had been pruned and trained so that the supernatural might flower; then suddenly Martin learned how lustful the flesh remains, choosing this, securing that, retaining likes and dislikes, not yet having attained to holy detachment: all unworthy to be raised in final glory.

A man in the Infirmary was very sick. Porres was to nurse him; some disgusting liquid drawn from the dropsical man was in a vessel at the sufferer's side. Martin shuddered, so offensive it was to the nose. Surely on the instant Martin must have been rudely shocked by his lack of love and have realised the niceness of his senses. An old golden legend may have assailed his memory, the tale of an angel that had helped a hermit to bury a fellow-hermit already some days dead. The angel did not find loathsome the natural decay but when, as they were digging, a man rode by, his horse caparisoned, himself attended washed and oiled, and finely clothed, the angel at the spade stopped digging, grown sick because of the stench of that man's sins.

And now Martin, because he had shuddered away from the sufferer instead of having yearned with pity towards him, seized the glass left by the surgeon and drained it for his own correction.

CHAPTER XII

THE CHAPTER OF FRANCISCO DE VELASCO CARABANTES, DOMINICAN

The locked doors. The body phantasmal. Dog of a *muláto*.

FROM vellum folios in the new library of Santa Sabina in Rome were interpreted to this author the Trials of A.D. 1660, 1662 and 1664 held under the then Bishop of Lima for the Beatification of Martin de Porres. At the first Trial there were just over sixty witnesses; at the other Trials the number was greater. Twenty questions were put to each witness, amongst whom were Dominicans, a dark-skinned slave, merchants, women, two sculptors, a doctor and many others.

The later Trials ordered by Rome and held in Lima lasted from 1678 and 1686 and eighty-four questions were put to a hundred and sixty-four witnesses. Behind these convocations rise the figures of Philip IV, of Pope Innocent XI, of the Viceroy and Archbishop of Lima, of two congregations of the Jesuits and of the Dominicans. Three ambassadors went from Spain to Rome busy with the Process; these powerful men worked together for the Beatification of the mulatto.

Amongst others is the witness borne by the priest, Carabantes, Dominican, who was confessor to Martin, although he was not alone in the performance of that office. This change of confessors was indeed a point made against Martin de Porres by the Devil's Advocate. Carabantes answering the set questions swore, as did the other witnesses, that cures and miracles had blessed many people who had invoked God in the name of Martin. Carabantes swore, as did others, that when Martin had been short of gifts for those under his care he had fasted and done penance because he believed that by this means he obtained that for which he asked. Carabantes, the women, and the rest of the witnesses answered on oath that these things were of common knowledge, widespread and not to be doubted.

In the memory of Carabantes Martin de Porres was imaged as a fiery creature aflame with love: 'He was ever trying to

enkindle us'; and later: 'Brother Martin talked but little, that little was for the most part about God, but he liked better to talk to God than about Him. When he talked of the love of God for men he became an Etna of fire.'

Carabantes was of illustrious parents, his father was chief treasurer of the Government. When Francisco was a novice at the Rosary a special order came from the King of Spain giving to the treasurer, Don Juan de Velasco Carabantes, the power of appointing his son Francisco to his own high office as soon as he himself might wish to relinquish the duties of chief treasurer. To avoid public scandal, the father of Francisco secretly arranged with Francisco that he should escape the Rosary and return home to be trained for the office to which he was eager to be heir. Untold by any, Martin de Porres yet knew of the plan, and as he passed young Carabantes in the courtyard of the Rosary he whispered to him: 'But you will not do that.' Three times Francisco tried to escape, each time he was struck with a long illness. Then he understood that to be a Dominican was his calling and God's will for him, and he learnt to put his vocation above all the rest.

During one of these sudden illnesses he was almost unable to breathe. 'For my belly was two or three times enlarged with water,' he said. Francisco Carabantes was shut and locked away from the community so that none might give him drink. It was night, Francisco was moaning; then in spite of the locked doors Martin appeared with a brazier full of burning dung or wood, he carried a fresh chemise and in his sleeves were sprigs of rosemary. Martin helped Carabantes up from the bed and sat him by the fire, and he smiled as he cast rosemary into the glow and warmed and perfumed the shirt. Afterwards he changed the garment that Carabantes had been wearing and put on him, instead, this warm and fragrant covering. Carabantes asked: 'How did you enter seeing that all the doors are locked?' But Martin said lightly: 'You are neither theologian nor professor. Why be so all-knowing?' Seeing that Martin would not say more on that matter, Francisco asked: 'Shall I die?' 'Do you want to die?' 'No.' 'Well, then you will not die.' And Carabantes, being comforted, slept and some days later he was well.

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Carabantes, a novice and carnal, would not have understood, and therefore Martin did not explain to him that the vehicle of his charity was the body phantasmal.

Young Francisco de Velasco Carabantes detested the tonsure and he did not wear it in its severity. One day Porres was cutting Francisco's hair and insisted on completing the tonsure according to the Rule. Carabantes, enraged, screamed out: 'Hypocrite, liar, dog of a *muláto*.' A priest passing by beckoned to Carabantes: 'When the tonsure is finished come to my cell for punishment,' he said. When the cutting of the hair was completed Martin took Carabantes to a looking-glass and said: 'Look how the tonsure suits you; you remain most pleasant to see.' Then, touching the head of Carabantes, he added: 'This stiff-necked head full of ideas will cause you to suffer in the religious life.' Immediately then Martin hastened to the priest who had summoned Carabantes: 'May your Paternity not punish Francisco for words which are true; Francisco knows that my mother is a negress. I am indeed bred like a mule.'

At the evening meal Martin gave a peach from a wicker basket to Carabantes. Whenever this youth, delicately reared, desired a luxury, he assailed Martin with cries of: 'Dog of a *muláto*.' And Martin would ask: 'What then is it that you want?' And always by the power of charity Martin procured the thing desired and gave it to Francisco with a smile.

Carabantes told of the monastic elections during which quarrels were frequent: some brothers Martin would console, saying to them: 'The time has not yet come for your honouring'; others he might chide, but at these troubled periods he was 'Like an angel of peace.'

As Francisco Carabantes grew older he observed that Martin enjoyed 'A very sweet contemplation,' and Carabantes now repeated in his testimony the saying of Thomas of Aquino that the greatest proof of love is the lover's desire for contemplation: and that the highest grade of contemplation is ecstasy.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CHAPTER OF JUAN VASQUEZ

Juan sees Martin after the death of Martin. He tells of Martin's mortification and of his happiness.

RAGGED-SHIRTED and dirty, the boy, Juan Vasquez, was resting on a grave; he had but just arrived from Spain into this New World, the smell of salt fish, of oil and tallow candles was still in his nostrils. He was hungry and poor, poor in Peru although he could hardly believe that to be possible. A dusky friar greeted him, asking where he had come from and if he knew a trade, and at Juan's negative head-shake Martin led the boy away to clothe him. Because Juan was helpless Martin gave him the key of his cell and for some years Juan was constantly in and out of the Rosary.

Vasquez, at the Trial, told of the daily tasks of Martin; he said that every day Martin and Juan Macias begged for alms. The money received on Mondays was given for Masses for the Poor Souls, the bounty of Tuesdays and Wednesdays sustained the Castilian secret poor; of such Martin had recorded some two hundred families. On certain days Martin visited these proud-gentle poor, taking pens and candles to students, and rolls of material to clergy in their need. The Viceroy, the merchants, and some of the wealthy Spanish women gave help to Martin.

Often at midday Martin taught children, he spoke to them of paradise and told them of their attendant angels. With the children around him Martin let loose the gaiety of his heart. He perhaps told the little ones of the Spanish proverb which says that earthly hope is frail as almond blossom, tender flower so apt to dance out upon the branches in welcome to the first beck of the spring, to flower too early, to fall nipped by chill before the nut is set; the nut so rich in food. Maybe he spoke of this wake-early, watch-early tree, so do the Hebrews name it, the tree that first awakes, rousing itself out of the sleep of winter: the grosser, tardy mulberry-flower less likely to frustrate

the orchard's hope. He taught the children to despise with joy, and not with bitterness the frail, the earthly hopes: to cling instead, to hope of heaven. After such conversation with the children followed the meal given to men and women and to those animals which joined the company. When the thanksgiving had been said to God, the food did not fail and each guest went cheerfully away.

In the evening Martin sometimes visited the Africans in the suburb proper to them: they often insisted on giving him mass-money. 'But I am not a priest, I cannot make the Sacrifice for you,' he said; still the dark men insisted that he must take the monies for so they would rest assured that their votive masses would be offered.

Juan, having the key of Martin's cell, saw often the extension of Martin's being and of his consciousness. To this brother none was merely a Superior, a visitor, or a negro, but each was 'Beloved of my Belovéd'; no one was *he* or *she*, but everyman, 'Thou Christ.' The boundaries limiting charity were broken down and thereby the other boundaries swept away. The usual circumscriptions did not hinder Martin; amongst other wonders he often foretold events.

Whoever has seen a man train his body for a hard venture to gain a victory, or to exact retribution, whoever has counted the miles that can be walked, the hours that can be borne in wakefulness, the few mouthfuls that may suffice for food, and has marked the answer that flesh can make to enthusiasm or to necessity, this one will not disbelieve that extension by love is possible to a man trained in austerity, to a man spiritually minded.

Imprisoned in Lima was a man from Seville; he was about to be publicly strangled, but Martin had assured the malefactor that he would not suffer the extreme penalty. This foretelling was known to a number of people. Yet the frightful machinery of death was being made ready to fit the unhappy youth who was seated on the platform erected in the public square. Suddenly, in the Viceregal Palace, the long window was thrown open and from the balcony the Vicereine, the Countess of Chinchon, waved the white handkerchief of his reprieve.

Juan Vasquez, at one of the last Trials, owned how careless

he had been of Martin's fame. Again and again he had been asked to bear witness, but always he had thought he was too busy to attend the Process. When Juan, grown-up, had sailed back to Spain, Martin had said: 'Good-bye, Juan, you will not see me again—or indeed, yes, but when you do you will not believe your eyes.' Juan had returned to Lima after Martin's death; but two phantasmal appearances of Martin had been needed before Juan determined to give his testimony. Yet Juan had known more of Martin than had any of the other witnesses, he had oftener seen the levitations, and knew more details of the restoration to life by Martin of an old priest in Lima. Juan told how the little red cat of the bandage, by jumping on Martin wakened him each morning to ring the early bell; he told of many such everyday affairs. He knew how Martin cherished the sick novices in the Infirmary, bringing them sugar-water and jam made of gourds. He told a strange tale of *El Muláto* at the bedside of a sufferer. Doctors and others were present because the man was very sick. Martin had offered some fantastic cure compounded with the blood of black fowls. The sufferer pushed the mess away. Porres pleaded with him to swallow the strengthening stuff and then it was that he had said words which caused a stir amongst those at the bedside, words quoted often afterwards when the extension of Martin, by power of charity, to far-away places, was the theme. For Martin had turned eagerly towards a doctor, and was about to explain the remedy: 'O, I saw that used in the Hospital at Bayonne,' he said. Then suddenly he knew himself to be entangled and he cut his sentence short.

Juan remembered the happy hours of Martin when together they went to the farm at Lima Tambo. There they saw the honesty of creatures, the goat and the cow in return for food giving measure of milk, the hen giving eggs, not defrauding those who cared for them as man defrauds God by withholding a breath of thanksgiving, an uplifted thought. Juan saw Martin planting flowers and fruit so that there be thanksgiving. With knowledge of the healing properties inherent in most of the plants and with his love of their blossoming, Martin's heart foresaid: 'The flower glorifies God and the root parries the infirmity.'

Juan saw the kiss of love that Martin gave the daughter of Don Giacoma. Two women, passing, had saluted Porres and Juan and Fray Laureano, who was walking with them. The men returned the greeting, but Martin had hardly looked up; then he asked Laureano quickly if that was Dama Catarina and the orphan daughter of Giacoma. To the answer, 'Yes,' Martin turned and called to the girl and giving her the kiss of love, but not of desire (according to the verdict of the Trials) he asked her how she could have passed without speaking to him who had not seen her since her mother's death. He showed his pleasure in her look and in her height, then, turning to her kinswoman, he asked if the girl would not soon now be married. The tenderness of Martin, the caress he would give the sick and the wounded there where the hurt was, all this was known to the friends of Martin. There was another day of which Juan told when Martin was crammed with a joy quite out of measure to the cause; so thought Juan. That time, in a field gay with flowering broom, Martin romped with a couple of calves. Juan, frightened by the rough play, called to Martin that he would be hurt and his clothing torn. But Martin cried back: 'O let me play with them! Since I was a child I have not been so merry.'

Juan, alone, saw what Martin did after the twilight ringing of the bells of the *Angelus*. At that ringing everyone stopped in street and avenue, even the actor paused in his declamation of the stage: with bowed heads the women, and with uncovered heads the men, said aloud the angel-greeting. Then, like sculptor hammering the mass of stone to free the image, or like a carver cutting the wood till the form be evoked from the block, so Martin, with three chains and cruel rosettes of metal, strove to liberate the informing spirit from the bulky flesh. 'The bad thoughts are three,' he said to Juan, and three times in the round of the day with night he disciplined the body, reproving and admonishing himself. To win an answer to his prayers for others, he sealed his fervour with his blood; gave proof of the rage of his high desire by the bruises and the breaks in his body.

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Juan said that Martin was the most happy person that ever he had met. Indeed how should he not be happy when in all things he saw, as Thomas of Aquino had seen, a trace of the Trinity. So may the mystic hear the voice of the owl crying to the moon: 'I show God; I, creature, show Creator.' The moon shines back her answer: 'Happy the owl, and the bat, and the waxen, the night-flowering cereus, for all that exists shows God.' The owl with soundless flight sails off, lost to sight amongst the trees; she, and all creatures, serve by being, the owl by flying, the moon by shining. The owl does not know the wonder of her build, nor that the soundless flight, demanded by the stillness of each night, is due to the velvet of her plumage. She turns the pivot of her outer toe, backwards to grip the branch, forwards to grip the mouse seen by her great eyes, enlarged to catch the least ray of the light. In the quiet of her nocturnal flight she listens, one ear open to sounds coming from the ground, the other ear, constructed with a difference, is fashioned to catch sounds from above her, a separate upward-downward mode of hearing: but of the marvel of her fitness for her life of the night-hours the owl is unaware. Or the sun and the condor, by the mystic may be heard in debate. The condor declares: 'Great and small, star, and the mouse of the field, the sea-lion and the ocean-plant, we, the living, reveal the Word uttered and the Image sprung from the mind of the Artist. By our outwardness, by our separate show, we figure forth Christ the Ideal, He that is "Firstborn before every creature." The great fire-planet makes answer: "The Son is the expression of the Father and we also are the expressions of God.'

Or the snail, her mouth a toothed criss-cross saw which for her food cuts down stems stouter than is her soft body, the snail and the stars, the firefly and the glow-worm sing: 'We show, all creatures show, the Holy Ghost the ever-blowing Spirit. By our sweet order and concurrency we manifest the ever outgoing love of God for God. The star that moves concurrent with another, the worms related to their order, make manifest the flowering forth, the procession of that Spirit.'

So millions and millions of creatures show the traces of the Trinity.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CHAPTER OF JUAN DE CASTILLO

Of Lima. Of a friendly gathering. The Inquisition. The Voices.

IN his cell Martin de Porres is at prayer or at penance: it is night-time in Lima, a guitar speaks to the shadows. Only Juan del Castillo can give such a voice to the wood. Juan has left in his house his old Sevillian guitar, his heirloom. It is shaped like a human breast. 'Its chords are the pulsations of the heart,' St. Isidor the Archbishop had said of just such another.

To-night Juan has taken out his new guitar just come from Granada, with seven strings. One chord is yellow as bile, for love moves the liver, and disturbs it. One chord is red as the blood of the heart. For Juan, though he loves often, loves greatly: the fervour of the love does not alter. But too often the girl, the idol, is found to be less lovely than the song; so the song is offered to some other. In the shadow of the overhanging balcony carved out of cedar-wood from Mexico the face of the girl, down-peering, is white as *floripondia*, the blossom of the daturine. The daturine of heavy scented blossoms has of late years become the marvel of Spain, the tree a precious cargo to be shipped with gold and with emeralds. In Lima the blossom is said to overwhelm by sweetness, to intoxicate or deaden any that dare to sleep with *floripondia* in the room. Indians know the quality of the bell-like pendulous flower, sweet cousin of the deadly nightshade, belladonna.

The night is too dark for the language of the fan. If the girl in the balcony should raise her unfolded fan and touch it, Juan will not be able to see the sign which means 'I long to be near you.' She may hide her eyes behind the open fan, the night will cover her message, 'I love you.' If she presses the fan to her lips he will remain unaware that by a sign she has told him that he may embrace her. In the gloom the girl may very slowly close her fully-opened, her lovely fan—the singer beneath the carved balcony will never know that the maid has promised herself to him in marriage.

Castillo sings with catch and pause because he does not use another man's song, but makes his own; the lines come easily, with frequent vowel endings. He releases youth into the night.

Not rich—but with enough—Juan is able daily to wear the cloth of Segovia and on feast days his wear is finer, his shoe-leather painted or gilded; the shoes with ornament, of silver. The feast-days are frequent, nearly half the year is festal. There are festivals especial to the Spaniards as well as the holy days of the Indians, and the holidays of the enslaved Africans: all these have patron saints and particular aspects of Our Lady's graciousness. There are days of obligation and days of devotion to be celebrated as well as the Spanish royal birthdays. The feasts are marked by cock-fights and bull-fights and by religious processions, as well as by the long, exhausting sermons at High Mass. Every Monday has become almost entirely a day of rest because of the celebration of Sunday.

Juan was of Lima. Born in the City of the Kings, he was glad to hear the brag often made to settlers newly arrived: 'Our horses here are as good as those of Cordova; our mules as good as those of Castille.' Juan watched the out-going ships sailing from Callao carrying gold and silver, emeralds and pearls: he watched the incoming ships laden with cloth and silk and wines. Of cattle and of fruiting trees was now no lack in Peru.

As yet Juan had no carriage, he was young; it was pleasant to walk in avenues set apart for foot-farers. There were avenues for single carriages and one in which six carriages could go abreast. Seven such avenues in all and each with its especial kind of tree: the riders had their own leaf-shaded passages. Three fountains praised the Lord, the water played into basins that had been given in memory of San Francisco Solano, he that loved God, and cherished birds; he that with blood and tears watched over and did penance for Potosi the place of silver mines.

Beyond the heart of the unwall'd city was a suburb of the Indians and another suburb for the Africans. A thousand families of self-governing Indians lived peaceably: the instruction of Jesuit Fathers had fitted them for social independence.

The Spaniards of lowly rank that had come from Spain did not choose, in this New World, to serve in private households,

but the negroes were a serviceable people. By coming to the Colonies, the Hildago lost certain privileges to which in Spain he was entitled in some matters of the law. Juan was justified in being proud of Lima, of Lima with its printing press, and the University endowed with all the privileges of Salamanca; with a chair for Runa-Simi, a chair of Philosophy, of Theology, Medicine and Law. In Lima there were many churches and chapels the bells of which pealed almost without a pause; their resonance marked each hour, and half, and quarter hour. These bells rang in the seven offices of the religious communities, which started before the dawn and ended in the deep of night. Weddings, baptisms and deaths were announced by the ringing of the bells. The chiming and the tolling disturbed the sick, but though successive Viceroys and Archbishops passed laws to limit the disturbance the clang remained a part of life in Lima.

Juan del Castillo liked to show newcomers the many hospitals and almshouses of the city. One of the richest and biggest is for Indians, another for Spaniards, a third is for convalescents; there is one for lepers, who are but few, and with them are housed other infectious cases. The negroes have their hospital, the religions of various orders are in charge of these refuges. The shelter for the care of sailors was named Spiritus Sanctus in honour of the Spirit that moved over the water. Martin de Porres will leave new foundations for the care and education of orphans. A rich friend of Martin will build two houses one for boys the other for girls; these exist to-day. For the marriage of each girl a dowry will be provided.

Spanish writers of the day, boasting of Lima, record that even the black people and the cross-bred wore silk and changed their clothing according to the season; they say that the lowly eldom went on foot. Yet day by day Martin found poverty.

Juan had many friends. Because of his high spirits and his quick verse, because of his charm and nonsense, he was invited to gatherings, to the *tertulias* where conversation went to and fro, battledore and shuttlecock, quick with doggerel verse and mottoes and improvised conceits. Young men and women liked

Juan; they decided that: 'Chance is favourable to Juan del Castillo.'

It is night-time in Lima. Martin de Porres is spending himself in love. This night, like every other in Lima, is rainless; balmy and benignant without excess of heat or of cold, for in the City of the Kings, day by day and night by night, there is a gentle sameness of climate. Christobal Vargas, a notary, is giving a *tertulia*; the year is 1607. Rodrigo de Azala, Dominican, is of the party. Headstrong and pride-puffed, he is slower and more literate than is Juan, but both men delight in argument and are constantly bandying verbal felicities, and exchanging cat-rhymes—or doggerel, as we should say. They are on terms of 'thee' and 'thou,' they mock at one another in epigrams, they jest without ill-nature. But to-night Juan reads a riddle which although gaily conceived does appear to be envenomed. It runs more or less thus:

'Grosser than hog of St. Anthony:
eternally ambiguous:
Father Rodrigo, because of thy quibbles,
thou art not my man.
Thy theology is sour milk,
poor black bread,
thesis for idiots.
So to thee I say
"Find out:
had—or had not—
Adam a navel?"'

According to the records, these verses did not cause any unpleasant commotion at the party. The Dominican is said to have argued learnedly to prove in Latin that Adam must have been like his descendants, whilst Juan in philosophical language contested to the contrary.

It is July of the following year. In contrast with the serenity of the weather is the profound stir of emotion in Lima, because the day is near when a solemn Act of Faith will be made in the city. This Act will be the seventh or eighth since, established at first in the Convent of Mercy and later on in its own mighty edifice, *La Santa* had commenced its work thirty-nine years

before. The eve of the execution was full of solemnity. The officers of the Inquisition and some of the religious, with lighted torches, watched all night by the green cross erected in the square. Those Dominicans who had the documents recording the Trials spent the night counselling the miscreants. For more than a month there have been preparations for this day because the matter of a man and his faith is of all matters the most momentous.

On the morning of the day Juan is led out of the prison: it is about a year since the night of the *tertulia*. Juan has suffered; things that he said or wrote had been remembered against him, his parentage had been examined. It has been discovered that his father was a converted Portuguese Jew, a *converso*. It is remembered that from the stock of Christianised Moslems and Jews come the *relajados*, the relapsed. On bread and water and in torment Juan del Castillo has 'Violently supported the law of Moses.'

To-day Juan will be clothed variously, at first in black as being excommunicated. He will be mounted on an ass. The penitent, the reconciled, will wear a yellow cross before and behind. Yellow, the ugly colour worn by the dressed and painted images of Judas Iscariot shown in the Holy Week processions of Spain. Yellow, the ugly colour worn by those about to be executed for offences not against the faith; yellow, the ugly colour of traitors worn now by those guilty but repentant; the *san benito*, the dress of infamy. These penitent, these reconciled, will not suffer the ultimate penalty. The penitent carry burning torches, the impenitent carry them extinguished; the blasphemous are muzzled. Erring dogmatists of the Christian faith and dogmatists of the law of Moses have long pleated tails attached to the high paper hats they wear.

But Juan de Castillo wears the high bonnet, the conical head-dress of the doomed. It is painted over with llamas and with devils; perhaps the llamas are a blazon of horror since the days when the Conquerors first climbed the terrible Andes: when sickened by the air of the height they bled at the eyes or the ears; and when they were blinded by the glare of the snow. Perhaps by that past suffering the llamas, creatures of the heights, had been branded into the Spanish sensibility.

One of those walking in the crowd tells of the three theological friars that had been executed at the first *Santa*, and of how a fourth, Fráy Pedro Toro, was shown in effigy in the dress of the reconciled. Fráy Pedro had died of torture during the Question. Another speaker takes the tale and recalls the eight bigamists burned at the last *Auto da Fé*. They were perhaps first strangled: 'As that is done for pity's sake.' Eight *relajados* had been burned in effigy, but the ninth, Antonio Courea, was reconciled to the faith. Later he took the habit and died, years afterwards, a holy death.

A young man in the crowd recalls the late Spring, the December day of a former *Santa*. Twenty-four people had been arraigned. Several of these had died in prison during the trials and of those some were burned in effigy and of some the skeletons were burned; in their flesh the remainder suffered the fire. Last of all, so the young man remembers, came Inez de Castro, *La Voladéra*, the Airling, the Flighty One. First were put upon the flames the letters that had belonged to her, and the journals. When she saw the clean, unsmelling ashes of these papers dancing and flying away in the light breeze the woman of Portugal cried out: '*Echaflores*.' 'Throw flowers!' After that the *Voladéra* herself suffered the passion of the fire.

The Spanish crowd is mystical, theological, nearly every man of it a natural theologue. A mass of men capable of pity for those that err because of the flesh, but without mercy for those who allow sin to enter into the higher point of the soul; into the thought, and into the desire-part of the soul; there where the flesh does not burn nor is cause of the error. Here is a crowd horrified by a blunder in the reasoning part of man: for none ever cherished reason as the Spaniards cherish it. War-cry of heroes, of knights: 'For God and for reason!' Reason beheld as the stamp and the image of God. As for Vitoria, so to even the love-sick, romance-giddied youth reason is most venerable. Too often a Spanish love-lyric is made short of melody by the weight of an appeal to reason. The Castilian lover, although impassioned, gives honour to reason and is faithful to that which makes man something other than stallion and bull.

Midday now and trumpets are sounded to summon the families of the condemned. An oath has been sworn aloud that

without fear or favour those in error shall be delivered up for trial. No man or woman is to give shelter even to father or to son or to friend, nor hide them from the Justice. The trumpets announce the approach on horseback of the mace-bearers of the Doctors of the University and of the Mayor. Gentlemen follow and the Viceroy comes in pomp.

Moorish drums are beating, the cavalry passes. Out of the prison some few, proved innocent by the trial of the *Santa*, carry palms and ride upon white horses; the written condemnations of the rest are carried through the street in silver caskets.

But enough. . . . In humility Martin de Porres judges himself, punishes himself. Here *coram populo*, are punished usurers, bigamists, blasphemers, the relapsed, the heretical, sodomists and those versed in the black arts. Usury, sodomy, bigamy and sorcery are punished by *La Santa* because these crimes imply heresy. Some Indians in the procession whisper that they are glad not to be under the law of the *Santa*. (For Indians were regarded as though they were but Catechumens.) The Jesuits too perhaps are pleased; they will not anywhere be subject to the Inquisition for another fifty years.

Ghostly Voices of the past speak of heresy and say: 'Scourge and exile; do not kill.' That is the saying of St. Augustine. And St. Bernard says: 'Excommunicate, imprison; do not kill.' Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed, says that liberty of speech should be denied to the heretical: 'But to put him to death would be to introduce upon earth an inexpressible crime.'

The convicted are burned (most of them are strangled before their bodies are burned). Juan del Castillo breathes no more. It is strange that he did not observe the proverb of the people spoken in all Iberia: '*Con el rey y la Inquisicion—chiton!*'—'With the King and the Inquisition—hush!'

CHAPTER XV

THE CHAPTER OF MARCELO DE RIBERA

Of levitation. Of mice and rats.

FOR fifty years Marcelo de Ribera was the friend of Martin de Porres. At one time for nearly a year Marcelo shared the cell of Martin. When first they met *El Muláto* was eleven years old.

In the Process of canonization held in 1660 in Lima Marcelo told of things that only a close friend might know. He said that Martin slept hardly at all and that when they had shared the cell he spied upon the Brother. Thus it was that he knew that Martin remained in the cell whilst yet by power of love he passed through closed doors, taking a fresh tunic or a sweetmeat to some sick man in the infirmary.

Marcelo told of the prodigious night when he had seen the figure of Porres elevated yards above the ground to the great high crucifix. Martin was facing the graven image and was attached to it in a terrible embrace. Two other men had seen the event.

That which Marcelo saw was the natural body of Martin raised by lever of his love, raised by the passion of his mind, the weight of the body not lessened, but now *Martin's love is his weight*. Here is the attractive force of the image, here the body follows the movement of the soul; the body is endowed with the nimbleness of the mind and the soul is so strong in love that it raises the body.

Marcelo de Ribera liked to recall memories of the rough land and the farm, belonging to the monastery, at Lima Tambo. Martin's greatest pleasure had been to go to Lima Tambo, to plant trees, to work, and to play with the animals. He cut grass for them to give them pleasure, and was happy to be alone with the creatures. At a time when the feast of the novices was drawing near, a bull and two steers were bought for the novices, who perhaps practised some form of bull-fighting.

At first the brothers left the bullocks without food and short

of water. This grieved Martin; he cut fodder and secretly filled some bottles with water. Marcelo at night saw him go out to the beasts in the enclosure and feed them. Marcelo heard Martin reasoning with the bull: 'Brother, thou art bigger and stronger than these steers, be good to them therefore and let them eat and drink.'

Ribera saw bulls gentle with Porres and they licked his clothes: Martin had a power over bulls, and he called each one 'brother.' More than once a friar cried to him in alarm not to go near this or another bull. Martin would laugh and answer: 'The creature of God will not hurt me.'

Martin out of a high wardrobe took the shirts of the sick—this clothing was his charge. On certain days Martin carried baskets of fresh coverings to the infirmary. He gave out the newly washed and gathered up the dirty clothing.

Martin warmed the garments of the sick over a brazier and sweetened them with rosemary: he folded them away with bundles of herbs. But now he saw the garments frayed and soiled by mice.

Friars complained: 'Rats and mice are in the kitchen and in the store-room. *El Muláto* is to blame. He has taught gentleness to the cat: the mouse no longer fears to eat from the dish which the dog and the cat are sharing. The cat should be left unfed so as to return to her rightful hunting. Martin has overturned the natural order.'

Impatient of these new ways, a father had set a trap in the linen-room. Martin saw a small imprisoned creature now looking out at him from behind the osier bars.

Marcelo de Ribera was in the room of the wardrobes, although Martin had not noticed him. Martin, trap in hand, addressed the mouse: 'Thou and thy friends do much damage, but I shall not kill thee. I shall free thee. Thou must call thy kin to the bottom of the vegetable garden. Every day I shall bring food to you all, leaving it at the far boundary of the garden. But none of you must enter the courtyards or the buildings of the convent.'

Witnessing to the charity of Martin, the Voices of many testified that after this day the rats and mice gathered together at the far end of the garden and awaited Martin, who according to his promise fed them at the garden's edge. The creatures no longer intruded into the monastery.

After the death of Martin sculptors and painters will portray him carrying a broom such as he used for cleaning the infirmary. They will image rats and mice round about him or else gathered into a basket, because some men, repeating the tale, had said that Martin carried the animals, heaped up in a basket, into the garden. This charity of Martin 'to creatures without reason' stirred the people of Lima.

So Ribera told the story, so the witnesses retold the tale, this way and that way—childishly. A seer would tell it otherwise, that Voice might say that Martin had been converted, and born again by his love of God, and so no longer suffered the deprivations caused by the primal sin. Adam, not content with the One, had chosen to know other things, had chosen to experience the law of matter, the law that entails death. Choosing to know good and evil, he had lost the One in the Many and this is sin. But Martin de Porres, St. Francis of Assisi, San Francisco Solano, Santa Rosa and others, made spiritual, learned to restore the Many into the system of the One. As of man innocent, as of Adam before the fatal choice, it can be said also of these persons: 'That which he called every living creature was the name thereof.' Knowing the Source of Things, they can call a creature by a name to which its nature gives response, with a voice and with a word which the creature shall obey.

* * * * *

Martin and these happy others loved every living thing because the only source of this commonwealth of life is God.

CHAPTER XVI

THE LITTLE CHAPTER OF THE ESSENCE AND OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

Martin speaks in accordance with St. Thomas of Aquino.

THE pink-flowering creeper called by the Friars *Bellissima*, *Most Beautiful*, hung scentless on the quiet air of the monastic enclosure, a quiet that suddenly was shivered by the raised, angry voices of two students: a small bird hovering forsook its floral honey-cup; alone undisturbed, the fountain sparkled and rippled as before. Not pondering the Divine Obscurity, the infinite Unknown, not musing over the Dionysian Names of God, or the awful simplicity of the divine nature, these youths, instead, were near to beating one another, for this one, with a shout, asserted the predominance of the Essence of God, and that one, with an oath, ascribed a greater glory to God's existence.

Martin going by (in company of holy Sophia) paused and said: 'Dear children, to our poor mortal knowledge there can be no conception greater than that of the divine Existence because that one conception contains the Being of the I-that-am. And this is what the Angelic Doctor taught.'

Afterwards their teacher of theology, Master Francis of the Cross, told those students that the mind of Martin was infused by the Science of the Saints.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CHAPTER OF JUAN MACIAS, FRIEND OF MARTIN, BORN 1593, DIED 1645

Of a Shepherd and of his sea-journey. Of his journey on foot. The sloth; the *Jibaro*. Macias in Lima and of his joyful death.

IN Spain in pastures of Estremadura, Juan Macias herded sheep, as in pastures of Estremadura Francesco Pizarro before him had herded swine. The swine had escaped Pizarro, and that bastard, not daring to face his father, had fled his home and sailed to the New World. As Francesco the swine, so Juan lost his sheep, for whilst the creatures moved about cropping the flowering meadows Juan forgot his charge of them. He listened to unearthly music and had vision. No matter this wandering of the flock—it returned always gathered by the Eagle, John Evangelist.

So Juan herding sheep in Spain whilst, just about that time, Lope de Vega tells of the Shepherd whose amorous sylvan song had wakened him. Juan loses his sheep in Estremadura whilst the poet images the Fair Shepherd fashioning a crook from the accursed tree along which His arms had for so long been stretched. Juan goes perhaps in search of his wandering flock whilst Lope de Vega cries out: 'O wait for me' to that Shepherd who, His feet nailed to a Cross for love, was waiting.

The parents of Juan were poor, and of the lesser aristocracy. They belonged to *Hidalgo*, of the rank of the squires from which stock the greater number of the knights, the Dons, were created. Spanish knighthood might be bestowed on those of humble station, but never on men engaged in trade.

This family of Juan Macias was of the kind from which had sprung the glorious Cid, and into which Alonso Quijano had entered and called himself Don Quixote. For wealth the young Cid had had only some mills on the River Ubierna: and in the thirteenth century Alfonso the Learned, in the first codification of the Castilian Law—the *Siete Partidas*—had set forth that a knight ought to be poor (although not very poor) and should

besides be grave, and sweet of breath (not eating of onions or garlic). Of such men, adventurous and with a tradition of consecrated service, of such loins Juan had been generated.

When Juan was an infant both his father and mother had died, so his uncle put him into the care of a villager near Ribera, and it was there that Juan folded the flocks.

The sheep eat the scanty grass, but the wild thyme growing in profusion they leave for the bees. The apple of the sheep-eyes is longways that the creatures may receive the lengthwise rays, and feed easily from the ground; while Juan leans on his tall crook and scans the skies.

He is dressed in sheep-skins. He understands the encouragement this shepherd garb gives to the flock. For herdsmen of Andalusia and of Estremadura know that, by the wearing of these familiar fleeces, the sheep are induced to follow the leading of the shepherd. 'So as God, to lead us, put on our flesh,' Juan perhaps thought.

John of the Revelation showed Juan that he would be needed in the New World. Therefore after his thirtieth year he left the sheep to follow the leading of the Eagle; and he went to the port of Seville, gateway of the New World. Whilst in that city he awaited the sailing of a ship down the Guadalquivir into the Atlantic, he passed a house from which men were coming and going. Juan, seeing the many, thought it must be a house of the religious, so he pushed the entrance door. Coppered by sun and air, he faced four women who were parched for just such a freshet; but in spite of them his innocence prevailed.

Finding that there was no ship about to sail from Seville, Juan went to Zeres de la Frontera, to him a Paradise. Sheltered by the Dominican monastery he was wrapped in high contemplation; twice he was transported in spirit, constantly he was showered on by grace. He was surrounded by the poor. The preachers offered him the white habit of Dominic. But he was aware that the New World was his destiny, so he left Spain, and forty days' fast sailing brought him to Cartagena.

Between Spain and the Canaries the wind blew variously; the sails needed perpetual vigilance. But after the Islands were passed the constancy of the west wind could be relied upon; blowing towards Portugal: 'Contra trade-winds' some seamen

would grumble, but another recalled that these winds had inspired Columbus because he had reasoned that only by a vast expanse of land could such winds be engendered, had pushed on therefore in the teeth of the wind.

And at about the time when Juan sailed against the wind Luis de Leon, poet, sang of the soul that sails on the sea of sweetness, that is immersed at last in the sea of graciousness and becomes unaware of accident or peril—does not hear does not feel: sang of the air become serene, sang of unaccustomed beauty and of unwonted light: of entirety of music emanating from the Wisdom:

*'Aqui et alma navega
por un mar de dulzura.'*

With full sails and hardly a need to touch them all the voyage long, so Juan sailed to the Islands of Guadaloupe and Dominica: 'These suburbs of the Indies.' 'Here some ships will take the right hand for Hispaniola, but we, as going to the mainland, will take the left-hand passage.'

Likely a man from Estremadura would amuse the company by showing the last purchase he made from some market of Estremadura—would show a big black cricket in a wire cage: 'His song when we reach the Island of Dominica will remind me of my pastures.' The captain would say: 'I like to know that such a cicada is on my ship; do you know the true story of the cricket that saved a vessel?' And the captain related that once such a cicada brought from Spain was mute the journey long, but suddenly it sang. 'The cricket must feel land nearby,' the seaman said and kept a sharper watch. Soon afterwards the boy aloft in the mast cried out: 'Rocks ahead!' and the ship was veered away from the danger.

Favoured always, the travellers sped on to Cartagena. Those that had already made such a voyage and gone further agreed that this journey, even if pursued as far as Nombre de Dios, was easy and pleasant enough, but that the eighteen leagues of land to be covered by foot from Nombre de Dios to Panama were greater hardship than all the sea-way. True the smells of the ship were displeasing, the salt food unpalatable, but that was nothing to the trials and the fever of the forest. 'Some day

a narrow will be cut to join the seas—the Atlantic, to the Pacific—the South Sea. And another young adventurer: ‘There is a neck of but seven leagues, which, being cut, would wed the two seas.’ ‘But one sea is lower than the other, so that the land between would be quite drowned.’ At that a priest, or older man, would demur: ‘God has put great obstacles between the oceans—even if man could remove the rocks and the forests that divide these waters, should he seek to correct the work of God?’

The bark reached Cartagena, but Cartagena was not where Juan was meant to be. Nor in the company of those who, on the ship, grew to wish he would remain with them. ‘Be my companion’; ‘Come and make fortune with me’; ‘Serve me,’ urged this one and that one. But Lima was the destination which Juan knew he must reach.

Nearly five thousand miles of country lay between Cartagena and Lima: strange that Juan did not walk to Panama and go thence by the Pacific to Peru. Instead, he pressed forward, passed what we know as Bogotá and Quito, through forest of Ecuador garlanded with orchids, over the heights of Andes, and through the marshes. There were places where the mists hung perpetually, the breeze too gentle to clear the trees of cloud. Above the hardships of the extraordinary journey was vision on vision, inspiration and nearness, and the company of John Boanerges, the Son of Thunder; the Eagle entranced Juan. Otherwise he would have recorded condors and vultures circling the heights above him, would have seen humming-birds in the forests and in the craters of the high cones that once had harboured fire. Jaguars and pumas also, and savage men that lay-in when their wives gave birth.

In lower land, and where the forest was most dark, Juan, had he had eyes for things of outward appearance, would have beheld the sloth, the *slight dog* of the newly-come Spaniards. The newcomers did not know that in this creature they saw a kindred of the ant-cater; to them the motionless *slight dog* seemed to live on air. One such Spaniard wrote that: ‘Such a brutish and unprofitable creature might serve by moving a traveller’s mind to the incomprehensible Creator.’ In like vein Buffon chose the sloth as an example of imperfection in nature: ‘One more defect and the sloth could not have existed.’

In touch, sight, taste and hearing, the sloth almost alone among animals is less acute than man; only its sense of smell is sharper.

And yet as to the way of living allotted to him the sloth is well adapted by necessity.

His torpor, like the torpor of winter-sleeping animals, lends him an immunity; he survives wounds and poison, his slow pulse in some sort protects him. True, he cannot walk save on the extreme outside edges of his feet, but he hardly ever needs to descend from the trees. Belly upwards, he hangs upon a branch, his great claws gloved in flesh.

He can fast for a month if needs be: his many-mansioned stomach is contrived to meet his way of life. Hanging most often on the trumpet-tree, he drinks the sappy milk that oozes from it, he eats the fruit of the tree and the leaves. The sloth likes best this hollow-stemmed, hollow-branched tree from which the Indians fashion trumpets. His head, supple as a hawk's, can twist round completely to look groundwards; his hairy coat is like a weed-clothed branch, because the lichen, the *alga* begotten of the forest damp, grows in his hair as also on the trees. Countless small moths harbour in the hair of the sloth and feed on his *alga*. Now and again a cloud of such moths will fly from the sloth, but they will soon return to the green-grey *alga* and will sink back on to the flanks of the *slight dog*.

The sloth's one adornment, an orange-coloured patch, does not betray him; it looks only like a break in a branch.

The country through which Juan de Macias passed entranced and unheeding is, in its eastern part, the dwelling place of the tribe called *Jibaro*. The *Jibaro* have an ancient memory of the sloth. From one generation to another the tale is told that there was a far-ago time when none of the animals, nor the fishes, nor birds known to-day were in the forest, but other kind of creatures. Then the men called *Jibaro*, and those of the neighbouring tribes were turned into animals. So that the beasts of to-day were the *Jibaro* men of yesterday. But the sloth is outcome of an enemy tribe, the very name that he wore as a man is remembered by the *Jibaro*, and the name of his wife. So the sloth is killed like a man, with the lance, and because he is the animal form of an old man, his death is a great

victory. For the old hold more tightly on to life than do the young and life is a prize hard to win from them.

As the soul of a man resides in the long hair of his head, and as the soul of woman is in her hair, so the soul of the sloth is in the hair on his neck. Therefore the head of enemy-sloth and the pelt of the neck is prepared, is reduced, just as are the heads of those men to whom is due the blood-revenge—and the *Tsantsa* is made.

The souls of the slain are full of spite and fury and they try to wreck the slayer. By night in dreams such a soul, of sloth or man, will come to the killer: invitingly, temptingly it will say: 'Come, spirit of my slayer, come and dance with me.' But the victor, foreknowing the ghastly invitation, before he sleeps will prick his body painfully all over with a small sharp arrow. His soul in sleep will answer: 'Nay, nay, my flesh is full of pricks. I cannot dance. I cannot dance because my flesh is sore.'

With careful scraping, and drying, by means of heated stones and of art long practised, the head of old enemy-sloth will become small as a fruit, just as a man's head by the same means is reduced to the size of precious ornament to be worn upon the breast. The spirit-holding hair of the neck will fall long and grey behind the small dried head. This work of making a *Tsantsa* being completed, there will be found days of magic. On the first day the revenge and the malice in the hair of the slain must be kept at bay by the long chanting of the women, 'Oa—Oa—Oa—Oa—' by dance and by incantation, by the *hysti-hysti* of the stamping, shouting warriors: the drums and the rattles will keep the malice at bay on this the first night of the magic. On the second day of the feast fruity wine will be drunk because of the dreams that it gives: on the third day the soul of the sloth shall be reduced, and enslaved by the killer, through a magical washing of the dried head in a brew from a sacred root. On the fourth, the final day, the body of the slayer must be painted, there will be song and feast, and bathing in the river; and at last the seclusion of the Victor in his *Hut of Dreams*. The soul of *Unupi*, of Old-Man Sloth, deprived at last of rebellion, shackled by the magic put into the hair of the *Tsantsa*, is powerful now and shall cause increase from seed sown in the field, and generation in the women of the

warrior, as in the swine as in the fowls, of the holder of the *Tsantsa*.

The sloth is solitary, a lover of the night, the night that enlivens him and to which he lifts from time to time the plaintive cry of '*Ai Ai*'—from which cry comes the name by which some of the tribes call him.

But Juan, with his secret inebriation, knew nothing of these things.

* * * * *

Juan reached Lima, but two years passed before he entered a Dominican convent—the Magdalena. During those two years he served perhaps as shepherd or maybe as servant, so that he was thirty-seven before he became a religious.

These Dominicans observed a greater austerity than did those of the Rosary nearby, there where Martin lived.

Juan Macias served as door-keeper: he fasted and fattened his soul with abstinence. At great cost of prayer and of fasting, Juan won the foolish for God. An African slave, (the Indians were not enslaved,) Antonio by name, accompanied Juan when he visited the sick. Juan persuaded the then Viceroy, the Marquis de Mendoza, to endow penniless girls in Lima.

The fortitude of Juan amazed the Friars. He had had some mishap to his head, and so went to a surgeon, who strapped Juan to a chair, bound his hands, and then cut down to the very skull. The Incaic people had used *coca* and inebriating drink to deaden the suffering caused by their skilful trepanning, but this Spanish surgeon knew of nothing to deaden the pain and therefore those who were to suffer beyond the limit of self-control must first be leashed and bound. But Juan appeared to be abstracted from the pain. 'How was it that you bore the knife so well?' asked a Father. 'I imagined my body to be my soul, which, having been already judged, was undergoing justice. I felt the pain to be less than my soul deserved: I felt the pain to be insufficient for my cleansing.'

Instructed in a vision, Juan knew that he had been summoned to Peru to pray and to make some amends for the sins committed there; as also for the sins of Castilia and of Aragon. Juan saw in vision men whose souls were smothered, down-weighted, and sundered from God by gold and by silver. He

offered his good works and his penance for the salvation of sinners; but he forgot the souls in purgatory. As a shepherd in the pastures of Estremadura, he had told a chaplet each day for the souls in suffering. One night, whilst he was praying for the sinful, the poor souls swarming like bees complained: 'Have pity on us, servant of God, and help us. Why help only the mortal?' Juan answered: 'Mortal men struggle in the waves of time; at any hour they may be sucked down.' 'But men can help themselves and that we cannot do.' 'What shall I do for you?' 'Pray,' they said and were gone. After that Juan offered a daily chaplet for the souls, but his heavy penance and his fasting were given still for earthly sinners.

'God afflicts me with the griefs of this kingdom,' he said of Castilia: ten thousand miles did not prevent his knowing of a treachery against the King of Spain.

Juan wept when he was forbidden to strike himself with a discipline weighted with sharp flints. So bitter were his tears that one wrote of them: 'Such tears are the blood of the soul.'

There was an earthquake at night and Juan was terrified by the thunderous rumble that troubled the ground before it trembled and shook. Then a voice in the heart of Juan: 'What dost thou fear? Every hurt shall be amended by My love.'

Sometimes when Juan was tired out with praying, he dreamt that Satan came to him disguised as a Negro, yet his beloved friend was dark-skinned Martin.

Juan's brothers in Santo Domingo said that the life of Juan Macias was in union with God, was adorned by miracle and graced by gifts, was without a flaw. That life now was drawing to an end.

'Give me no honour of burial, but keep my bones; they may serve the Community,' Juan said.

Whilst dying Juan saw again the long journey on foot from Cartagena to Lima. He cried out: 'O God, what gifts, what mercies were given to me in those countries: the Eagle went with me and carried me where it would.'

VISION OF PERU

In Rome, on the same day, over a hundred years after they had died, Juan Macias and Martin de Porres were accorded the title of Blessed; there was joy, pomp and procession because of them—those brother-stars in happy constellation, those twins outshining Gemini.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CHAPTER OF THE CHORUS

The words, and the details about people and animals are faithfully taken from the Trials for Beatification, but the author treats them in her own fashion. The worth of the witness of the man from Barbary was especially questioned by the Devil's Advocate: 'We have not long known this witness,' he said in the Trial of 1660.

I, ANTONIO GUTTIERREZ, belong to the monastery of the Magdalena, yet I sometimes went to the Rosary to play with the novices that lived in that convent. I was seventeen years old; it was morning in Lima. I was merry; I chased a play-fellow down the several courtyards into the garden beyond: he was holding a quince that I wanted. I snatched it from him, for I had not seen the knife in his hand; it lay behind the fruit which he had been peeling. The knife cut my hand deeply.

'I ran back to the Magdalena: I dare not tell the novice-master; I must bandage this myself, I thought. I tied a dirty rag round my hand; the wound grew worse. It was two days after the accident when Fráy Martin visited brother Juan; I heard them talking in a cell. I knocked at the door: "Who is there?" called Martin. I went into the cell crying because of the pain; the whole of my arm ached now. The nasty colour of the wound frightened me. "What do you want of me, Angelo?" the dusky-one said. I could not answer. Fráy Martin took me to a fountain near the wash-house of the fathers. Searching the grass, he found a plant called "*Santa Maria*." He bruised the green between two stones and laid the flakey paste upon the wound. I complained: "Why do you not wash the wound before you put on the salve? Why do you care so little for my hurt?" Fráy Martin made the sign of the Cross over my hand: "All now is well," he said.

'The pain ceased; when soon afterwards I took off the new binding the wound had become but a faint mark.'

Francisco Ortiz, Dominican, speaks: 'I was very sick; my head whirled and sang with feverish nonsense. I went into the cell of Fráy Martin and lay down on the ox-skin that was spread on the floor. I was about to pillow my head on his bolster of wood when, smiling, he came in. "I will bring you some food," Martin said. I cursed him for a fool. I hardly knew what I was saying: could he not see that I was too sick to eat?

'Martin went from the cell and I lay down. As my head touched the wooden pillow the pain jerked away from that side of my head, although upon the other side it still flashed to and fro. I turned my head right over on the wooden bolster, and the pain ceased. Soon Martin came back carrying a bowl of broth; then I complained because he had not brought me more to eat.

'At another time I went to a cemetery where some men were baiting a bull—of the kind that is called *noble* because it has no fear. The young men were testing their skill in preparation for a festal bull-fight: the blazing bull was ready for its rush. At the back of the brute was the grave that Martin was visiting, and now he walked straight towards the grave. Had the bull been a daddy-long-legs, Martin could not have heeded it less. "Don't go towards the bull"; but already Martin had passed the creature.

'Fráy Martin, although he lived always in Lima, travelled in many lands—I am sure of that. Once he told me of a lay brother in Manila: "That teacher takes four pupils for instruction and when those four can read he parts with them and takes another four." I asked: "What payment does that brother get?" "No payment," said Martin. "God visits him." Then Martin stopped suddenly, for how should he know anything of Manila? One day I found him in his cell talking Chinese; so gay he was that day—and fanciful.'

Isabel de Torres, wife of Clemente de Roxas, said: 'My mother troubled my girlhood by over-watchfulness; at that age I was most melancholy: and when I was sixteen years old I had a sudden sickness; it seemed that I should die. We had long known Brother Martin; he came now into the house; he was

holding an apple. To my mother's outcry he said: "Be quiet. Your daughter will not die." Then, giving her the apple: "Cook this fruit for Isabel." My mother left the room; Martin kissed me: he put his head on the pillow, close to my head. I whispered, "Recommend me to God," because, although I was melancholy, and did not love my life, yet too I feared to die. "But you will not die, Isabel. The earthly doctors say that you will, but the Celestial Doctor has decided otherwise."

'Four days after that I was well again. I believe the nearness of the saint's face to my face worked that cure.'

'I, Captain Juan Guarnido, aged forty-eight, knew Fray Martin for twenty years: once, for a short time, I served as Infirmarian of the Rosary.

'I knew that Fray Martin sometimes became invisible to our slow sight. I had remarked that he was thus rapt, beside himself, as one might say, and removed from our vision, on days when he had received the Eucharist. I used to test this disappearance, seeking him, almost in sport. With teasing call, I would ring the bell of the infirmary, but such a summons never brought him to the door: only if the bell were rung in need would he appear.

'I, and another Infirmarian, neglected a sick friar who wearied us with his tardy dying. I had fallen asleep on duty when this friar rolled out of bed, but the noise did not awaken me. I started up only when Fray Martin held a candle above my head. The doors were locked; the brother should have been asleep in his cell: but Martin had a way of his own and keys and doors did not embar him. Martin now upbraided me for my neglect of the sick brother.

'Fray Martin was a great healer; he healed a wound in my leg with his spittle; he frequently used spittle for a cure.

'I know that he healed a merchant of that illness which every nation attributed to another: we called it the French disease; the French name it the Italian sickness; whilst the Turks designate it the Christian malady. Death was nearing the suffering merchant; Martin said: "Do you want to eat?" "No, but I will drink." "Then, will you drink all that I give you?" "Yes." So Martin gave him the measure of a big jar. Brother

Martin had a great belief in water, I often heard him say: "Water does that illness good." Also he used herbs for the cure of the sick and these herbs he planted at Lima Tambo.

"The sufferers in the Infirmary often railed against Martin: "I am dying—why did you not come sooner?" But smiling he would answer: "Take it for a happy sign when I do not come, for had your need been greater I should have been at your side. You will not die of this sickness."

Fráy Martin was very tender to the novices that lay sick in the infirmary; they were so young as to be almost children. He took them sugared water to drink, and gave them a paste made of roses; the locked doors did not keep him from their bedsides.

"Tenderly, as though they had sprung of his loins, Martin nursed the sick; reverently, on his knees, he nursed them as though the querulous creatures were angels disguised by pain. Whilst a dying man received the last sacraments Martin upheld him; when he had died he washed and habited the body, and afterwards, on successive nights he watched with prayer beside the new tomb."

Cristobal de San Juan, Dominican, said: "More angelic than human, more skiey than earthy, gay when maltreated, comely to see; so was Fráy Martin. He protected people of all colours, he loved people of all ranks; the religious and the sick he served upon his knees. He harboured woeeful dogs in his cell; he fed the rats. He ate almost nothing; instead he gave his portion to some other and sustained himself on herbs and roots, on radishes and on cress. When on festal days, we ate meat, he ate broth; when we ate fish, he ate but vegetables.

"He made a pleasure ground that we called Las Amank'ais because he planted it all gay with the sylvan, the golden amaryllis, the *Amaryllis aurea*. He said: "Men seeing the flowers will praise God." He planted fruit-trees to save boys from theft. At Lima Tambo he planted healing herbs. I saw him sow seeds in the hoof marks of the mules: also he planted cinnamon in Lima Tambo. The presence of Martin was full of fragrance.

"Often Martin had fever and sometimes he was obliged by obedience to lie between sheets. Then perhaps he thought of

the African slaves lying on boards, in the monastery; perhaps he thought of the galley-slaves in Callao dozing on the benches, bent over the oars. In self-derision he would half laugh, half weep: "Whoever in this century saw a *muláto* using such covering, pampered and overfed? O may your Paternity not direct that things so out of place be done!"

And some of the community told of how Martin had harboured a sore, filthy fellow and lain him in sheets. Too often Martin was reproved for these adoptions. When now the sick man was taken from him, Martin cried out: 'Soap and water will wash the sheets, but only bitter, bitter tears can cleanse the stain of cruelty from the soul.'

And others of the Rosary told of the night when Martin walked through the Cloister escorted by angels carrying lights.

* * * * *

She that writes hears now the Voice of one dead. And afterwards the Voices of animals are heard. The ghost of a leprous slave could have given the testimony which follows. This charity of Martin to the slave is recorded in the Trial (that is the charity towards her dead body was recorded although nothing was said of his charity to her soul).

The Ghost of a leprous slave:

'My flesh turned grey with leprosy; from tourmaline to grey. None now would touch that flesh although in its lustrous sable it had been men's pleasure. For I had been a comely Ethiopian. Martin found me dying; he cherished me, was with me at my last sigh. He did not leave me but stayed beside my body during the slow withdrawal of the soul; withdrawing little by little and beat by beat. Martin knew how the soul ebbs away, and knew that watch should be kept near the body, knew that charity should ease the slow leave-taking of the soul when, lingering, it forsakes the body; is bereft of its habiliment. He knew of the solace to the soul of a dim light, and the greater solace of prayer. Others might say: "That one is dead; there is nothing more that can be done," but Martin understood the travail of death.

'Afterwards he buried my body; he planted roses over it as though to proffer excuse for my flesh, as though to say of my defiled, of my leprous body: "Her dust at the beck of Christ will blossom with the rose."' '

Fido—a dog:

'Foot of man kicked Fido into drain; Fido drowning, hand of another man pulled Fido out. That same good hand entrusted Fido to women. The women were gentle to Fido. Often the scent of that good man came; often that good hand brought food. Often the voice of that good man said to the women: "I do not wish to be provoking—but only to save Fido, creature of God."' '

A mule:

'Kicking animal lay starving in a ditch. Men threw it there—something to do with its leg. At one sunrise and another sunrise the Only-One-Gentle tended this kicking creature; no longer kicking. That Only-One-Gentle said joyfully: "See, sister-mule knows me: be quiet be at peace, sister." When by the care of Only-One-Gentle mule was cured Gentle gave it to the friars, to be their servant.'

A gallinaza, a carrion-kite, speaks:

'Laughing boys often chase bird: *gallinaza* eats the dead things, the thrown-out things; eats; over-full, *gallinaza* cannot fly, runs flapping if chased. Runs flapping, disgorging, vomiting, quickly making empty throat, making empty belly till wings can carry lightened *gallinaza*. Boys laugh and chase; chase and laugh. Once when on wing, fire happened to *gallinaza*, fire seen fire heard. *Gallinaza's* leg dropped, ache fills leg; fire and man.

'By a stream, *gallinaza*: man, murky like *gallinaza*, came. Man tied leg of *gallinaza* with herbs on to wood. *Gallinaza* is well. This creature sometimes flies down, lured towards black-man—that man kin of *gallinaza*.'

A Friar tells:

'I saw Fráy Martin kneeling before the dazzling altar of The Lady, there where Conquistadores have heaped treasure. The lights were lit, the golden vessels glowed, the emeralds sparkled; yet Fráy Martin closed his eyes to pray. Shocked, I nudged him: "Fráy Martin, why shut your eyes against the glory of Our Lady? Her coronet, her laces and her silk, her tassels and her stomacher should remind you of the glory of the Queen of Angels; even of the magnificence of God." Fráy Martin answered: "*Fraile*, of that splendour I am aware. But whilst I pray I have no need of eyes, nor of looking. Behind the lowered lids I can behold all that I believe."

'Martin, we all knew it, was aware of God; often Martin was in ecstasy.'

Voice of the witness from Barbary:

'I left Africa, I sailed for this New World, I visited the convent of the Rosary. Surprised, I saw there a brother I had known in Algeria. Often I had seen him in just this habit giving clothing to captives in the market place and consoling the slaves. I stared at him, here in Lima. He came forward and kissed me and I said: "We met in Argel?" He whispered back: "Yes, in Argel; but you must not tell of my journey."'

Chorus of friars at Lima Tambo:

'It was known—in spite of his secrecy—that Fráy Martin had often taken the discipline under the olive-trees of Lima Tambo. Many evidences of his husbandry were to be seen about the farm of Lima Tambo; often whilst we worked at the plough, at the spade, we spoke of Fráy Martin. This is the sum of what we said.

'One friar would say: "The thoughts of Fráy Martin are so high that even his body becomes out of sight."

'And another: "He merits the grace of invisibility."

'And a third: "It seems but in the course of nature that he should leave the ground, pulled towards heaven."

'Talking together and later witnessing at the Trials, many friars said: "Often we saw Fráy Martin go off with loaves of

dark bread in his sleeves. All day he was gone, but he was wont to return at evening, thoughtful and secret. We had the tale that he went to China and Japan to teach the children of those lands: his heart yearned towards them. One and another of us had seen a ball of fire, a flight of fiery substance: "There flies Martin." Once an Older monk said: "By desire, and by wind-blown sails the Spaniards reached the land of their longing: by desire, and by spirit-filled prayer Martin attains the land of his yearning."

'But the Prior would not have us talk of such wonders, he said: "You magnify, and you observe badly; you are beguiled by wonders. Ponder the greatest wonder of all—and the cause of all—the love of Brother Martin for God: Look behind the prodigies to the love."

CHAPTER XIX

THE CHAPTER OF ARAGONES, DOMINICAN

The stilling of the Rimac.

Two years before our brother died, the River Rimac, swollen and turbulent, left its bed; the water was already loaded with timber, and fragments of buildings damaged by the overflow were whirled away in the downrush. The flood was rising up to the doors of the church called, because of the venerated picture it contained, Our Lady of the Face: though many people wished to save the picture none dared to enter the church. From the balcony a child looked down with frightened eyes at Martin and at me. "Take my cloak," said Porres, and we went to where the flood was at height. Martin reasoned with the flood: "Why so turbulent, why so superb? Flow away, flow away, do not hurt the church." Porres picked up three white stones, the child on the balcony saw it all. "Thou hast put a boundary they shall not pass," Martin quoted, and threw one stone upriver, and another to as far lower down as a stone would carry; the third stone he cast between those two. As he threw each stone he named a Person of the Trinity. The rage of the flood abated, the sulky water ebbed away down another street. The River Rimac was curbed.

'I understood, suddenly, and by experience, that things are not impenetrable to their Maker. Hundreds of years before me, Holy Jerome in the desert had attained to this truth.'

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And the writer leans out of 1942 as the child leant out of the balcony and sings to the three splashes in the swollen Rimac, and sings to the three stones. The song is of the three ways of God's presence caught up from Juliana of Norwich when she held the nut in her hand and knew: *'it is all that there is: for God made it and loved it and kept it.'* Thomas of Aquino, less simply, said the same, telling that God is in all things in Essence—as cause of their being; and in Presence—because

all things are naked and open to His sight; and by Power—since all things are subject to His power.

The child leaning over the balcony must have liked the white stones, and I like them, the more so because a stone can add glory to an angel. For although an angel is better than a stone, both is better together than is either alone; so the angel is bettered by the stone.

And: 'Lift the stone, lift the stone, lift the stone and there am I.'

CHAPTER XX

THE DEATH OF MARTIN

Of the odour of sanctity.

THE sign of the Goat is moving into the sign of the Scorpion; the mildness of this Peruvian October is tending towards the softness of November in Lima.

Martin, who never since his novitiate had worn new clothes, but, instead, the cast-off habit of another, now put away his old clothes, his ragged habit, to go about his work fresh and festal.

Don Feliciano de Vega, Archbishop of Mexico, he that at one time had been cured by Martin, wished that Porres should go with him to Mexico; the new habit seemed a proof that Martin would travel with the prelate. But being questioned, the dusky-one answered: 'I am wearing this habit for my death.' Before there could be further talk he was away to the grumbling sick, always aggrieved if Martin was not at their beck: 'The flea of my bed has bitten me and jumped away,' so for the first: 'I could have said three *Aves* since I sent Martin word to come'; and another: 'I have had time to count four humming-birds that darted and hovered and drank from the flowers in the courtyard. Some visited the *salvia*, the others the *hibiscus*; all this since I called to Martin.'

Not long after the donning of the new clothing Martin was stricken. Men were accustomed to seeing him gaunt, frail and feverish, but now he was gravely sick. So out of obedience he must make use of his bed, by obedience he must lie between the sheets.

Antonio, Infirmarian, was with him in the sickness. Doctors told that Porres would surely recover: 'Only you must strengthen him by mixing his draughts with the blood of pigeons.' 'The blood too of little dogs,' added the second physician. Martin said: 'The Holy Providence has decreed that I shall die: do not kill these creatures to waste their blood,' Antonio wept at that. 'My little angel, why weep?' And the young friar answered: 'Because you are my father and my love, and you

say that you will die of this fever. You have helped me in life and loved me, but will you love me after death?' 'Maybe that I shall profit you far more than now,' said Martin.

Seven days after the death of Martin, Antonio will sicken of the same disease; will be despaired of; will dream of Martin and of St. Katherine of the Wheel, and Martin in the dream will seem to say, 'After this visit my brother will be cured,' and upon waking the fever will have left Antonio Gutierrez.

But now Antonio is choked with regrets that for ever over are the days in Lima Tambo when Martin broke the ground, giving the younger man the lighter spade, or else planted the seeds of healing herbs.

Seeing the sweat and hearing the cracking of his bones, Francisco de Parades asked Martin if he should summon the Community, for the friars all must attend a dying brother. Martin gave sign of refusal; he was at strife against an enemy. 'Begone, thou shalt not vanquish me.' Later Francisco de Parades said: 'Recommend yourself to St. Dominic.' 'He is here, and Vincent Ferrer.' Now, St. Vincent Ferrer was that great Dominican whose work for the salvation of others at one moment had been endangered because in his charity he had said: 'Judas Iscariot did penance.' Some of the narrow-hearted had thought those words ungodly and Vincent had been in danger of disgrace.

Juan de Barbaran stood behind Martin at his shoulder and he wished that the dying man had strength to turn. 'Let me see your face; let me see your face,' was his thought. At that wish Martin turned and smiled at him. 'That,' said Barbaran, 'is his final charity to me.'

Francisco de Ortiz was called upon to nurse the sick man, and this by Martin's own wish. He was that young Spaniard who, not long ago, in sickness had lain down on the ox-skin spread in Martin's cell.

Porres now was bitterly weeping for his sins. 'I should suffer more; I wish I might suffer more,' he complained, although he could not hide that he was in an agony. He lamented the hours that he had wasted. Whenever Francisco went out from the cell. 'Pray for me,' said Martin.

In spite of the fathers telling Francisco de Ortiz that he must

rest, he would not rest at all. On the last night of Martin's life Francisco was about to go to sleep for a little while, but when he was in the passage he thought: 'Before I go to my cell I will return to kiss Martin.' When he re-entered Martin was turned towards the wall, so Ortiz bent down and kissed the back of his neck. Martin turned and embraced Ortiz, holding him clasped so long and so tight that Ortiz broke into a sweat. But afterwards he said of that embrace: 'I was crammed with fragrance, with sweetness such as never before I knew.'

The news of Martin's fever ran through Lima and the Viceroy came to the door of the cell, his followers stayed at the gate of the Monastery. Count de Chinchon had often visited the cell of Fráy Martin asking guidance of the mulatto; often he had found a sick man or a homeless dog harboured in the cell. Whilst the quarter clock struck twice the Viceroy stood at the door because Martin, who was in ecstasy, gave a sign that no man should come in.

When the door was opened the Count de Chinchon went in and, bending, he kissed the hand of Fray Martin.

After the Viceroy had gone the Prior angrily reproved Martin for having allowed the Majesty of Spain to wait at the door of his cell. Martin answered nothing until the Prior ordered him, in obedience, to tell him the cause of this lack of respect. Martin pointed towards where the altar lamp of the church was shining: 'Mary, my Lady, and my Father, Dominic, Vincent Ferrer and other saints, and angels too, were by me. With visitors so holy I had no power to receive any other.'

Some friar coming into the cell spoke of an African, very lousy, sitting within the gate asking for charity. The last hour of Martin's life was greatly troubled by this, so that he moaned often to himself: 'Where, now, Martin, is your charity?' and 'Can it be you will leave him unkempt?'

After that was a secret, bitter struggle with the dark powers, and this at last being ended, Martin signed to Francisco de Parades that he should summon the Community.

The Prior asked Martin whether it was true that he had used the discipline three times daily, and when Porres withheld his answer the Superior demanded it under pain of disobedience. Martin by a sign acknowledged that the report was true.

When the monks were in the cell, Porres asked each one pardon for the scandal he had often given. After that, taking a crucifix, he kissed the wounds of Christ. And upon those kisses, without word or movement he died, very softly.

Juan de Barbaran, Dominican, was moved when he saw the loins of Martin so wounded by that discipline—the chain; and his knees horny with kneeling.

Martin's shirt, striped black and white, was set aside for that great lady of many possessions, Marianna, wife of Lopez de Ortega. Later, of her charity, Marianna will lend the shirt to those whom she knows to be sick; many will be healed.

The rich merchant, Antonio de Reazza Alarcon, knocked at the door of the cell and begged for a garment; a vest was given to him. 'Am I mistaken or does this shirt, that belonged to Fráy Martin, smell as though it had been dipped in attar of roses?' he asked his friends, for he thought that he must be imagining the sweetness. 'The shirt is as fragrant as you say.' 'Martin de Porres was a great *Varon de Dios*,' the merchant said, 'a man of God. We marvelled at his care of the creatures: he cherished people, both the mighty and the miserable; he cherished also the unreasoning brutes; he was a great *Varon*.'

And the Voices, the Voices of language catch up *Varon de Dios*; they sing along the branches of the word, 'Baron; King's-man, freeman'; and '*bar*; hero' sings the Celt Voice. That of the Romance hails baron; man, husband, in contrast to woman, to wife. 'Brahman, Brahman!' the Voices have reached the Sanskrit root of *Vir*: of Varo the great Sanskrit BHR 'to be strong.'

Martin died on the third of November, not long after moon-rise. At four in the morning the townsmen that lived about the monastery all knew of Martin's death.

Juana de Los Reyes heard early the tolling, of the bells; she called on some other women to go with her to the Rosary: 'For the Dominicans are perhaps tolling for Fráy Martin.' But the doors of the Rosario were locked. 'So I looked through the cracks and saw the friars making ready to take the body to the church. There was such fragrance of roses as can never before have been. "Do you smell a garden?" I asked; my neighbours

said, "Yes. Indeed we do." The passers-by, even out in the street, received the sweetness.' Thus far Juana.

Years later the witnesses will be asked: 'Can you swear that on the day after the death of Martin de Porres many came and kissed his hands and his feet? Can you swear that after death his body was seen as gay, as beautiful, as during life it had been? Was it also for that cause that men and women kissed him, honouring him as a saint? Did the great ones of the land, Viceroy, Governor and Archbishop, carry his body to burial?

'Since Martin's death, because of Martin's intercession, has God allowed cures and miracles in Martin's name? Are these things of the people's common knowledge, spread about and believed?'

The stretcher upon which the body of Martin was carried broke at the moment when the body was lifted on to the catafalque (as a glass is shattered when the highest toast has been drunk). The people took the chips of wood for token and for keepsake. Cipriano de Medina, Dominican, in the church cried out rebuking the dead, cried with loud voice of despair: 'Martin, why art thou so untouched, so cold, though all these lovers have come to thine honouring?' At that demand the heart of the Brother quickened, his body became pliant, the blood glowed again in the dark flesh. Martin lay lapped in fragrance—all debonair in death.

VISION OF PERU

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER I, BOOK III

Order of Alcantara: Don Ferdinand II founded this religious military knighthood in A.D. 1176: the insignia was a green cross. The knights offered both their blood and their money to further the expulsion of the Infidel from Spain. The vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were taken—of chastity in marriage or of chastity in the single state. The vows were less rigorous than those of monks. The questions, relative to candidates for the Order of Alcantara were eight in number. The knight introducing a candidate was asked: Who were the candidate's father and his mother, and where was their residence, and what was the place of their origin. And who were the grandparents on both sides? And were these relations *hijos d'algo* (sons of someone) and without any admixture of *conversos* (converted Moors or Jews), of Jews, of Moors, or of Villains (*villanos*, low-born rustics). Was the candidate a legitimate son? And is he healthy and without any illness that would prevent him from riding? And had he served any man as superintendent, or steward, or servant, or held any office which would oblige him to give an account of his stewardship? In A.D. 1507 Ferdinand the Catholic ordered that the bestowal of the Order depend on merit, not solely on being Hidalgo.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER II, BOOK III

The picture illustrating Chapter II is from the drawing by Poma de Ayala. It is especially interesting as showing a phantasmal reproduction of the idol—which idol was not that of Hauna-Cauri, but that of the golden god Punchau, the day. In a letter from the Viceroy of Toledo to the King of Spain was written of this idol: 'King, you may understand how powerful the devil was through it and the damage done by the idol since the seventh Inca, he who gave it enclosure to develop the barbarism and evil which are now avoided by having found it. . . . Francisco Pizarro tried to find the idol, but never could do so. Manco Inca hid it from him. I think it is a piece that should be sent by your Majesty to His Holiness.' The figure was of hollow gold, and within it was a small box, and in the box a heart-shaped parcel

RELATIVE TO BOOK III

made of paste, which paste was compounded of the dust of former Incas. See *Don Francisco de Toledo*, by Roberto Levillier. With reference to this picture, I may say that Roberto Levillier doubts if the Inca was led by a chain round his neck, because he could not have been judged a traitor, for he had not sworn obedience to the Crown of Spain as his brother Tito had done.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VI, BOOK III

This reference, made by Toribio's Provincial Council to pre-Christian Indian brother-sister marriages, is the only one I have come across excepting, of course, those relative to the brother-sister marriages of the rulers.

In regard to Clause XXX I may add that the Spaniards, Bartolomé de Las Casas and the missionaries and Viceroy were bent on the Indians being grouped in villages instead of living in lonely houses. Dirt and vice were more easily corrected in a common village-life.

The preference to be given to corporal punishment for priests illustrates again the Spanish dread of censure and of loss of honour. It is told of Hernán Cortés that when he saw an Indian ruler tortured he pitied the chieftain because of the indignity done to the sufferer, and because the honour due to the man's rank was forfeited. The pain of the flesh did not shock Cortés.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER VII, BOOK III

The trials, or *Processus*, for the beatification of Martin de Porres, took place first in Lima in 1658 (he had died in 1639). Then in 1659, in 1660 with sixty-five witnesses. And in 1662 and in 1664. There were Chapters of the Dominicans held in Rome in 1642, 1656, 1670, and perhaps others. The Apostolic Process in Rome took place in 1679 and in 1685. In 1763 His Holiness Gregory XVI raised Martin to the honours of the altar with the title of Blessed. Everything I have stated about Martin de Porres I have found in the MSS. of the *Processus* in Lima. A Roman woman-doctor translated the Latin, and read

the handwriting of the MSS. The Very Rev. Thomas Garde, O.P., S.T.M. kindly allowed me to read, with this Roman lady, in the library of Santa Sabina, Rome. This he was able to do because the Dominicans were in the process of taking over the monastery of Santa Sabina, so that the monastic enclosure of the Library was not in force. This was in 1936 I think. I tender grateful thanks to Father Master Garde, O.P., for his encouragement.

As to the Feast of Santa Rosa being celebrated by a bull-fight you may smile in derision, but see past the bull-fight, back and beyond it. The Romans have gone from Iberia, the gladiators gone; the Goths also. Now, from Africa, the Moors bring to Spain the fight of man-on-foot pitted against tearing bull. The year is about A.D. 800. The pride of the Iberians is touched. 'Shall we fear to do what the Moor does?' So into the ring the Knights and the Nobles. And in the ring is found occasion for gallantry, for romance, the fight is dedicated, is a proof of love. To a down-gazing woman: 'I can brave this for you.' The year is about A.D. 1100.

Then comes My Cid with a bull that had outfought some several Musulmen: the beast, become crafty with experience was to be fought on a day when Zaïda, wife of the Cid, was Queen of the Fight. The Cid could not bear that another should offer to Zaïda the *Penácho*, the tuft of hair; so he disguised himself, entered the ring, fought and killed the brute and gave the trophy to Zaïda. Voice of legend says that the Cid was the first to kill bulls on horseback, after him they were never killed on foot unless by misadventure.

The crowds acclaim *Hidalgos* and nobles in the ring, which ring adds another lustre to the ducal names of Maqueda and of Sidonia. Even Kings fight, although also one Castilian King vainly forbids the bull-fight. Although bred out of Spain, Charles V at Valladolid, for joy of the birth of Philip his son, kills the festal bull with one stroke.

Isabel of Aragon goes to the Ring. Instead of the crown, she wears the mantilla of Andalusia, Queen of the Fight rather than Queen of Castille and of Aragon. The people see in her a symbol of themselves, they are moved to affec-

tion for their familiar. But, grown older, Isabel in 1493 writes a letter to Hernando de Talavera. The Queen records that now she is repelled by the bull-fight, but that her repulsion is still less than is his. She will never again be present at a fight, but, because her dislike is particular to herself, she will not prohibit the show. The people will always crowd to the Ring: her presence, her absence does not affect their passion for the spectacle. And Isabel is not alone in this new feeling of aversion, because the fervour for letters is humanizing many minds. So the brave brutal show will become formalized, will be transformed into an encounter, mortal still and superb for manhood, but dignified and grown to be an art.

A short time before the life of Rosa Fernando Pizarro had gained renown as fighter of bulls. Of the great silky-haired untamed bulls fiercer far than those had for the purposes of the farm; wild, far-roving bulls which, throughout the history of Iberia, encounter men only to fight them. In Pizarro's time the mounted-man did not need to kill the bull face to face, but if he dropped his lance he must dismount to get it, and then the crown roared in derision and the fighter could not remount but must withstand the bull, a creature emboldened by having fought in the ring on some former day. The man must kill the bull on foot.

It was the boldness and cunning of the bulls already experienced in the ring that caused the early fights to be so dangerous. Such a sinful loss of human life resulted from bulls fighting for a second or third time that in 1567 the then Pope issued a decree which in Italy ended taumachy. But Spain was disobedient and later the Church agreed to tolerate the bull-fight on condition that no one bull ever re-enter the ring.

Man pitted against brute, man's nerve opposed to the nerve of the most courageous of all animals; the bull more terrible much than tiger or lion. The fight undertaken in honour of someone loved, or of someone venerated, a dedicated fight: in its spiritual aspect not perhaps altogether unlike the strife of Santa Rosa.

RELATIVE TO CHAPTER XIII, BOOK III

Relative to the appearance of the Countess of Chinchon, pages could be written about this lady. The cradle of the family was in Galicia. Osorios, said to be a descendant of Nebuchadnezzar, founded a colony of Jews in Spain. In A.D. 843 Ramiro I reigned in Galicia, but Abdu'r-Rahman II over the rest of Spain.

At Claviso, when 60,000 Moors were routed, the battle-cry *San Yago* for the first time was raised because the Christian warriors could see St. James on a white horse fighting for them: the Osorio of that date, a knight, was fighting alongside. Because of this battle, his heirs became Hereditary Canons of León.

In 1328 the title Count of Trastama was given by Alonzo XII who eat three sops dipped in wine and said: *Tomad Conde—Tomad Rey.*

Blood of St. Louis, and blood of Catherine of Lancaster ran in the veins of Ana Osorio, but in A.D. 1384 at Lórna an Osorio saw the English defeated at Coruna because they had drunk wine left salted and they were overcome.

There was an Osorio that kept 400 cavalry on the Moorish frontiers at his own charge. The king visited him. 'Why are these plates wooden and not silver?' Osorio answered: 'Because I must eat standing and with my dish in my hand.' The king was pleased and gave him silver plate weighing three hundred marks. Again the king visited Osorio and was again given a wooden trencher. 'Where is the silver trencher?' Osorio said that after the meal he would show the king where it was. And afterwards he pointed from the window to the troop of cavalry equipped with the price of the silver dish.

Now, blood of Aragon was in their veins and they chose the title of Marquis of Astorga: the second Marquis was a poet (A.D. 1407). His wife, Doña Beatriz de Quinones, mother of three children, fought at his side in the war for Granada.

The fourth Marquis received from Pope Clement the winding-sheet of Lazarus and a salt-cellar made from an emerald because by his eloquenec and with his drawn sword he had

saved the Pope in the Castle of San Angelo when the Bourbon Army was sacking Rome.

At the age of sixteen Ana Osorio was taken from the highlands of León, from amongst the chestnut and the walnut trees, away from the trout streams to live in Seville as wife of Don Luis de Velasco. Soon widowed, she married, after three years' time, the fourth Count of Chinchon. Eight years later he became Viceroy of Peru, and amid fearful earthquakes in Lima they took up their duty.

South of Quito by over two hundred miles is a place called Loxa, and here, unknown to the Incas, grew trees of healing bark. A Jesuit in A.D. 1600 had been cured of fever by the powdered bark of the tree and so had been a Spanish official. A packet of the powder was sent to the Countess of Chinchon and she was cured. On her return to Spain, this lady so healed labourers of fever, but her physician, Don Juan de Vega, sold the powder, which he had brought back, at the very high price of a hundred reals for a pound weight. The gardenia is of the same family as *Cinchona*. Linnæus in 1742 named the plant *Cinchona* in honour of the Vicereine; our word *quinine* is from the native word *quin quina*, bark.

As relative to the restoration to life of an old priest, this event was recorded by Sergeant Mugaburu, who, resident in Lima during the life of Porres, kept a diary for over forty years.

Relative to the Trials the last objection of the Devil's Advocate to the Beatification of Porres was his illegitimate birth. This, he contended, robbed Porres of dignity. Those in favour of Porres cited St. Alban, born of an incestuous intercourse of a father with his daughter; cited St. Latroya, the son of a bishop, and St. Eustochius, born of a nun.

EPILOGUE

THE tale is told; the three books take on many aspects. It seems that this might be the story of one man.

As Indian, child-like he lends a life to sticks and stones: is kinsman of the wordless creatures.

As Spaniard, he is youth, knight, student, discoverer, full of errors—wonderful; and aware of reason.

Then-after is ripeness. The man enters on a new innocence; reason and outward revelation are outstripped.

Or the tale may show the movements of the mind; the abysmal ancient, the primal consciousness; the day by day consciousness; and the rare, the highest consciousness of seer and of saint.

It may be a history of the three degrees of knowledge of which Plotinus wrote, which are opinion, science, and illumination. Opinion which is founded on sense; science which is founded on reason; illumination which springs from like apprehending like, the union of the mind with the Infinite, in ecstasy.

Or is it rather a book of how God is guessed at by means of nature—of lightning and of sun; and is through reason known of by the writings, and by the teachings, and by the revelations of the Spoken Word; and at last, of God experienced by the love, and in the wilful choosing of the mystics; of the Saints.

Happy as the Ayar when he stood in the midst of rainbows on the hill where Cuzco the holy City will be, and sang the Song of Chamay:

‘I am satisfied
I am rejoiced.’

So is she that wrote *Vision of Peru*, happy because finished now the long labour, the daring endeavour.

Begun in 1936.

Finished in 1945.

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